THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OUR PET BANDIT—VILLA

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

VERY few nations maintain pet bandits, but the United States had a nice one for two or three years. Always in the van in these little idealisms, we picked a perfect specimen and coddled him admiringly and fondly. To be sure, as I write this, some eight or nine thousand American soldiers are chasing him through the cactus in Mexico, with orders to disperse him, disperse being a euphemism for kill or capture, such as it is polite to apply to instructions concerning old and formerly valued friends; but that is no fault of ours. We would have been glad to retain him as our pet, but the pet reverted to type on us, a contingency that gave us both pause and pain, for he was most fervent in his protestations of loyal friendship and coöperation.

Francisco Villa is our pet bandit's name. If the soldiers have any luck that "is" must be read "was" when this appears in print, but as it is written the tense is present, albeit the bandit is absent and going strong. Still, he was present at Columbus, New Mexico, at ten minutes past four o'clock in the morning of March ninth, for a bullet from a rifle of one of his soldiers hit the station-master's clock and stopped it at that exact moment. Moreover, similar bullets similarly fired killed nine American civilians and eight American soldiers, and wounded others, burning a few buildings the while, so the reversion of Francisco Villa from *amigo* to assassin may be said to have been reasonably complete.

The story of the raid and what happened thereafter has been told so completely that it is familiar; but the story of the events that led up to the raid, the train of circumstances that changed the policy of our Government from waiting to dispersing, is neither familiar nor understood by the American people, and it so happens that evidence was found after that raid that completes the story and shows the effect of petting a bandit, not only on the bandit but on the coddlers.

Francisco Villa, as the legend goes and as the press notices went, had been a bandit for twenty years before he became a patriot so-called. He lived in the mountains of Mexico, made his forays from time to time, murdered when he deemed murder necessary—which was frequently—robbed for a livelihood, and was shrewd enough to maintain himself as one of the common people. He was no robber baron, but a simple proletarian exacting his tribute from the well-to-do and distributing portions of his gains to the peons. He was a dashing, devil-may-care fellow, who rode a horse superbly, shot with exact aim, considered killing as an essential of his business, and roistered in the country *cantinas*, throwing about his money with the utmost prodigality. Naturally he became the bandit ideal of the country folk.

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He Was No Robber Baron, but a Simple Proletarian Exacting His Tribute From the Well-to-Do

The Claims of the Bandit Chief on Our Consideration

IT HAS been said frequently that during these twenty years so great was the cunning and elusiveness of Villa that President Diaz was never able to catch him, although Federal troops and *rurales* were constantly chasing him. It is doubtful if Villa ever occupied much of the attention of Diaz. When it came to bandits in Mexico there were others. At least, there was one period, during that twenty years when Villa was the idealistic sort of bandit his press agents and supporters and proponents made him out to be to the United States, when Diaz might have found Villa, for Villa was in jail for cattle stealing, and was pardoned on representations from a Mexican lawyer who had a pull with the government. Such unromantic details did not jibe with the reputation that was built for Villa, and they were disregarded when his claims for our distinguished consideration were presented—never mentioned during the process of making him a pet. You see, it was necessary to maintain the legend. So, as the story went, Diaz never was able to catch Villa, and even the Diaz soldiers admired the bold and bloviating robber who dashed about and dispossessed the haughty dons of their substance from time to time.

A bandit is not supposed to have many of the tender traits, nor to be subject to the conventions of society, and although Villa was always scrupulous about marrying his wives in a church he had a general reputation for fierceness, cruelty and cunning, and a disregard for law and order that he diligently maintained. He was a bandit and didn't care who knew it, and a low-browed, small-eyed, snag-toothed bandit, with a swagger and a proficiency in profanity and obscenity that celebrated him among the Mexicans, who are amazingly proficient in that sort of thing—a brutal, indecent, marauding and murdering outlaw.

Then, about five years or so ago, began the series of revolutions in Mexico that have been such a source of annoyance, to be mild about it, to the Administrations at Washington. These started while Mr. Taft was President, with the revolution against Diaz that culminated in the victory of the Madero contention, the downfall of Diaz, and rushed along the bloody paths that led to the assassination of Madero, the accession of Huerta, the revolution against Huerta, the episode at Vera Cruz, and thus and so. Mr. Taft had his opportunity to take the matters in hand, but Mr. Taft let matters drift, and when he left office passed the Mexican buck to Mr. Wilson, who still has it and, as it seems, is still in a quandary as to what to do with it.

Five Years of Bloody Misrule

IT WOULD take a book to tell the story of that five years, and a big book at that. It has been a situation full of intrigue, mistakes, blunders, plots by special interests, urgings by uninformed jingoes, killing of Americans to the number of seventy or more, destroying and confiscating of property, murder, rapine, incendiarism, famine and prostration. In that five years Mexico has come to be a financial nonentity, with no treasury resources, no money, no borrowing capacity, a fiat currency that isn't worth a cent a pound; with no crops, with no food for her people, with pestilence and starvation ravaging her rich territory; with no stable government—a land of murder, factional quarrels, with thousands of expatriates of the better class in the United States—desolate and harassed. Mexico has been looted by Mexicans who have posed as patriots, aided by Americans who have done no posing but have grabbed the swag. Five or six hundred million dollars of invested American money has been at the mercy of the shifting, mercenary alleged governments and their military supporters, and the whole situation has come to chaos.

The story is intricate, involved, and at this time not to be told accurately, for if there is an unprejudiced interested person, if there is one single man who knows about Mexico who hasn't a bias caused by his individual interests, or his political interests, or the similar interests of associates or promoters or mercenaries, I have been unable to find him, and I have made a long search. In reality the situation at present is an economic situation before it is anything else, and the solution is an economic solution; but of that later. For the present Francisco Villa, who caused the punitive expedition into Mexico that may, or may not, result in the regeneration of Mexico, is the interesting and important center of the stage.

Villa came down from his bandit hiding places during the course of these various revolutions and offered his services to the revolutionists. He was against the government. That was natural enough, for the government had always been against him; and he was firm in his idea that the common people had wrongs that must be righted. His sympathies were with the common people. They had nothing of which he could rob them, and they were his friends and protectors. Anything that would assist in the overthrow of the government was meat and drink for Villa, and he dropped the rôle of bandit for the time being and became a patriot.

Now Villa is a strong person, a man of much natural ability and of a certain congenital military genius. He cannot read and his writing ability extends only to the scrawling of his name, but he is shrewd and cunning, and, moreover, he has the great gift of control of men. He is as courageous as he is brutal, and he has the faculty of putting personal fear of him in the hearts of his men—the sort of personal fear that compels obedience and, at the same time, does not engender hatred. Villa, the patriotic bandit, was a superb figure to his soldiers, given to emotional affiliations. *"Viva Villa!"* became a rallying cry.

Things drifted along. Huerta was informed, not only by our Government but by the rebels, that he must go, but he remained obstinate about it. We would not recognize him as President of Mexico. Carranza and Villa and other chieftains out in the field were fighting his Federal troops rather successfully, and Washington was watchfully waiting. Presently the soldierly qualities of Villa began to be recognized. Carranza was

nominally the first chief of the revolutionists, but he was held at Washington to be a narrow country lawyer of Spanish type and Villa was picked as the coming man.

Villa began to grow. His military exploits and his succession of victories stamped him as a big fellow. We looked him over, watching him closely, admiring his soldierly abilities, and conveniently forgetting his bandit days. He swanked about in the north of Mexico, a swashbuckling figure of a rebellious patriot, and we fell for him, to use the vernacular. We took him at his own estimate of himself, which was that he was a sort of Napoleon in the rough.

"Do you see that string?" he would say to those about him, after he had tied a string round an apple. "The apple is the world, and the string is the name of Páncho Villa, that goes all round the world. I am the Napoleon of Mexico. I am the Napoleon of the world, just as my French colleague was a hundred years ago."

He did some clever things. His ruse at the taking of Juarez was a striking one. He was coming up to that city, which is just across from El Paso and was strongly garrisoned against him. At a station down the road he stopped a freight train of loaded coal cars. He had previously taken the telegraph operator at the station. He telegraphed in to the railroad authorities at Juarez, using the name of the conductor of the coal train, that the engine was in trouble and that he would be compelled to back the train into Juarez for repairs. Then he unloaded the coal and put his soldiers in the coal cars and, by sending men ahead and taking the telegraph operators at the various stations between his starting point and Juarez, he kept news of his trick from getting to Juarez and backed his trainload of soldiers right into the middle of the city, which he captured in a short time.

That put him in close contact with this country, and we began to hear more of Villa. Americans along the border, for reasons of their own, hailed him as the great conqueror and patriot, and the ego of Villa swelled appreciably each twenty-four hours. He began to think that what they said of him was true. He began to think that what he said of himself was true. I am not telling the story chronologically, for that would entail the printing of a mass of detail that is now water over the dam. The essential fact is that Villa, by virtue of various emissaries at Washington, became the hope of the Administration. He was looked upon as the man who controlled the destinies of turbulent and troubled Mexico.

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

General John Joseph Pershing, U. S. A.

Playing Napoleon in Northern Mexico

SOMETIME along in those days of the growth of Villa General Hugh Scott, of the American Army, now chief of staff, appeared at El Paso. Maybe he was there all the time. That is unimportant. Anyhow, General Scott and Villa had a meeting on the middle of the international bridge between El Paso and Juarez at midnight one night, a secret meeting, and held a long confab. General Scott gave Villa a book about the rules of war, and was much gratified to learn later that Villa was not summarily executing his prisoners, and was taking care of his wounded, and was displaying other symptoms of humanity and recognition of the responsibilities of a Napoleon of Mexico. General Scott was greatly impressed with the sincerity of the motives of Villa, his patriotism and his devotion to the cause of the people. The General reported to the President. Mr. Wilson was impressed also. Villa had moving pictures taken of himself in company with American army officers, and he was the fair-haired boy, so far as the watchful waiters were concerned.

This lasted for some time. Villa was the popular idol. His own men were fanatically for him, and the soldiers of all the other Mexican generals were desperately afraid of him. He moved about in the north in the best Napoleonic manner, and his egotism grew until he privately admitted—and publicly at times—that he, Francisco Villa, could whip all creation, and that that section of creation known as the United States of America would be perfectly easy for him. The mere mention of his name would subjugate us. We pampered him. We were his strong admirers and supporters. Having taken him on as our particular pet, we petted him assiduously. Francisco Villa became so puffed up over himself that his egotism took on a tinge of insanity.

Carranza triumphed. There were all the preliminaries of the provisional government. Then, about a year ago, there came a split between Villa and Carranza. That was inevitable, for Carranza is not without due appreciation of his own eminent qualities as a patriot, a soldier and a statesman. There was a convention and its Latin convolutions, politics of the most intricate sort, intrigue, plotting, and all the concomitants of the land of the double cross. The result, after a series of incidents that are now more historical than important, was that Villa broke with Carranza and organized a revolution against him, claiming that he was the only properly constituted savior of Mexico, and that the people should join with him to depose Carranza and punish him for daring to defy the Mexican Napoleon.

A series of battles followed, with the decisive one at Calaya, where Villa was soundly whipped, but where he claimed he would have won had it not been for a shortage of ammunition, and disobedience of his orders by one of his generals. Meantime, the affectionate regard in which our Government held Villa was rapidly cooling. Indeed, we were quite frigid toward our former esteemed *amigo*. He wasn't proving up. Carranza was. Obregon, Carranza's general, was whipping Villa every time he came up with him, and Villa stock went down in Washington with a most astonishing slump when you come to consider what Villa had been to us.

In September of last year we cast him off entirely, told him he needn't come round any more, and recognized the government of Carranza as the provisional government of Mexico. That was the final blow. Villa, after his space of Napoleonic splendor, was shoved aside and stamped as an outlaw and a rebel, and he immediately began to act the part. He never had held Americans in high regard, considering their attentions to him as dictated largely by fear of his prowess, and he spread the word that we, white-livered cowards that we were—or are, as the case may be—had recognized Carranza because we could dictate to Carranza, and knew that Francisco Villa would never submit to the wishes of the United States, but, indeed, undoubtedly would march across the border and conquer us and make us vassal to his imperial will.

Now the temper of the Mexican people, in the mass, is one of intense hatred for Americans and of contempt for us. They think we are a nation of cowards, and that we will not fight, no matter what the provocation. Of course that is of minor importance on our side of the line, but it has its elements of importance on the Mexican side. Villa, through the newspapers and by the ballads of the song writers, fostered the national hatred of the gringos, and kept some of his forces with him by his boasting that he could conquer us whenever he saw fit to make an assault against us.

Villa's Round Robin to Zapata

OUR Government gave Carranza permission to send his soldiers across Texas to facilitate their movements against Villa, and that incensed Villa to fury. He developed the scheme in his own mind to declare war on the United States. His soldiers were leaving him. His fiat money was worthless. He was hard pressed for food and horses. He was in a much reduced condition, speaking Napoleonically, but his egotism grew greater. Indeed, it is probable that he is practically insane with self-approval, and has been for some time.

It is necessary to go ahead of the story a little in order to tell of Villa's movements and schemes during the time that followed the passing of Carranza soldiers across Texas, which was in October, 1915, and the foray against Columbus, New Mexico, on March ninth of this year. After the fighting at Columbus, the attack by Villa, the battle in the dark morning hours, the burning of the hotel and other buildings, and the killing of a hundred or so Mexicans, two large portfolios were found by the American soldiers at Columbus and turned over to the men in command. These were portfolios either thrown away by some Villa officer, or lost, and they contained many papers personal to Villa. Most of the papers were of no value, but one was.

Among these papers was a letter to Zapata, another Mexican freebooter and outlaw, written in Spanish and signed by twenty-eight Villa generals, including Villa himself. This letter told of a meeting of these generals at the Bustillos ranch, a hundred miles west of Chihuahua City, or such a matter, and a hundred other Villa partisans, which was held on December twenty-third last. It detailed

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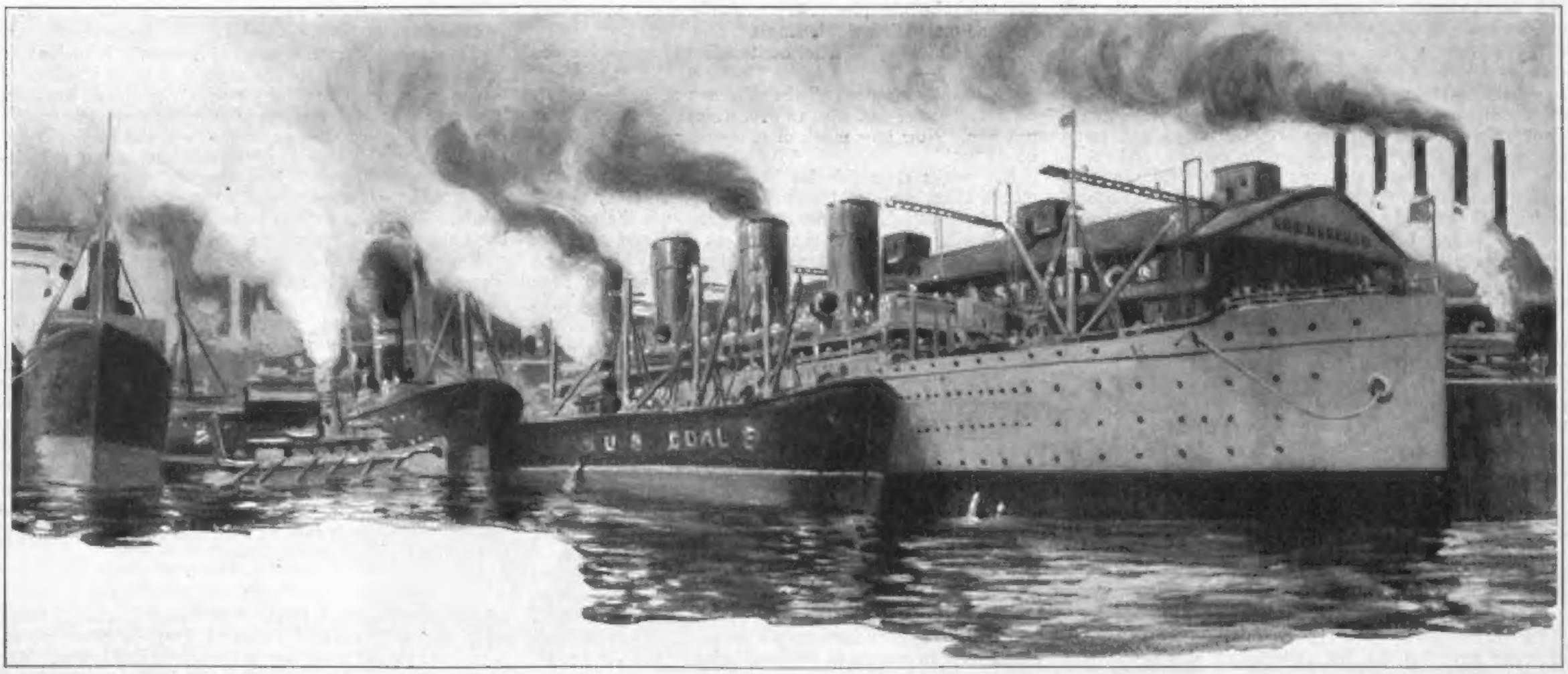
If it is True We Do Not Understand the Mexicans, it is Ten Times Truer That the Mexicans Do Not Understand Us

GRAFT—By DONN BYRNE



HE STOOD for a moment at the door of the restaurant before plunging into the eddy of Wall Street—a big, portly figure of a man, ruddy, well-shaven, sleek—and whiffed up the clean odor of the spring day with the same somewhat gluttonous expression that was characteristic of him when sitting before food or savoring the aroma of a cigarette. A taxi flashed round the corner with the thin, alert, aging face of someone looking out of the window, a face keen like the blade of a spear. Trainor nodded patronizingly, but with a warm, bland smile. The alert man threw him the curtest of nods.

"A smart man," Trainor paid tribute; "always on the job!"

He moved down Wall Street toward the Mint Building with a long, dignified gait, hat slightly back on his head, cigar jutting from between his lips with an upward tilt like the bowsprit of a clipper. People looked at him as he passed, for he was an imposing figure of a man, a man who would have been handsome and compelling had he taken care of himself. But his waistline was running to bulk, his face, that should have been sharp and clean-cut, was becoming gross, and his eye was too cold. At the first glimpse you might have liked him, so comfortable did he appear and so unrestrainedly fond of life. You might have taken him for one of those old-time merchants who drank old wines and patronized sport, and whose business, by some mysterious dispensation of Providence, prospered and grew. But after a minute's conversation with him you had the impression of a dank coldness in the air, the atmosphere of a moist cellar, instead of the hearty warmth to be expected from the imagined type. And you noticed three things in rapid succession: That the gray eye, the whitey-gray eye beneath the square brow, had a glint that was mean, that was selfish, that was untrustworthy; the mouth wide and tightly pressed, corners drawn back—a mouth that might whine like a punished dog's, or might snarl with the snarl of a frightened fox, or might sneer with the cold, vacuous, vicious sneer of a puny man; and the third point you would notice was that the chin, which should have been the king-pin in the external structure of his character, had been nullified by the growth of flesh about it, had become, as it were, a mere osseous projection that seemed to serve as a peg for a double chin.

As he moved down the little hill of Wall Street, through the mass of business men, chic stenographers, pert office boys and weary telegraph messengers that made the street eddy like a treacherous stream, there were many who nodded to him and passed on. He seemed to have a myriad of acquaintances, but none friendly enough to stop and shake hands or to ask about his health or business.

A few of the men seemed contemptuous toward him, a few seemed furtive in their nodded greeting, as though he were a person not to be known, a few were frankly not desirous of seeing him. A pale, hawk-faced lawyer with a breezy Western client by his side nodded in response to Trainor's pleasant smile.

"Who is it?" the client asked.

"Oh, that?" the lawyer queried. A little yawn of distaste showed on his face. "That's John Trainor, the purchasing agent for the Azure Star Line."

"What's wrong with him?" the Westerner smiled. "You made a face like a kid taking medicine. What's up?"

"Well"—the lawyer spat the words in disgust—"if you want to know, that's the damnedest grafter, liar and thief in the city. He's not even a big one. He's a cheap piker." He shook his head. "And the queer part of it is that ten years ago he used to be one of the decentest fellows in the world."

"Grows on you like dope," the client nodded.

"You've got it," the lawyer turned to him. "You've laid your finger on it. That man doesn't know how deep in it he is. Some of these days he's going to be caught with the goods, and then—good night!"

It was not unknown to John Trainor, this dislike which the men of his world and their womenfolk entertained for him and seemed hardly able to dissemble. He explained it to himself in a variety of ways. These were envious of him, he said, envious of the ability that had at thirty-five made him one of the most important officials in one of the largest steamship lines in the country. He did not see through their veiled hostility and distinguish contempt behind it, for it would have been impossible for him to grasp that such a feeling could be entertained toward him. He considered himself, with his bland manner, with his ever-ready smile, with his quick jokes, his lavish lunches, to be one of the most popular men in the downtown district. He had associates, he had what he called friends, men of his own easy-going type, who were accustomed to gather at lunches and dinners and to dub the more staid and conservative members in their business grouches and kill-joys.

He turned into Broad Street where the current from Wall Street turned at right angles and widened, as a river widens on its way to the sea. Brokers hustled in and out of the Stock Exchange like scurrying mice. Hoarsely the curb brokers raised their voices in insistent, raucous cries. They bubbled in their milled inclosure like water in a boiling pot. On the steps of the Mint a solitary office boy sat and ate lunch with the dramatic air of a philosopher. A warm, golden sunshine fell like a shower of fine rain. It divided the width of Broad Street and the narrowness of Nassau and Wall, and the peristyles of the Stock Exchange and the soaring heights of skyscrapers, into acute stretches of orange sunshine and gray shadow with the sharpness of a line drawing.

"It's a nice day," Trainor said to himself, and he nodded again patronizingly, as though he were commending the sun for shining and the sky for being wide and blue.

He looked about him before entering his office. One hundred yards away, near the dingy bulk of the Mint, a clergyman was raising his somber bulk on a box or some other eminence. Even at that distance Trainor could catch some detail of the strong, frank face, and he recognized it as that of the preacher whom brokers called affectionately the Bishop of Wall Street.

"What shall it profit ——?" He heard words and pieces of sentences wafted toward him indistinctly like the intermittent sound of distant bugles. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

His mouth tensed back into that ugly, vacuous sneer of his—triangular wrinkles about the tense corners and upper lip lifted to suggest snarling teeth.

"Bah!" he said disgustedly. "That sort of thing gives me a pain!" And he strode in toward the waiting elevator.

II

FOR three years—that was thirteen years before—he had been purser on the flagship of the Azure Star. He had been an efficient man and a handsome man, if what everyone says is true. He had been meticulously exact in the discharge of his duties and scrupulously honest, possibly because at that time it had never occurred to him to be anything else, and possibly also because there is little scope for dishonesty in the narrow compass of a purser's duties. His work had been to make out manifests of cargoes, to keep accounts of tickets, to interview merchants who were dispatching freight. He was then the clean sapling of the tree that to-day had gone lost and rotten—a tall, clean-featured, clean-limbed man of twenty-five, whose skin the suns of Brazil and the Caribbean had bronzed to the color of a leather saddle. Even then his smile was ready, but it was sincere; his jokes were fluent, and he laughed at them himself, not as now, when they were only details in a business machinery, produced to have a psychological effect.

The black-mustached captain and the ruddy, clean-shaven Danish first officer and the paternal old doctor and the battered quartermasters would smile as they watched him banter with the passengers.

"A fine, clean, upstanding lad," they said; "the sort of man we want at sea."

But before their eyes, had they only known it, the timber of him was beginning to germinate the first seed of decay. It was pleasant for him to have passengers to talk to, to be looked up to by many of them, to flirt with their daughters, to hear the easy sea confidences of themselves. It was this probably that was the ruin of him. About him on every side he saw people of immense wealth—coffee nabobs going to and from Brazil, rubber planters who reckoned their millions by tens, great manufacturers from the States traveling to investigate the new Golconda of South America. With these people he ate, drank, slept, people to whom his day's salary was a tip for a head waiter. They told stories of the great hotels in New York; of dances at Sherry's and the Plaza. They smoked cigars and drank wines that were the apex of excellence. Their womenfolk invited him to dinners and dances and teas when he came ashore. And out of it all there grew a great hatred in his soul for the red-inked manifest and the narrow stateroom and the routine of cargo and tickets. Once in Barbados he saw a Brazilian throw overboard a five-dollar gold piece to the boys who were diving about the bows of the ship.

"And I make less than that a day!" Trainor had muttered bitterly to himself. And it was not the idiotic lavishness of the deed that hurt him, nor the social injustice of it, but the fact that this man had money to burn while he, Trainor, had little more than none.

From such thoughts arose the desire for dishonesty. Now for the means. Among that stream of business men up and down, it was inevitable that there should be some shady soldiers of business fortune who considered their chicane to be smartness, and whose ideal of business was to get the better, by foul means if there were none fair, of their competitors and associates. Over the drinks in the smoking room they told tales of lying, deceit and fraud that were, as the phrase goes, within the law, and therefore, to their minds, accepted business. He saw that nearer home too. On every line he saw the occasional grafting of chief stewards, the petty intrigues between office and bridge, the plundering of ships' stores, the bribes offered under the guise of presents.

"They all do it," he said to himself, "they all do it; and why ——" And he was silently thoughtful.

There were two qualities that made for his success in business later and that stuck to him now, his reticence and his intuition as to the character of other men. To the tanned officers on the bridge and to the paternal physician he uttered no word of his thoughts. They went ahead, believing him to be clean and upstanding, as they expressed it. They continued praising him to old Elias Dyer, who owned the line and gave to it such few activities as he could spare from his model farm and red-haired Irish setters. He stroked his fine country gentleman's face with its fine white mustache like a deer's inverted antlers.

"If this is such a fine young man," he stormed in that bluff, explosive manner of his, "why haven't we got him in the office, damn it! Tell me that!"

Trainor was made assistant purchasing agent.

For six months or more Trainor had carried on his work in every way that the line expected of a man with his reputation. He had little time to devote to plans for the future, because in the first flash of his new position he had married the daughter of Captain Sanderson, that tall, cadaverous old skipper who had beaten up and down every sea from Canton to Callao, and to whose spirit there was as little dishonesty or deception as there was flesh to his bones. There is to every man a great capacity for love, no matter whether he be crooked or straight, which will last until the spirit from which it emanates is completely covered and calked and imprisoned by evil and sordid things. Until then the crookedness had touched his spirit, or soul, if you like—not in black splotches but as a gray mist. It had not as yet begun to clog the pores. In those days he loved Millicent Sanderson with every atom of devotion of which he was capable.

It was, queerly enough, his devotion to her that brought him to his first bribe. Daniels, the hawk-faced man in the taxi to whom he had nodded earlier that day, had called one morning in an effort to sell lubricating oil to the company. His price had been two cents a unit higher than that of the other bidder. Trainor was about to send him away.

"Oh, by the way," Daniels had said, "you're just married, aren't you? Congratulations!" He dipped his hand into his pocket and brought out a plush case. "A little wedding present for the missis."

The little wedding present consisted of a gold bracelet set with minute pearls and stones—it might have been worth a few hundred dollars. Trainor looked at the man in wonder.

"I don't understand," he said.

"There's no need to understand," Daniels had laughed. "Can't a business firm be courteous to a business man's wife? Put it in your pocket and don't say another word." He smiled a little cynically when Trainor slipped it into his coat. "Now there are some things I want to tell you about oil."

This was not what he had expected. He was not quite certain that the gift was not legitimate, though he mentioned it to no one, and spoke but hazily of the donor when he presented it to his wife. The real thing came later when a salesman was trying for an order of paint.

"The reason we charge so much higher," said the salesman naïvely, a fat, jolly man who was hailed everywhere as a good mixer, "is, in the first place, because our stuff is so much better than anyone else's, and secondly, because of the higher commission—yours and mine."

"My commission?" Trainor asked.

"Yes, sir. Our company allows me nine per cent on the sale and it allows you three. Your commission is a perfectly legitimate thing, done to stimulate trade. Of course as it might be misunderstood it's confidential, just between you and me. It's strict business."

"I didn't know," Trainor hesitated. "I haven't been on shore long ——"

"Naturally, naturally," the salesman nodded in appreciation, "you're not wise to everything. But we'll soon put you. Now how much of this chromo-oxide will you need?"

For weeks after this his heart would jump into his mouth at the sound of the door opening. In fancy he saw the gray-mustached owner striding through the opening and driving him out of the office, as the angel with the sword of flame drove Adam from his garden. Little drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his flesh wrinkled as if with frostbite, and a cold chill struck him in the chest. But nothing ever happened. The incident was repeated. There was less terror this time. There was less waiting until the next offense.

And so it went on, and more so every time, during the long space of ten years. The amount he received—on the side, as he called it—doubled his salary and more. It allowed him many of the luxuries he had envied when he was a poor devil of a purser on board ship. He had long ceased to get any thrill of terror out of it. It had become a business transaction. He never spoke of it at home. But why should he? he asked. One doesn't talk of business to one's wife. The matter was done quietly and efficiently—the salesman took care of that. Currency passed from hand to hand. No checks; no incriminating documents. Others in the office might suspect it, might even know it, but what were they going to do about it? They couldn't prove it. No one could discharge him except the owner, Elias Dyer. And heaven help any employee who made charges to the old shipping master without anything to substantiate them!

But what was wrong about it? he asked himself fiercely. Why shouldn't a man pick up a five-dollar bill if he saw it lying in the road? Why shouldn't he take an apple from a tree if there were no one to pluck it? Wouldn't he be a fool if he didn't? This was no longer the day of simpletons. And everybody did it. Whom did it harm? It took away from Elias Dyer the price of a new red setter or a Sealyham terrier or a Berkshire otter hound. Why should he, John Trainor, sweat in poverty to indulge the foolish whimseys of a doddering old idiot—with his farm and his dogs?

"I suppose I'm to starve," he said cynically, "while he acts the English squire? Not much!"

Yes, what was wrong about it? Nothing dishonest certainly. Why, if he wanted to be dishonest he could hold back checks, falsify accounts, clear a hundred thousand and skip away to Morocco or Tangiers, where extradition is an amusing thing and does not obtain. But he wouldn't do that, he said. That would be dishonest.

He thought of the sea officers with the clear, clean eyes and the frank expressions; the honest men about the wharves; the plodding clerks inside; the straight business men in the streets, who followed their rigid iron law of honesty and subjected themselves to the discipline of things, whose mouths were prim, whose smiles were not unctuous.

"A man's a fool," Trainor mused, "in sticking in one rabbit's rut of action or thinking. You've got to give and take. You've got to have latitude. You've got to know opportunity when it calls to you, and get what's coming. Otherwise, you're a damned fool."

III

SOMEHOW when I think of Millicent Trainor, I think of her as I think of Helen of Troy—a great, noble, dignified figure of a woman, and pathetically lonely. Not that she was beautiful. Her most devoted admirer could hardly call her that. But such a fine, free light played from her face, and there was so much frankness and so much life in it that one, when seeing her, subconsciously thought of something natural and noble and free, as of some slow, majestic melody played on the strings of a harp. She was a tall woman, taller by an inch than her husband. Her forehead was too broad and high for anything like beauty. Her nose and chin were insignificant. They were such as a thousand women, well proportioned, well formed, had, but without anything to distinguish them. But her eyes were of a deep gray, grained like fine granite, with small, deep pupils and startling orange splashes in the iris. With the minute, thick, golden eyebrows and lashes they gave the impression of two strange barbaric jewels set by a master craftsman. And there was also her mouth, a small, darkly red mouth, with the lips running into excellent curves, not perfect, not the chiseled perfection of a stone goddess, but warm, expressive, mobile things that showed the flash of her teeth faintly, warm, healthy, strong teeth, not impossibly white: And as she moved about with her long, strong, clean-limbed action like a blood mare, one had the impression of a cool wind sweeping over heather, of Artemis sweeping through the twilight with the crescent moon above her like a tongue of flame.

She had been in love—and she tried to think herself still in love until at last there was no possibility of mistake—with John Trainor when ten years before, at twenty-one, she had married him. There was something very taking about the young purser then, bronzed, clean-cut, affable, courteous and joyful. A hundred men had envied him the rapture of her love. She poured it about him like a fragrant April shower. But little by little, when she began noticing that apprehensive, calculating, secretive look in his eyes, she began to feel lost and bewildered. She lost, as it were, her spiritual handclasp with him. She fought to get it back. She wanted to know what was wrong. In a thousand ways she tried to discover the cause of it. But a woman cannot tell her husband to put a mean, secretive look from his eyes. She mustn't notice, and even had she been brutal enough to put it into words, what would Trainor have done? One can see him indignantly disclaiming anything of the kind.

She Had Been in Love With John Trainor When She Married Him Ten Years Before

"I wish I knew what was wrong with him," she would say plaintively to herself. "There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do to right it for him."

And then suddenly when she was with him she would put out her right hand and catch his and look at him searchingly.

"Is there anything wrong, John?" she would ask. "Tell me if there's anything wrong. If you're in any trouble. Perhaps I can help you out."

"There's nothing wrong," he would laugh. "What should be wrong?" But under the searching look of her face his eyes would falter and fall, and then she would sigh again, her long, plaintive sigh.

I think I can understand the terror through which she went, this poor woman, the feelings of panic, the long searches for light, the despair. It was as if her husband were attacked by some deadly, incurable disease. If it had been only a physical thing, if it had been anything from typhoid to leprosy, she would have stood by him and helped cure him or comforted him while dying. If it had only been some drug addiction, like morphine or opium, she would have fought with and wrestled and downed it. But she could do nothing against this, this spiritual and mental disease, which was more lethal than drugs or leprosy, which was rotting his spirit before her eyes and wearing away his soul in minute, implacable inroads.

And if he had been still in love with her it would have been perhaps all right, but his love for her had changed into a cut-and-dried, convention-made thing, out of which the fire and madness had gone. For an unclean man cannot have love any more than a blind man can see the sun.

Sooner or later she understood, as she could not help but understand. She knew his salary; she knew that the expenditures he made doubled and sometimes trebled it.

"John," she took it on herself to say—"John, you are spending a lot of money, much more than you earn."

"Nothing is too much for my little girl," he smiled blandly at her. She winced at the insincerity of the thing and at the smile and at the tone. Already the smile was too bland and the voice too oily. "I am making a little money on the side and can afford it."

"Yes, but how?" she persisted.

"Quite all right," he slipped the question. "A matter of business. Don't mind that, my dear; just take care of your clothes and your house. Business is not for women." And again his eyes faltered before her look, and again she sighed.

Gradually, with such subtle, minute inroads that had she not been watching for the thing with a hawk's eyes she could hardly have seen it expand and grow—although its ravages would in the end have been apparent to anyone—the disease told in his eyes, told in his mouth, told in his whole demeanor. First the eyes, which had grown shifty, became callous and hard, grew suspicious. He looked at everyone as though they were concealing unnamable sins, as if they would spring at him or do him some injury if he once removed the guard of his own gaze. The mouth grew weak and indulgent. The chin lost character. It showed in his conversation. He seemed to believe in no one. If a statesman were mentioned he dismissed the man with a contemptuous epithet, charging him with insincerity and venal interest. "Faker" was a favorite word of his. No man could perform a disinterested act without his seeking some motive behind it.

"He doesn't do that for nothing," he would say; "he's got something up his sleeve."

And in Millicent Trainor's heart there grew a great feeling of contempt for this state of mind. She fought against her contempt every hour, but in spite of her it grew and rankled.

"I wish he wouldn't say things like that," she would cry to herself passionately. "I wish he wouldn't."

One by one she saw his friends go. They stopped coming to his house. They stopped asking him to theirs. Her also they dropped, because one cannot after all keep on good terms with a wife while condemning the husband. And certainly she wished to be out of it, too, for her loyalty would not permit her to associate with them, feeling as they did toward him. She did not blame them, for one cannot be cordial to a man whose eyes regard you as a detective looks at a criminal, or rather as one criminal looks at another. One cannot like a man who pours cheap contempt on every ideal in the world, who reckons everything in dollars and cents, and sees behind every clean door a rotten dive.

What galled her most was that she knew she was being pitied. The maids who opened doors for her and the tradesmen delivering goods all knew of her husband's shortcomings. Twice she overheard criticisms of him. Once she sat behind two of her neighbors in a train.

"This man Trainor is a case in point," one of them, a white-haired bank official, told the other. "You can see from his face that he's crooked and dishonest. It always shows. They'll get him in the end."

"He's a clever man," the other, a tubby, jolly silk mercer broke in; "and he's careful. He plays a safe game."

"You never get away with it," the bank president replied; "it always finds you out in the end. It will come some day, as sure as water runs and grass grows."

"I'll be sorry for him when it does," the silk mercer philosophized. "It will be merciless."

"I'll not," the bank president shook his head. "I'll be sorry for his wife. I'm sorry for her now. I believe she's as clean as they are made."

And as she sat there, listening, her face grew as red as the red-plush seats of the car. Her heart seemed to wither up like a flower before frost. Shame struck at her with merciless blows until she wished the ground would open into a black yawning chasm and engulf her. Silently, with the stealth of a thief, she crept from the carriage and made her way to the back of the train, where she sat with her head bowed and her cheeks flaming like banners of scarlet.

On another occasion she was less strong. It was at a country club. Two women on the veranda were talking as she stood in the shadows.

"Where's your husband?" one of them asked.

"He went off to get a drink with Mr. Trainor," the other replied.

"I didn't know he was a friend of Mr. Trainor's. I thought he didn't like him."

"Neither does he," replied the second; "he loathes the man. But he couldn't get out of it. He thinks Trainor one of the most contemptible grafters in New York."

There was a moment's silence. Millicent Trainor tried to steal away, but a sort of hypnosis kept her feet rooted to the spot. The first woman spoke suddenly.

"I wonder how the man's wife stands him," she broke out heatedly. "Why doesn't she leave him? Run away from him? Do something?"

"Oh," said the second, "I suppose she doesn't see it. Wives never do. But everybody else can see it."

She broke away from where she was standing, and ran forward with little stumbling steps into the inviting space and darkness of the big golf course. It didn't matter to her that a light mist was falling and that she wore an evening frock. She raced forward with a wild, mad energy, until she felt she was sufficiently alone. Then great panting sobs shook her.

"O God, what can I do?" she wept. "What can I do? What can I do?"

When she came back, an hour later, and hurriedly and secretly slipped into her cloak and found her husband, he looked at her with unseeing indifference.

"Been out?" he asked.

"I had a little walk," she answered. "Let us go home now."

It was about that time, too, when Trainor's decent friends were leaving him, that he provided himself with a new set—"a live gang," he called it—a crowd of men with the same earmarks as his, with unctuous presences and servile smiles and hard, distrustful eyes. She hated those, did Millicent Trainor; she loathed them. The deceitful appearance of them made her gorge rise. But what could she do? I think that in those days she would have gone mad or committed some very desperate and very foolish deed if it had not been for young Joseph Ligatt. I see Ligatt as a young, callow thing, immature in spite of his thirty years, more like a boy, with his mouse-colored brown hair and straggling mustache, and big eyes that looked at you with a discomforting, searching quality. I see him now, very pale and very much in earnest, weedy and tall. He was rather a pathetic figure, without sufficient ability to do anything big and with sufficient money to abstain from doing anything small. He had two virtues—his white, fiery soul, and his love for Millicent Trainor, and I hope she is happy with him wherever they are.

He had never until now spoken to her about love. He had never achieved any close, outward intimacy with her. They had talked together about this and that, about books and poetry, about men and occurrences of the day. They liked each other most when silent. Only when they were silent he looked at her furtively out of dumb, admiring eyes. One afternoon on the front lawn of her house he came upon her. They spoke for a few moments. They were silent; suddenly he noticed her eyes were full of tears.

"I'll kill him. I'll tear him limb from limb," he cried passionately, blindly.

It seemed as if by some supernal feat they had both bridged a vast chasm and were standing together on the same intimate ground. Dumbly she shook her head.

"Listen," he said: "Come out of this hell. Come away with me. It's killing me to see you unhappy. It's tearing my body and soul apart. Come away and leave it. We'll both be happy. You'll be happy. If giving you every breath I take and every pulsation of my heart and every thought of my mind will make you happy."

She looked at him for a moment, and she saw the distraught agony in his eyes. She put her hand on his shoulder.

"You poor boy!" she said after a moment. "You poor, poor boy!"

Ligatt Was Without Sufficient Ability to Do Anything Big and With Sufficient Money to Abstain From Doing Anything Small

IV

HE VERY seldom went out now in the evening, John Trainor, not because he had nowhere to go, but for the reason that he was becoming lethargic and comfortable.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE MAKING OF MIKE

Being a Brief Account of the Remarkable Adventures of the Honorable Michael Dowling of Minnesota

By IRVING BACHELLER

MIKE was born in Huntington, Mass., in 1866. As a boy he was profoundly disinterested in books. He knew which was the prettiest girl in school, and which boy had the best jackknife, and such items of information, but he rarely knew his lessons. At ten he could read and write and cipher, and while his knowledge embraced other things—such as the shape of the earth and the names of the presidents—these latter items were, he thought, largely decorative and unnecessary. He never ran away from school, but he had a truant mind. It generally rode a pony and indulged in the pleasure of roping steers and shooting Indians. He wanted to be a cowboy. He had read all about it in a paper.

His mother died when he was ten. That set him free. He went West with the definite purpose of becoming a rich cattleman. He was big and strong for his age.

When he was fourteen he got a job as cattle herder in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota. They gave him a good pony and a herd of five hundred cattle. He knew a lot about cattle and the arts of the cowboy. He bought a big revolver on credit at the herders' store and went to his task. At first he thought it was great fun. The prairies lay flat and green till they seemed to touch the rounded dome of the sky. For a week or so they interested him. But he was all alone with his herd on that vast floor of the heavens. It was like a great silent room. He felt very small and lonely there. Sundry little animals lived beneath, like rats in a cellar, but they would have nothing to do with him. They seemed to distrust his character and demand references. Winds hurried by, hissing in the tall grass, and birds rode upon them.

These were his only companions—these and the cattle—save when he went to the store for supplies, and then he was always in a hurry.

Now cattle—even five hundred cattle and a revolver—are poor company for a human being. Mike grew weary of them. He did brave deeds. His devotion to duty had been quite heroic one day when the herd took to flight in a storm, but there had been nobody to see and applaud him. He was homesick but too faithful to desert his task. The whistle of locomotives came faintly to his ear now and then from a four-league journey through the air, and seemed to be calling him. The herd drifted back and forth through a range some ten miles in diameter, and there were three rude shacks in which he lived.

Bucking the Blizzards of the Eighties

IT WAS probably good for Mike. It gave him an excellent chance to enlarge his acquaintance with himself. He began to explore his own mind. It seemed to be about as empty as the sky. He found there the list of the presidents and the multiplication table, and such simple furniture. He tried to interest himself by looking them over. He reminded himself of the proportions of land and water and the shape of the world, but as an entertainer Mike decided that he was no good. If he had only known the Declaration of Independence it would have been a great comfort to him, I have no doubt. He saw that he didn't know enough to be good company. October came, and cold winds out of the north, and time dragged as the end of his solitary confinement drew near. He got rid of his charge on the fourth of December.

Canby was the business center for the farmers whose stock he had herded. There he received his pay. Two farmers had driven to the little village that afternoon in a lumber wagon. Mike was to ride with them to a farm where he had left his pony, six miles away. He held their team in the cold wind while the two men were having a good time. Mike had sat for hours in the wagon. He and the horses were chilled to the bone. But men do not worry about boys and horses when they are having a good time. They are too busy. It was growing dusk. The horses had begun to rear and plunge. Mike shouted for help. The men buttoned their overcoats, hurried out, quieted the horses and took the spring seat in the wagon. Mike was only a boy. He sat cramped on a shoe box behind them.

The winter of the great snows had arrived—the winter of 1880. The old settlers have never ceased to talk about it. The storms came like a resistless army, spreading their white tents on the roofs of other tents, until Minnesota was buried to the tops of its telegraph poles. The lumber wagon and its party was going out to meet the first battalion in this great army. It hurried, for the sky was black and the wind struck hard. Soon a gale was blowing. It seemed to be trying to push them back. It rushed straight upon them off the level plains and whistled in the leather of the harness and the timbers of the wagon. The men on the front seat quickly turned their heads when the first missiles of icy snow struck them. Leaves and wisps of grass were flying in the wind. There were strange noises before and above them.

The dusk had thickened. They did not see the great, white, rushing, swirling, diluted avalanche until it fell upon them. It checked team and wagon with a jolt, for the air had suddenly thickened. It was as if the skies had fallen. Away northward great banks of wet air, a league deep at least and belike a thousand miles wide, had frozen suddenly. Their moisture had gone hurtling toward the earth. It struck the current of an arctic hurricane. This had hardened the soft snow and whipped and churned it into pin points of ice. These were massed thickly by the pressure of the blast. There were probably thousands of them in a cubic inch of the air. The men on the front seat covered their faces with mittened hands. One shouted to the other but was unheard. They could see only the tails of the horses. The driver gave up trying to steer them. Mike bowed his head, his ears feeling for shelter. His hands were so cold that he could no longer feel the box to which he clung. He felt a sense of being smothered by the stinging sky dust.

The wagon began to jump. The horses had lost the road and were crossing a plowed field. Suddenly they quickened their pace. A big jolt broke the hold of Mike's numb hands and pitched him out of the wagon. He picked himself up and shouted. His voice sounded to his own ears like that of a man calling from a distance. The wagon had gone out of sight, but he could faintly hear the rattle of its wheels. He ran toward it, eager as the sprinter in a race. That little straw of sound was his only hope of safety. When he stopped to get his breath he could no longer hear it. The storm had so darkened the air that he could not see the wheel tracks even if he were near them. Then Mike knew that somewhere in the darkness of that night his life was likely to end. He had heard that a man lost in a Minnesota blizzard had as good a chance of living as at the bottom of the sea.

He was chilled to the bone. The ice dust in the fling of a seventy-mile wind had sored his eyes and rubbed the skin off one side of his face. He could hear their smite as they struck his cheeks and forehead. Sheaths of ice kept forming over his eyes. But Mike didn't give up. He knew that he must keep moving or that his blood would turn to ice, like water in a frozen pipe. So he pulled down his cap, turned the side of his head to the wind, and hurried on. Slowly the push of the storm faced him about until he was going with it. Often he had to stop to get his breath. The effort of breathing sored his nose. He had hard work to stop enough of the speeding, snow-filled air to satisfy him.

Signs of a Habitation

HOUR after hour he labored in the noisy, flying dungeon of the blizzard, seeing nothing. Now and then he would brush the ice and snow from his eyes and then imagine for a moment that he saw lights ahead. It was when he was wading in a drift that he decided that he would lie down and rest for just a minute. The strangest of all emotions, self-fear, came on him. He trembled and ran a few steps, as if he hoped thereby to get away from it. He grew angry. He called himself a vile name, but the thought of rest kept stealing back upon him. Often it begged and pleaded for a moment's stop, but Mike drove it away as one would drive a thieving dog from his pantry. Suddenly he looked ahead and lo! the sun was shining on green fields, and it was a still summer day, and there was his home, and his mother and father on the doorstep. They saw him coming and were waving their hands. What a long sleep he would have in that little bedroom upstairs! Then the iced darkness fell roaring over the scene.

His breast bumped against something in his path and awoke him. He was still traveling in the storm. What was it that his mittens touched? It gave as he touched it. He felt it over carefully. It was stove wood, corded breast high. There must be a house; but where? Ten feet would be as bad as a mile if he went wrong. How could he find the house? He called again and again, but got no answer. He climbed to the top of the cord and picked up a stick of wood and threw it into the darkness as far as he could, hoping to hit some one of the buildings.

The stick fell silently. He threw the wood in all directions, but it seemed only to hit the air. He gave up, got off the cord and went on. In a moment he ran into a heap of straw. He could not resist its invitation. He began to burrow into it. He was like a fox driven to its hole with baying hounds close behind him. He flung the loose straw aside and burrowed fiercely with his hands, and crept head first deep into the straw pile and rolled to his back.

(Concluded on Page 50)

DECORATION BY H. D. STITT

The Aunt and the Sluggard

By PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Bertie, This is Pure Hades!"

NOW that it's all over, I may as well admit that there was a time during the rather rummy affair of Rockmetteller Todd when I thought that Jeeves was going to let me down. The man had the appearance of being baffled.

Jeeves is my man, you know. Officially he pulls in his weekly wage for pressing my clothes, and all that sort of thing; but actually he's more like what the poet Johnny called some fellow of his acquaintance who was apt to rally round him in times of need—a guide, don't you know; philosopher, if I remember rightly, and—I rather fancy—friend.

I rely on my man Jeeves at every turn.

So, naturally, when Rocky Todd told me about his aunt, Jeeves was in on the thing from the start.

The affair of Rocky Todd broke loose early one morning in spring. I was in bed, restoring the good old tissues with about nine hours of the dreamless, when the door flew open and somebody prodded me in the lower ribs and began to shake the bedclothes. After blinking a bit and generally pulling myself together, I located Rocky—and my first impression was that it was a dream.

Rocky, you see, lived down on Long Island somewhere, miles away from New York; and not only that, but he had told me himself more than once that he never got up before twelve, and seldom earlier than one. Constitutionally the laziest young devil in America, his walk in life enabled him to go the limit in that direction. He was a poet. At least, he wrote poems when he did anything; but most of his time, as far as I could make out, he spent in a sort of trance. He told me once that he could sit on a fence, watching a worm and wondering what on earth it was up to, for hours at a stretch.

He had his scheme of life worked out to a fine point. About once a month he would take three days writing a few poems; the other three hundred and twenty-nine days of the year he rested. I didn't know there was enough money in poetry to support a man, even in the way in which Rocky lived; but it seems that if you stick to exhortations to young men to lead the strenuous life and don't shove in any rimes, editors fight for the stuff. Rocky showed me one of his things once. It began:

Be!
Be!
The past is dead.
To-morrow is not born.
Be to-day!
To-day!
Be with every nerve,
With every muscle,
With every drop of your red blood!
Be!

It was printed opposite the frontispiece of a magazine, with a sort of scroll round it, and a picture in the middle of a fairly nude chappie with bulging muscles, giving the rising sun the once-over. Rocky said they gave him a hundred dollars for it, and he stayed in bed till four in the afternoon for over a month.

As regarded the future, he had a moneyed aunt tucked away somewhere in Illinois; and, as he had been named Rockmetteller after her and was her only nephew, his position was pretty sound. He told me that when he did come into the money he meant to do no work at all, except perhaps an occasional poem recommending the young man with life opening out before him, with all its splendid possibilities, to light a pipe and shove his feet up on the mantelpiece.

And this was the man who was prodding me in the ribs in the gray dawn.

"Read this, Bertie!" I could just see that he was waving a letter or something equally foul in my face. "Wake up and read this!"

I can't read before I've had my morning tea and a cigarette. I groped for the bell.

Jeeves came in, looking as fresh as a dewy violet. It's a mystery to me how he does it.

"Tea, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

He flowed silently out of the room—he always gives you the impression of being some liquid substance when he moves; and I found that Rocky was surging round with his beastly letter again.

"What is it?" I said. "What on earth's the matter?"

"Read it!"

"I can't. I haven't had my tea."

"Well, listen, then."

"Who's it from?"

"My aunt."

At this point I fell asleep again. I woke to hear him saying: "So what on earth am I to do?"

Jeeves trickled in with the tray, like some silent stream meandering over its mossy bed.

"Read it again, Rocky, old top," I said. "I want Jeeves to hear it. Mr. Todd's aunt has written him a rather rummy letter, Jeeves, and we want your advice."

"Very good, sir."

He stood in the middle of the room, registering devotion to the cause, and Rocky started again:

"*My dear Rockmetteller:* I have been thinking things over for a long while, and I have come to the conclusion that I have been very thoughtless to wait so long before doing what I have made up my mind to do now."

"What do you make of that, Jeeves?"

"It seems a little obscure at present, sir; but no doubt the lady's intention becomes clearer at a later point in the communication."

"Proceed, old scout," I said, champing my bread and butter.

"You know how all my life I have longed to visit New York and see for myself the wonderful gay life of which I have read so much. I fear that now it will be impossible for me to fulfill my dream. I am old and worn out. I seem to have no strength left in me."

"Sad, Jeeves, what?"

"Extremely, sir."

"Sad nothing!" said Rocky. "It's sheer laziness. I went to see her last Christmas and she was bursting with health. Her doctor told me himself that there was nothing wrong with her whatever, and that if she would walk occasionally instead of driving, and cut her meals down to three a day, she could sign articles with Jess Willard in a couple of weeks. But she will insist that she's a hopeless invalid; so he has to agree with her. She's got a fixed idea that the trip to New York would kill her; so, though it's been her ambition all her life to come here, she stays where she is."

"Rather like the chappie whose heart was 'in the Highlands a-chasing of the deer,' Jeeves?"

"The cases are in some respects parallel, sir."

"Carry on, Rocky, dear boy."

"So I have decided that, if I cannot enjoy all the marvels of the city myself, I can at least enjoy them through you. I suddenly thought of this yesterday after reading a beautiful poem in the Sunday paper, by Luella Delia Philpotts, about a young man who had longed all his life for a certain thing and won it in the end only when he was too old to enjoy it. It was very sad; and it touched me."

"A thing," interpolated Rocky bitterly, "that I've not been able to do in ten years."

"As you know, you will have my money when I am gone; but until now I have never been able to see my way to giving you an allowance. I have now decided to do so—on one condition. I have written to a firm of lawyers in New York, giving them instructions to pay you quite a substantial sum each month. My one condition is that you live in New York and enjoy yourself as I have always wished to do. I want you to be my representative, to spend this money for me as I should do myself. I want you to plunge into the gay, prismatic life of New York. I want you to be the life and soul of brilliant supper parties.

"Above all, I want you—indeed, I insist on this—to write me letters at least once a week giving me a full description of all you are doing and all that is going on in the city, so that I may enjoy at secondhand what my wretched health prevents my enjoying for myself. Remember that I shall expect full details, and that no detail is too trivial to interest Your affectionate aunt,

"ISABEL ROCKMETTELLER."

"Tell Me All, Old Top"

"What about it?" said Rocky.

"What about it?" I said.

"Yes. What on earth am I going to do?"

It was only then that I really got on to the extremely rummy attitude of the chappie, in view of the fact that a quite unexpected mess of the right stuff had suddenly descended on him from a blue sky.

"Aren't you bucked?" I said.

"Bucked!"

"If I were in your place I should be frightfully braced. I consider this pretty soft for you."

He gave a kind of yelp, goggled at me for a moment, and then began to talk of New York in a way that reminded me of Jimmy Mundy, the evangelist chappie. Jimmy had just come to New York on a hit-the-trail campaign, and I had popped in at the Garden a couple of days before, for half an hour or so, to hear him. He had certainly handed New York some pretty hot stuff about itself, having apparently taken a dislike to the place; but, by Jove, you know, dear old Rocky made him look like a publicity agent for the old metrop!

"Pretty soft!" he yowled. "To have to come and live in New York! To have to leave my little cottage and take a damned, stuffy, smelly, overheated hole of an apartment in this heaven-forsaken, festering Gehenna! To have to mix night after night with a mob of blanked paranoiacs, who think that life is a sort of St. Vitus' dance, and imagine that they're having a good time because they're making enough noise for six and drinking too much for ten! I loathe New York, Bertie. I wouldn't come near the place if I hadn't got to see editors occasionally. There's a blight on it!

"It's got moral delirium tremens. It's the city of Dreadful Dippiness. It's the limit! It's the extreme edge. The very thought of staying more than a day in it gives me the willies clear down my spine. And you call this thing pretty soft for me!"

I felt rather like Lot's friends must have done when they dropped in for a quiet chat and their genial host began to criticize the Cities of the Plain. I had no idea old Rocky could be so eloquent.

"It would kill me to have to live in New York," he went on. "To have to share the air with six million people! To have to wear stiff collars and decent clothes all the time! To —"

He started.

"Good Lord! I suppose I should have to dress for dinner in the evenings. What a ghastly notion!"

I was shocked, absolutely shocked.

"My dear chap!" I said reproachfully.

"Do you dress for dinner every night, Bertie?"

"Jeeves," I said coldly. The man was still standing like a statue by the door. "How many suits of evening clothes have I?"

"We have three suits of full evening dress, sir, and three dinner jackets. We have also seven white waistcoats."

"And shirts?"

"Four dozen, sir."

"And white ties?"

"The first two shallow shelves in the chest of drawers are completely filled with our white ties, sir."

I turned to Rocky.

"You see?"

The chappie writhed like an electric fan.

"I won't do it! I can't do it! I'll be hanged if I'll do it! How on earth can I dress up like that? Do you realize that most days I don't get out of my pyjamas till five in the afternoon, and then I just put on an old sweater?"

I saw Jeeves wince, poor chap. This sort of revelation shocked his finest feelings.

"Then what are you going to do about it?" I said.

"That's what I want to know."

"You might write and explain to your aunt."

"I might—if I wanted her to get round to her lawyer's in two rapid leaps and cut me out of her will."

I saw his point.

"What do you suggest, Jeeves?" I said.

Jeeves cleared his throat respectfully.

"The crux of the matter would appear to be, sir, that Mr. Todd is obliged, by the conditions under which the money is delivered into his possession, to write Miss Rockmetteller long and detailed letters relating to his movements; and the only method by which this can be accomplished, if Mr. Todd adheres to his expressed intention of remaining in the country, is for Mr. Todd to induce some second party to gather the actual experiences which Miss Rockmetteller wishes reported to her, and to convey these to him in the shape of a careful report, on which it would be possible for him, with the aid of his imagination, to base the suggested correspondence."

Having got which off the old diaphragm, Jeeves was silent. Rocky looked at me in a helpless sort of way. He hasn't been brought up on Jeeves, as I have, and he isn't onto his curves.

"Could he put it a little clearer, Bertie," he said. "I thought at the start it was going to make sense, but it kind of flickered. What's the idea?"

"My dear old man, perfectly simple. I knew we could stand on Jeeves. All you've got to do is to get somebody to go round the town for you and take a few notes, and then you work the notes up into letters. That's it, isn't it, Jeeves?"

"Precisely, sir."

The light of hope gleamed in Rocky's eyes. He looked at Jeeves in a startled way, dazed by the man's vast intellect.

"But who would do it?" he said. "It would have to be a pretty smart sort of man, a man who would notice things."

"Jeeves!" I said. "Let Jeeves do it! You would, wouldn't you, Jeeves?"

For the first time in our long connection I observed Jeeves almost smile. The corner of his mouth curved quite a quarter of an inch, and for a moment his eye ceased to look like a meditative fish's.

"I should be delighted to oblige, sir. As a matter of fact, I have already visited some of New York's places of interest on my evenings out, and it would be most enjoyable to make a practice of the pursuit."

"Fine! I know exactly what your aunt wants to hear about, Rocky. She wants cabaret stuff. The place you ought to go to first, Jeeves, is Reigelheimer's. It's on Forty-second Street. Anybody will show you the way."

Jeeves shook his head.

"Pardon me, sir. People are no longer going to Reigelheimer's. The place at the moment is Frolics on the Roof."

"You see?" I said to Rocky. "Leave it to Jeeves!"

It isn't often that you find an entire group of your fellow humans happy in this world; but our little circle was certainly an example of the fact that it can be done. We were all full of beans. Everything went absolutely right from the start.

Jeeves was happy, partly because he loves to exercise his giant brain, and partly because he was having a corking time among the bright lights. I saw him one night at the Midnight Revels. He was sitting at a table on the edge of the dancing floor, doing himself remarkably well with a fat cigar and a bottle of the best. His face wore an expression of austere benevolence and he was making notes in a small book.

As for the rest of us, I was feeling pretty good, because I was fond of old Rocky and glad to be able to do him a good turn. Rocky was perfectly contented, because he was still able to sit on fences in his pyjamas and watch worms. And as for the aunt, she seemed tickled to death. She was getting Broadway at pretty long range, but it seemed to be hitting her just right. I read one of her letters to Rocky, and it was full of life.

But then Rocky's letters, based on Jeeves' notes, were enough to buck anybody up. It was rummy when you came to think of it. There was I, loving the life, while the mere mention of it gave Rocky a tired feeling; yet here is a letter I wrote home to a pal of mine in London:

Dear Freddie: Well, here I am in New York. It's not a bad place; I'm not having a bad time. Everything's pretty all right. The cabarets aren't bad. Don't know when I shall be back. How's everybody? Yours,

P. S. Seen old Ted lately? BERTIE.

Not that I cared about old Ted; but if I hadn't dragged him in I couldn't have got the thing onto the second page.

Now here's old Rocky on exactly the same subject:

Dearest Aunt Isabel: How can I ever thank you enough for giving me the opportunity to live in this astounding city? New York seems more wonderful every day.

Fifth Avenue is at its best, of course, just now. The dresses are magnificent!—[Wads of stuff about the dresses. I didn't know Jeeves was such an authority.]

I was out with some of the crowd at the Midnight Revels the other night. We took in a show first, after a little dinner at a new place on Forty-third Street. We were quite a gay party. Georgie Cohan looked in about midnight and got off a good one about Willie Collier. Fred Stone could only stay a minute; but Doug. Fairbanks did all sorts of stunts and made us roar. Diamond Jim Brady was there, as usual, and Laurette Taylor showed up with a party. The show at the Revels is quite good. I am inclosing a program.

Last night a few of us went round to Frolics on the Roof——

And so on and so forth—yards of it. I suppose it's the artistic temperament or something. What I mean is, it's easier for a chappie who's used to writing poems and that sort of tosh to put a bit of a punch into a letter than it is for a chappie like me. Anyway, there's no doubt that Rocky's correspondence was hot stuff. I called Jeeves in and congratulated him: "Jeeves, you're a wonder!"

"Thank you, sir."

"How you notice everything at these places beats me! I couldn't tell you a thing about them, except that I've had a good time."

"It's just a knack, sir."

"Well, Mr. Todd's letters ought to brace Miss Rockmetteller all right, what?"

"Undoubtedly, sir."

And, by Jove, they did! They certainly did, by George! What I mean to say is, I was sitting in the apartment one afternoon, about a month after the thing had started, smoking and resting the old bean, when the door opened and the voice of Jeeves burst the silence like a bomb.

It wasn't that he spoke loud. He has one of those soft, soothing voices that slide through the atmosphere like the note of a far-off sheep. It was what he said that made me leap like a young gazelle:

"Miss Rockmetteller!"

And in came a large, solid female.

"The Time Has Come to Speak. I Cannot Stand Idly By and See a Young Man Going to Perdition!"

The situation had me weak. I'm not denying it. Hamlet must have felt much as I did when his father's ghost bobbed up in the fairway. I'd come to look on Rocky's aunt as such a permanency at her own home that it didn't seem possible that she could really be here in New York. I stared at her. Then I looked at Jeeves. He was standing there in an attitude of dignified detachment, the chump, when if ever he should have been rallying round the young master it was now.

Rocky's aunt looked less like an invalid than anyone I've ever seen, except my Aunt Agatha. She had a good deal of Aunt Agatha about her, as a matter of fact. She looked as if she might be deucedly dangerous if put upon; and something seemed to tell me that she would certainly regard herself as put upon if she ever found out the game which poor old Rocky had been pulling on her.

"Good afternoon," I managed to say.

"How do you do?" she said. "Mr. Cohan?"

"Er—no."

"Mr. Fred Stone?"

"Not absolutely. As a matter of fact, my name's Wooster—Bertie Wooster."

She seemed disappointed. The fine old name of Wooster appeared to mean nothing in her life.

"Isn't Rockmetteller home?" she said. "Where is he?"

She had me with the first shot. I couldn't think of anything to say. I couldn't tell her that Rocky was down in the country, watching worms.

There was the faintest flutter of sound in the background. It was the respectful cough with which Jeeves announces that he is about to speak without having been spoken to.

"If you remember, sir, Mr. Todd went out in the automobile with a party earlier in the afternoon."

"So he did, Jeeves; so he did," I said, looking at my watch. "Did he say when he would be back?"

"He gave me to understand, sir, that he would be somewhat late in returning."

He vanished; and the aunt took the chair which I'd forgotten to offer her. She looked at me in rather a rummy way. It was a nasty look. It made me feel as if I were something the dog had brought in and intended to bury later on, when he had time. My own Aunt Agatha, back in England, has looked at me in exactly the same way many a time, and it never fails to make my spine curl.

"You seem very much at home here, young man. Are you a great friend of Rockmetteller's?"

"Oh, yes, rather!"

She frowned as if she had expected better things of old Rocky.

"Well, you need to be," she said, "the way you treat his apartment as your own!"

I give you my word, this quite unforeseen slam simply robbed me of the power of speech. I'd been looking on myself in the light of the dashing host, and suddenly to be treated as an intruder jarred me. It wasn't, mark you, as if she had spoken in a way to suggest that she considered my presence in the place as an ordinary social call. She obviously looked on me as a cross between a burglar and the plumber's man come to fix the leak in the bathroom. It hurt her—my being there.

At this juncture, with the conversation showing every sign of being about to die in awful agonies, an idea came to me. Tea—the good old stand-by.

"Would you care for a cup of tea?" I said.

"Tea?"

She spoke as if she had never heard of the stuff.

"Nothing like a cup after a journey," I said. "Bucks you up! Puts a bit of zip into you. What I mean is, restores you, and so on, don't you know. I'll go and tell Jeeves."

I tottered down the passage to Jeeves' lair. The man was reading the evening paper as if he hadn't a care in the world.

"Jeeves," I said, "we want some tea."

"Very good, sir."

"I say, Jeeves, this is a bit thick, what?"

I wanted sympathy, don't you know—sympathy and kindness. The old nerve centers had had the deuce of a shock.

"She's got the idea this place belongs to Mr. Todd. What on earth put that into her head?"

Jeeves filled the kettle, with a restrained dignity.

"No doubt because of Mr. Todd's letters, sir," he said. "It was my suggestion, sir, if you remember, that they should be addressed from this apartment in order that Mr. Todd should appear to possess a good central residence in the city."

"Do You Mean to Say, Young Man, That You Expect Me to Drink This Stuff?"

I remembered. We had thought it a brainy scheme at the time.

"Well, it's bally awkward, you know, Jeeves. She looks on me as an intruder. By Jove, I suppose she thinks I'm some one who hangs about here, touching Mr. Todd for free meals and borrowing his shirts!"

"Highly probable, sir."

"It's pretty rotten, you know."

"Most disturbing, sir."

"And there's another thing: What are we to do about Mr. Todd? We've got to get him up here as soon as ever we can. When you have brought the tea you had better go out and send him a telegram, telling him to come up by the next train."

"I have already done so, sir. I took the liberty of writing the message and dispatching it by the lift attendant."

"By Jove, you think of everything, Jeeves!"

"Thank you, sir. A little buttered toast with the tea? Just so, sir. Thank you."

I went back to the sitting room. She hadn't moved an inch. She was still bolt upright on the edge of her chair, gripping her umbrella like a hammer thrower. She gave me another of those looks as I came in. There was no doubt about it; for some reason she had taken a dislike to me. I suppose because I wasn't George M. Cohan. It was a bit hard on a chap.

"This is a surprise, what?" I said, after about five minutes' restful silence, trying to crank the conversation up again.

"What is a surprise?"

"Your coming here, don't you know, and so on."

She raised her eyebrows and drank me in a bit more through her glasses.

"Why is it surprising that I should visit my only nephew?"

Put like that, of course, it did seem reasonable.

"Oh, rather," I said. "Of course! Certainly. Go the limit! What I mean is ——"

Jeeves projected himself into the room with the tea. I was jolly glad to see him. There's nothing like having a bit of business arranged for one when one isn't certain of one's lines. With the teapot to fool about with, I felt happier.

"Tea, tea, tea—what? What?" I said.

It wasn't what I had meant to say. My idea had been to be a good deal more formal, and so on. Still, it covered the situation. I poured her out a cup. She sipped it and put the cup down with a shudder.

"Do you mean to say, young man," she said frostily, "that you expect me to drink this stuff?"

"Rather! Bucks you up, you know."

"What do you mean by the expression 'Bucks you up'?"

"Well, makes you full of beans, you know. Makes you fizz."

"I don't understand a word you say. You're English, aren't you?"

I admitted it. She didn't say a word. And somehow she did it in a way that made it worse than if she had spoken for hours. Somehow it was brought home to me that she didn't like Englishmen, and that if she had had to meet an Englishman I was the one she'd have chosen last.

Conversation languished again after that. I had another stab at boosting the session into a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

"Dear old Rocky ——"

"Who?"

"Your nephew, you know."

"Oh!"

"He—er—always gave me the idea that you were pretty much the invalid."

"Did he?"

"Bed of sickness, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Indeed!"

Eight bars' rest. I tried again. I was becoming more convinced every moment that you can't make a real lively salon with a couple of people, especially if one of them lets it go a word at a time.

"Are you comfortable at your hotel?" I said.

"At which hotel?"

"The hotel you're staying at."

"I am not staying at a hotel."

"Stopping with friends—what?"

"I am naturally stopping with my nephew."

I didn't get it for a moment; then it hit me. "What! Here?" I gurgled.

"Certainly. Where else should I go?"

The full horror of the situation rolled over me like a wave. I couldn't see what on earth I was to do. I couldn't explain that this wasn't Rocky's apartment without giving the poor old chap away hopelessly, because she would then ask me where he did live and then he would be right in the soup. I was trying to induce the old bean to recover from the shock and produce some results, when she spoke again:

"Will you kindly tell my nephew's manservant to prepare my room. I wish to lie down."

"Your nephew's manservant?"

"The man you call Jeeves. If Rockmetteller has gone for an automobile ride there is no need for you to wait for him. He will naturally wish to be alone with me when he returns."

I found myself tottering out of the room. The thing was too much for me. I crept into Jeeves' den.

"Jeeves!" I whispered.

"Sir?"

"Mix me a b-and-s, Jeeves. I feel weak."

"Very good, sir."

"This is getting thicker every minute, Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"I feel as if I'd been through a hold-up. Jesse James was an amateur compared with this woman. Captain Kidd wasn't in her class. She's pinched the apartment!"

"Sir?"

"Pinched it lock, stock and barrel, just as it stands, and kicked me out. And, as if that wasn't enough, she's pinched you!"

"Pinched me, sir?"

"Yes. She thinks you're Mr. Todd's man. She thinks the whole place is his, and everything in it. I don't see what you're to do, except stay on and keep it up. We can't say anything or she'll get onto the whole thing, and I don't want to let Mr. Todd down. By the way, Jeeves, she wants you to prepare her bed."

He looked wounded.

"It is hardly my place, sir ——"

"I know—I know. But do it as a personal favor to me. If you come to that, it's hardly my place to be flung out of the apartment like this and have to go to a hotel, what?"

"Is it your intention to go to a hotel, sir? What will you do for clothes?"

"Good Lord! I hadn't thought of that. Can you put a few things in a bag when she isn't looking and sneak them down to me at the St. Aurea?"

"I will endeavor to do so, sir."

"Well, I don't think there's anything more, is there? Tell Mr. Todd where I am when he gets here."

"Very good, sir."

I looked round the place. The moment of parting had come. I felt sad. The whole thing reminded me of one of those melodramas where they drive chappies out of the old homestead into the snow.

"Good-by, Jeeves," I said.

"Good-by, sir."

And I staggered out.

You know, I rather think I agree with those poet-and-philosopher Johnnies who insist that a fellow ought to be devilish pleased if he has a bit of trouble. All that stuff about being refined by suffering, you know. Suffering does give a chap a sort of broader and more sympathetic outlook. It helps you to understand other people's misfortunes if you've been through the same thing yourself.

As I stood in my lonely bedroom at the hotel, trying to tie my white tie myself, it struck me for the first time that there must be whole squads of chappies in the world who had to get along without a man to look after them. When you come to think of it, there must be quite a lot of fellows who have to press their own clothes themselves, and haven't got anybody to bring them tea in the morning, and so on. It was rather a solemn thought, don't you know. I mean to say, ever since then I've been able to appreciate the frightful privations the poor have to stick.

I got dressed somehow. Jeeves hadn't forgotten a thing in his packing. Everything was there, down to the final stud. I'm not sure this didn't make me feel worse. It kind of deepened the pathos. It was like what somebody or other wrote about the touch of a vanished hand.

I had a bit of dinner somewhere and went to a show of some kind; but nothing seemed to make any difference. I simply hadn't the heart to go on to supper anywhere. I just sucked down a highball in the hotel smoking room and went straight up to bed. I don't know when I've felt so rotten. Somehow I found myself moving about the room softly, as if there had been a death in the family. If I had had anybody to talk to I should have talked in a whisper; in fact, when the telephone bell rang I answered in such a sad, hushed voice that the fellow at the other end of the wire said "Hello!" five times, thinking he hadn't got me.

It was Rocky. The poor old scout was deeply agitated.

"Bertie! Is that you, Bertie?"

"This is me, old man."

"Then why the devil didn't you answer before?"

"I did."

"I didn't hear you."

(Continued on Page 66)

"It Would Kill Me to Have to Live in New York, to Have to Share the Air With Six Million People!"

THE MAN HUNTERS

Italian Criminal Orders—By Melville Davisson Post

THE Italian detective centers are confronted by a unique feature of criminal investigation.

Scotland Yard and the German centers have usually to deal with only the isolated criminal or the criminal and his accomplice. But the Italian investigator is confronted by the work of organized bands. These criminal fraternities are indigenous to the south of Europe. They have extended northeast into Austria and northwest into France, but their habitat is generally the coast of the Mediterranean.

We are in a general way familiar with one or two of these fraternities.

The Camorra, of Naples, and the Mafia, of Sicily, have been highly colored assets to the writers of romantic melodrama. These, with the Mano Nera—the Black Hand—are the only ones of these orders that have come in any degree to the attention of English-speaking people. These are by no means the only criminal fraternities with which the Italian police are constantly concerned. The smaller bands—as, for example, the Barabas, the Tepisti, the Bulli, the Magnaccia and the Malavita—present equal difficulties to the Italian authorities. The Italian criminologist Lombroso undertook to separate the colored fiction from the actual fact in respect to these criminal orders. His statements may be taken as nearer the truth than those of any other authority. Outside of his notes on the investigation of these fraternities but little accurate data is available.

The Camorra, of Naples, was originally formed by a band of old convicts. The person who desired to enter it was carefully tested and must have proved his fitness by at least one assassination. After several years as a sort of acolyte he was finally admitted. The order was wholly vicious and avowedly opposed to every form of established authority. Once a member, there was no way of getting out of this fraternity. The chief of the Camorra is called the *Maestro*. The whole order is assembled when an important matter is to be determined. The Camorra controls certain gambling houses in Naples and the members of certain low orders of professions. It divides its earnings under a community principle. Its orders must be carried out under pain of death. Ottolenghi, who also studied this order, maintains that it is divided into two grand divisions, *l'alta* and *la bassa*—that is to say, the high and the low Camorra. And these grand divisions are again broken up into smaller circles like that of the Capintesta of the high division and the Picciotti of the low division.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK

Italian Police at Time of Visit of Kaiser

The Camorra and the Mano Nera

THE Sicilian Mafia resembles the Neapolitan orders, but it is more pretentious and boasts of a distinguished membership. It takes its name from the race course in the environs of Trapani. The chiefs of the Mafia are called in the vernacular *Bravi*, and the members of the order *Mafiosi*. It claims to recruit its order from the aristocracy of Sicily and to be, in fact, an invisible governing body. It undertakes to enforce its decrees with relentless vigor. Its claim to adjust political affairs and to maintain a wise, invisible control is, in fact, a ridiculous pretension. Its influence is for sale. It engages in acts of the most atrocious vengeance. It is involved with all sorts of theft, robbery, brigandage, and maintains its position only by the terror it inspires. After the Mafia had assassinated Pancaro, at Vittorio, it undertook to intimidate everybody in the neighborhood by writing on the walls of the houses the following sinister warning:

> Those who keep silent will be rewarded;
> those who speak will die!

These orders are impressed with the value of dramatic properties. They are accustomed to mark the door of their victim with a cross or to indicate it with a bullet fired into the wall, knowing well the effect of such sinister devices upon the minds of an ignorant citizenship already in terror of their vengeance.

The Mano Nera—the Black Hand—is not an organization at all in the sense of the Camorra, the Barabas or the Bulli. It is a method rather than an organization. The Italian authorities are concerned with it only in their international relations with the United States and the nations of South America. A single Italian or an isolated group or circle of Italian criminals in any city may resort to the Black Hand method for extortion or to accomplish any unlawful purpose. The conventional sign will be used and the conventional steps in the method practiced. But this does not mean that the authorities are confronted by a branch of a great organization, or that the enrolled members of an organized criminal fraternity have appeared at a certain point. It means only that Italians of criminal instinct, or other criminals who wish to be considered of Italian origin, have resorted to the Black Hand method for the purpose of extortion or to impose their will in some unlawful affair. The Italian detective centers have made this important fact clear to the American authorities. The thing is only a method, as our gold-brick swindle is a type of fraud, and may be put into practice by anybody.

These criminal orders are only the more conspicuous of many closely organized and dangerous fraternities with which the Italian detective centers are forced to contend. These bands necessitate a method of criminal investigation in the kingdom of Italy more highly centralized than that of any other government in Europe, not excluding the German Empire.

It was clear that local police organizations in the cities and villages dominated by these criminal orders could not be depended upon to resist them. The kingdom of Italy is made up of many little principalities and free cities, and consequently is lacking in solidarity. It was necessary to deal with criminal investigation in various parts of the kingdom from a centralized organization. The sixty-nine provinces of Italy, in their police organization, are directly under the minister of the interior, who appoints a prefect for each province.

The principal form of police force is the Carabinieri—this is, in fact, an army corps directly under the Crown. It is made up of eleven legions distributed throughout the whole of Italy. In addition to this there is a supplementary organization called the City Guards, also under the War Department. The Carabinieri police the whole of Italy and have charge of its entire criminal investigation, even in the smallest villages. It is an extraordinary organization, firmly centralized and efficient. In many respects it has no equal in any other country. The Carabinieri always patrol in squads of two and bring to the remotest village the same skill and efficiency in criminal investigation to be found in the capital. This system enables the Italian authorities to oppose the organized criminal bands that for a long time dominated the south of Europe with an efficient detective service, all foreign units, in no way subjected to any local influence.

Signs of Secret Criminal Bands

IT WAS the Carabinieri detective Capezanto who ferreted out the Camorra fraternity in Naples and enabled the government to undertake its recent efforts to destroy that sinister organization. This detective succeeded in joining the band. He sat with it in the famous assembly convoked in session in the subterranean chamber under Saint Giovanniello, in Naples, where it was determined to assassinate the traitor Cucocolo and his wife. It was developed at this grand assembly of the Camorra, in which the Italian detective sat as a member, that the head of the order in Naples was Janvier de Marinis, a man moving in the most elevated society in Europe, a gentleman, and a person of distinction.

One morning at Monte Carlo, that alluring garden of the baleful Hesperides, a man was found dead. He had been shot through the temple, and a revolver, with one chamber empty, lay beside him. He was evidently a person of some importance. His dress and general appearance indicated a rather elevated social plane. Such fruits of the tree of fortune are continually to be discovered in the gardens at Monte Carlo, and a new grave is said to be kept always dug and ready on the hillside overlooking the Casino.

The whole affair was accepted by the authorities as the usual suicide; but they were puzzled by a knife slash on the cheek. On examining the body they found a design tattooed on the arm. The design appeared to resemble a tower, with a sort of arched gateway and three pointed battlements. The police reported these facts to the Italian authorities, who at once replied that the design in tattoo indicated that the man was a Camorrist. The slash was the mark put on traitors by this criminal fraternity after they had been assassinated by an order issued by the assembly at Naples.

In connection with this incident it is interesting to remember that great police officials assure us that the professional gambler or person moved by true gambling instinct never under any circumstances takes his own life. It is the defaulting clerk who kills himself, the ruined shopkeeper, the desperate woman of the world, the involved financier, the defaulter, and the like, who have turned for the moment to the gambling table in the vain hope of recouping their losses or mending their ruined fortunes. The true gambler is a person of eternal hope. If he loses to-day he believes that he will win to-morrow. "None but reasonable and reasoning men, players from ambition, from envy or from necessity, ever give way to despair and commit suicide. The professional gambler lives to old age," says Monsieur Claude in his Mémoires.

The French detective centers have been obliged to study these secret criminal fraternities after the manner of the Italian criminologists, Lombroso, Ottolenghi, and the authority at Naples, Alfredo Niceforo, since they have to contend with the Nervi of Marseilles and the Apaches of Paris. These groups resemble the Italian criminal fraternities, except that they lack the solidarity of such orders. They are, in fact, groups of criminals loosely associated and vaguely assembled under a generic name.

The Nervi of Marseilles used to maintain a conventional sign—a small tattoo mark at the outer corner of the left eye. The discovery of this mark of identification was of extreme importance to the police and has finally been

abandoned by the members of the band. The Apaches of Paris are an order of the lowest and most dangerous criminals in the world. There is no great central organization like the Italian orders, and no fixed rules or assemblies. It consists merely of groups of crooks operating in different quarters of the city. These little groups or circles take their names from the quarter of the city that they inhabit and have their own conventional signs, places of meeting, leaders, and the like. The members are usually young, beginning as boys of ten or fifteen years.

The females associated with these criminal bands are called *marmites* in the vernacular of the underworld. There was a struggle in Paris between the Apache bands of Manda and Lecca, involving, like the Iliad, the abduction of a Helen. She was a famous beauty in the subterranean cafés of Paris and called, in the argot of Montmartre, La Casque d'Or. The very name has the ring of romance. She was betrothed to the leader of the Manda and was carrried off by the rival band of Lecca. War followed between the bands—a bitter, vindictive, bloody feud.

This contest destroyed the Apache ascendancy in Paris.

As the criminal bands struggled the police profited. They discovered the habits, customs, manners, argot and signs of these orders. They were able to locate the cafés they frequented. During the violence of this feud the police discovered that there was no solidarity in these organizations, and that they were mere groups occupying certain portions of the city. They maintained no official organization; but a leader of the groups usually arose. Some one of the band, more skillful than the others and of a more dominant personality, attained an ascendancy and came presently to exercise the authority of a leader; but there was little further organization. The booty was usually divided after the community manner of thieves. It was the duty of every member of the group to go at once to the assistance of any associate in difficulty with the police. And generally a member of any Apache group would assist another to escape from the gendarmes.

The Methods of French Pickpockets

THE members of these criminal fraternities, like the gunmen of New York, do not usually carry a pistol where it would be at once located by an officer. It is sometimes carried fixed to a spring in the inside of the hat, or concealed under the waistcoat, or in the sleeve of the coat under the left wrist, or close under the hollow of the left arm. Very often the weapon is carried by the woman associated with the criminal. Thus, a member of one of these bands taken at the scene of a shooting will have no weapon on him; nor can any be found in the vicinity. This means that, on the adventure, he had been accompanied by a *marmite*, who handed him the weapon and immediately after received it back and carried it away concealed in a muff or handbag or about her clothing.

Varieties of protective armor have been used by these criminal fraternities. A metal cuirass is sometimes used, protecting the chest and back. The Apaches of Paris are accustomed to strap a leather case round their arms and on top of their shoulders under a loose coat-sleeve. This case is studded with a great number of fine, sharp spikes. It is an effective protection against the gendarme. If the Apache is seized these spikes tear the hand of the gendarme who undertakes to arrest him, and he is thereby able to escape. It is for these reasons, and because of the existence of organized criminal bands, that the police of European cities do not undertake to act alone.

The Italian police, even in the country districts, always patrol in pairs. And there are certain quarters in Paris that the police will not undertake to enter at a period of disorder except in squads of at least five.

Italian detective centers have especial difficulty with petty thieves and those accomplished in some particular method of robbery. In Southern Italian cities children are educated to these criminal devices at an early age. One unfamiliar with the employment of a child as an accomplice would not suspect the relation in a very great number of instances.

A man of respectable appearance, accompanied by a clean, well-dressed little boy of eight or nine years, will enter a big shop. They will walk about looking at various articles precisely as any visiting persons might do. Presently they locate someone who is making a purchase. If his pocketbook seems to contain a considerable sum they locate the pocket in which the purchaser replaces it after paying for the article he has selected.

They approach him and begin to look at the articles that have been displayed for his selection.

When the article purchased by the intended victim is handed to him by the clerk, the adult crook, in turning about, manages skillfully, as by inadvertence, to knock the article out of the purchaser's hand so that it falls to the floor. He at once apologizes profusely and stoops over to assist the purchaser in recovering his article. It is at this moment, when the adult crook and the victim are concerned with the recovery of the article on the floor, that the small boy deftly removes the victim's pocketbook. This is only one of the common practices of the sneak thief where children are engaged as accomplices.

Shoplifting in European cities is an organized system of brigandage.

In America and England it is usually the independent undertaking of a single sneak thief. But in European cities this sort of larceny is carried on by organizations of thieves directly under the control of some receiver of stolen goods. The thefts are not done in a haphazard manner, as with us—that is to say, the taking of any convenient article on the chance that it can be disposed of. Under the foreign system the "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, furnishes these thieves with a list of the articles that he can handle with the greatest facility and the largest profit. They go out to the shops to find precisely the articles their employer wishes. In one city alone the profits of a little group of these thieves, thus organized and working under a fence, amounted to over forty thousand dollars in one year.

After the organized criminal fraternities, Italian detective centers have more difficulty with pickpockets than with any other form of thieving accomplished without violence.

It is a cardinal rule of the European pickpocket never to operate alone. He is always attended by an accomplice; in fact, the highest orders of these crooks always employ three persons in their adventures. These operators are called in the criminal argot the *Leveur*; the *Main*—the Hand; and the *Trimballeur*. It is the duty of the first of these, the *Leveur*, to locate the victim and to indicate the pocket in which he keeps his pocketbook. The operator called the Hand lifts the pocketbook, which he at once passes to the third person, the *Trimballeur*, whose business is to conceal it and carry it out of the crowd. These pickpockets operate in all countries in the press at railway stations, in the subways, at fêtes, cafés; and, in fact, everywhere that a crowd of people is to be found.

Like all thieves, they are confirmed specialists. Some take only watches; others only pocketbooks; others pieces of jewelry. Some operate only in railway stations; others only in the corridors of banks or money-exchange offices, others only in shops, and so on. The height of the crook will often determine the special line he will be fitted to follow; as, for example, a little man is usually a watch thief.

These crooks carry certain implements for use in their vocation. Small steel nippers will be carried to cut watch chains or the fastening of studs or earrings. Round-pointed, exceedingly sharp scissors, with a short squat blade, are used to cut clothing. High-class operators of the Hand variety sometimes wear a ring that contains a very sharp tiny blade folded into it. The pressure of the thumb brings out this blade, so the operator has, thus, on the inside of his hand a sharp implement to cut away a pocket.

The method by which a trio of these crooks operate is exceedingly interesting. They will enter, for example, a railway station crowded with people. The *Leveur* locates a traveler who has just bought a ticket and whose pocketbook seems to be filled with bank notes. He notices where the pocketbook is replaced by the selected victim, who, in the criminal vernacular, is called a *pante*. The *Leveur*, having located the victim and the pocketbook, now indicates by certain conventional expressions its position to the operator called the Hand.

Bold and Clever Girl Crooks

IF THE pocketbook is in the inside waistcoat pocket on the right the *Leveur* calls out "*A la bonne.*" If it is in the inside waistcoat pocket on the left he says "*A la manque.*" If it is in the top pocket he calls out "*En lune*"—"In the moon." If it is in a low pocket—as, for example, the trousers pocket—he will indicate it as being on the right or left side by his conventional expression, "*En grande, à la bonne*"—for the right side; or "*En grande, à la manque.*" The operator, the Hand, then comes up to the victim, usually with an overcoat or cloak on his arm and a newspaper in his hand. He jostles the victim, secures his pocketbook and passes it on immediately to the *Trimballeur*. It is the business of the two accomplices, while the Hand undertakes his work, to crowd the victim, to bar his way with traveling bags, and to jostle him.

They are usually very carefully dressed and take special pains to indicate no knowledge of or relation to a confederate. They would seem to be ordinary travelers, with nothing in their appearance to distinguish them from other persons in the crowd. They especially frequent the best trains running to the Riviera, the Exprès de Luxe from Paris to Venice, and the great race courses, like those at Ostend and Auteuil. At the latter places their work is usually done in the excitement attending the close of a race.

These crooks are not always men. The detective center in Paris discovered two women operating on the Champs Elysées who were so exceedingly accomplished that they actually undertook to include a police inspector among their victims. One of them, armed with pickpocket tools, cut the studs, earrings and watch chains of the victims. Her accomplice, following, gathered them up and concealed them in an elegant bag. They were young, exceedingly smart and dressed in the most exquisite fashion. They would perhaps have escaped any suspicion of the authorities but for their effort to cut the watch chain of a distinguished inspector of the Sûreté.

The Italian authorities are as skillful as any other in the solution of the ordinary criminal mystery.

One morning in midsummer a great banker of large international affairs was found stabbed to death in his library. A secretary in the room, with a roll-top, had been broken open and rifled. Beside it were found three implements—a broad, thin-edged chisel without a handle; a longer, narrower chisel with a battered handle; and a third chisel, twice the length of the others, with a broad handle and a long, narrow blade.

The examining magistrate who immediately took charge of the affair arrested everybody in the employ of the banker or connected with his affairs. He caused each of these persons to be brought before him alone, excluding all others from the room, and subjected each individual to a rigid

(Concluded on Page 47)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK

A Courtroom in Venice During the Progress of a Murder Trial

CONCERNING A QUART

Old Reliable's Guileless Adventure

By HARRIS DICKSON

Not Studying About Wad Grimes They Strolled Up Clay Street

OLD RELIABLE plucked at a peach on the brink of disaster and his foot slipped. Business got into a jam because of Cissy Coleman. Zack could have explained everything—and more too—but he wasn't given a dog's chance to operate his explainer.

The fact is, Zack had been standing at the bank corner less than one minute, having just arrived from the alley, with a disguised quart under his arm. It wasn't his whisky; he could prove that by Mr. Walter Sessions, whose word should be perfectly good up to and including a quart.

It happened to be one of those chaotic days—now you see it and now you don't—in Vicksburg when the lid was on; nobody could buy whisky—unless the buyer was on. Mr. Walter wasn't on; he was off—habitually. The name of Walter Sessions failed to appear upon any list of qualified electors; hence the sleuths would alienate no sovereign voter by trailing Walter to the fountain of jovial refreshment. Walter didn't want trailing; he wanted whisky. That's why he imparted to Zack one dollar and a half, with instructions to acquire a quart of Three Stars. Mr. Walter would immediately thereafter saunter past and indicate a secluded spot where the aforesaid might be delivered.

No hitch developed except as to the delivery. Zack got there with the goods.

Mr. Walter had not yet shown up.

"Huh! I reckin he done broke bofe legs."

Which simple recital must convince any fair-minded person that Old Reliable had been hanging round the bank corner less than one minute. He preferred to remain no longer than was indispensable to get rid of the quart and collect a quarter—for this potent reason: While sneaking down a rear stairway from the High Life Social Club—theoretically closed—Zack observed Mink Marlow crouching behind a barrel in the alley. Mink was stool pigeon for certain officers who were anxious to detain a recent purchaser so as to prove their case against the club. While Mink loped off in one direction, Zack did his loping in the other, hastily anxious not to be caught with the goods. Catching Mr. Walter would be no novelty; and Walter could never be induced to remember how he came into possession of stimulants.

Having breathlessly arrived at the rendezvous Zack desired to arrive away from there. With one eye peeled for Mr. Walter and the other eye skinned for constables, he couldn't possibly have been philandering for peaches in petticoats.

Then it was that Cissy Coleman flirted past in a swishy skirt and Old Reliable turned foolish in the head.

Cissy was half a shade lighter than a pigskin saddle, with such dazzling teeth and enticing twinkle to her eye that Zack ignored three powerful motives for keeping off the grass: 1—Cissy was Big Wad Grimes' girl; 2—Grimes had served various terms in the penitentiary; and 3—Zack had promised to pay Grimes two dollars the next time he saw him. This meant the next time that Grimes saw Zack; on several subsequent occasions he had glimpsed Grimes and taken roundabout precautions. In future Grimes might overtake Zack, but they would never meet; for Big Wad had been a strong-arm blacksmith before he blossomed into a short-card sport.

These prudent considerations should have been sufficient; but Colonel Spottiswoode had gone to the plantation and Cissy's smile had gone to Zack's head. A voluminous white vest fitted him well in the back and his trousers hung straight enough in front; but, going or coming, anybody could detect that both garments were built for a bigger man. The Colonel's favorite bamboo cane, which Zack carried, proved conclusively that the bigger man was out of town. And, from Cissy's winksome way of smiling upon him, Zack naturally assumed that Grimes was also out of town. So, with a flourish of the Colonel's cane and frivolous intentions of his own, Zack started after Cissy.

Like a frolicsome hearse horse he went prancing up Clay Street, caught the girl, and they strolled together, not studying about Wad Grimes. Suddenly the ex-blacksmith hurled them apart, jarred Zack till his teeth chattered and his hat rolled into the gutter. Zack labored at great disadvantage in point of bulk, besides clamping a quart bottle under his left arm, while his right hand was full of the Colonel's walking stick. Wad rattled him like a milkshake mixer, then slowed down to a pause.

"Now, ole nigger, you jes' leave two dollars wid me; den turn dat corner right sudden!"

"Ain't got it."

Zack would have gladly turned the corner if Wad had turned him loose.

"Better pay cash; ef I begins takin' two dollars outer yo' hide I mought git fretful an' c'lect mo'."

Zack tried to protect his bottle.

"Watch out, Brudder Grimes! You's liable to break sumpin."

Cissy offered gentle mediation.

"Wad, ef I was you ——"

"Well, you ain't. Now travel!"

The traveling of Cissy left Zack alone with calamity. His bald head bobbed and his white eyes rolled for help. Plenty of men loafed about the corner, too far away to render first aid. Not a taxi waited in front of the Carroll Hotel.

It would be two hours before drummers began dragging chairs to the sidewalk and swapping yarns in the cool. Zack shuddered to contemplate what must happen to him in two seconds.

"Brudder Grimes, you an' me is mighty good friends! Don't le's have words."

"'Twon't be no words—jes' action."

"Be keerful, Brudder Grimes! I got crockery in dis bundle."

"Set it down."

Zack's limber legs had no chance to sprint while Big Wad clutched his wrist. He scuffled toward the gutter.

"Lemme reach my hat."

"You won't need nary hat fer what I aims to do. Atter dis you'll res' content in de house."

Zack hated mightily to think of Wad going to the pen for life on his account.

"Hole on, brudder! Le's talk dis over."

"De onlies' way you kin talk to me is wid two dollars."

"Soon as Cunnel comes home ——"

"I done let you off wid dat fo' times. Dis time Cunnel will have to git him a new nigger, 'cause I'm fixin' to spile dis'n."

Big Wad's left extended, adjusting Zack at precisely the proper distance, while his right fist doubled. He grinned maliciously.

"Dis lef' is named Danger, an' dis right is Sudden Death."

Old Reliable felt compelled to do something. He smiled and bowed over Wad's shoulder.

"Good evenin', Jedge; powerful glad to see you, suh."

Involuntarily the ex-blacksmith glanced behind him and loosened his lunch-hook for a single moment; then wheeled to see Zack's flopping coattails vanish within the sanctuary of the Carroll Hotel. Zack turned and poked out a fuzzy bald head.

"Wad, I'm gwine to fetch dat money in a minute. Please pass my hat!"

Just to show how he felt, Wad passed the hat—with a kick; it fell too far from the door for Zack to venture. He experimented by stepping out with one foot as a feeler. Grimes aidled toward him and heard further negotiations through the screen.

"Brudder Grimes, how you spec' me to fetch dat money widout nary hat?"

"Dis hat ain't fotch you no money. I'll jes' hold it ontil you comes out."

"I ain't comin' out in de sun bareheaded."

"You's 'bleeged to come out. White folks won't let you sit down in dere."

Wad carried the hostage hat across the narrow street and settled himself on a horse block.

Zack blinked uneasily and felt restless, like a treed possum.

Big Wad could sit indefinitely, while Zack had to stand up. It seemed a pity to stand up, considering the spacious rotunda and dozens of chairs—all empty except one—chairs, chairs everywhere! With a nice soft cushion, in the endurance test Old Reliable could hold out longer than Wad Grimes or anybody else.

Suddenly the Ex-Blacksmith Hurled Them Apart

Wad Rattled Him Like a Milkshake Mixer

"Now You Jes' Leave Two Dollars Wid Me!"

Guarding the bottle under his arm, and tap-tapping on the tiles with the Colonel's cane, he shuffled toward the elevator.

"Jimmy, len' me yo' hat jes' a minit?"

"Whar's your'n?"

"Blowed in de river."

"Ain't dat it what Grimes is got?"

Zack grinned.

"Ruther dan have trouble wid Grimes I'm lettin' him hole my hat."

Jimmy grinned somewhat differently.

"Huh! I'd let Grimes hold my pants befo' I'd have trouble wid him!"

Migrating onward Zack leaned against the desk and inquired for Mr. Bernie. Unfortunately he did not know the new clerk. Mr. Bernie would have donated a hat and some sort of protection, but Mr. Bernie wasn't there. He sauntered to the front and peered out.

"Huh! Grimes is nacherly gittin' ready to camp out."

Zack had plenty of time, but hated to stay bottled up; and, besides, Mr. Sessions would be getting peevish for his liquor. The best chance was to wait for some prominent white friend and sail out safely under convoy.

As he had previously observed, the only occupied chair in the lobby contained a white man, evidently prominent, but a perfect stranger, who manifested no symptoms whatever of going out. The gentleman had been quietly smoking when the front door opened and this hatless old negro blew in with a walking cane, a package, and an eager concern in something that was happening outside. So the stranger entertained himself by watching Zack.

He was sturdily built, gray-haired, rugged-faced and well upward of seventy. His straight-brimmed straw hat and woolen clothes impressed Zack as being too natty for an old-time Southerner.

Besides, Zack had instinctive doubts about the man—couldn't size him up all in one glance.

After another squint at the immovable Grimes, Zack amiably met the stranger's eye and drifted near enough to receive his hail—"Good afternoon!"—which further tended to identify a Northern man.

"Good evenin', suh!"—wagging his tail for whoever snapped a finger.

"Old man"—this wasn't Northern—"do you live here?"

"Yas, suh; nigh on to sixty-fo' years."

"All your life?"

"Off an' on—so fer."

There was a definite respectability about Old Reliable, whose kinky gray hair fringed the base of his bald knob, and whose face shone with a serene confidence in knowing how to get along with white folks.

"Then you were probably in Vicksburg during the siege?"

"Sholy, suh"—bowing to a most deferential angle. "An' dem suttinly was skeery times."

"Indeed they were. I'd like to look over the old battleground; but it's too lonesome."

"Is you all alone, by yo'se'f?"

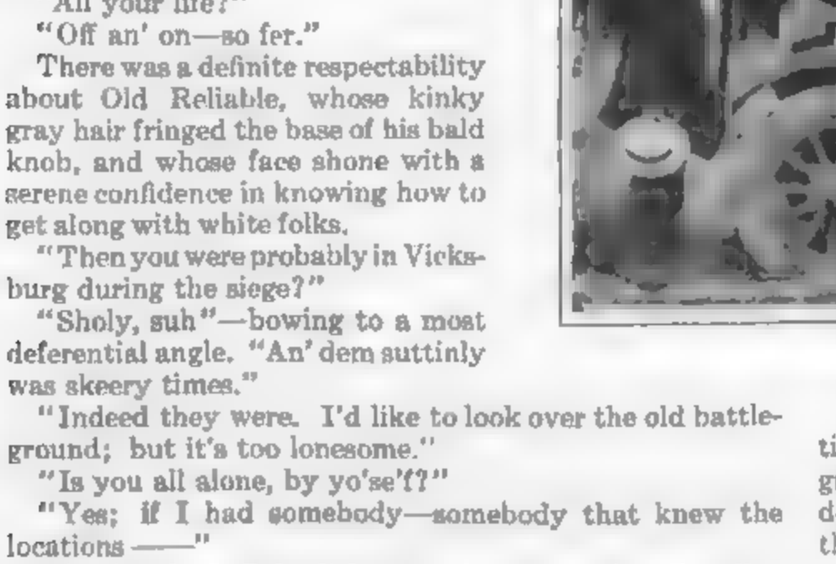
"Yes; if I had somebody—somebody that knew the locations ——"

"Lordee, boss, I don't know nothin' 'cept locations"—with a glance through the screen at Grimes. "Gen'l Grant never 'lowed 'em to set nary tombstone nowhar widout 'sultin' me—'cause ev'ybody, white an' black, calls me Ole Reliable."

"Old Reliable?"

The gracious stranger smiled.

"Dat's me, suh; dese rich quality folks, up an' down Cherry Street, don't speak nothin' else 'cept Ole Reliable."



"Cunnel'll Say a Plenty When He Hears What You Done"

"And you knew General Grant?" the stranger mused encouragingly.

"Yas, suh; him an' me knows whar all de main fightin' was did, acusin' dem times when Gen'l fergits. Boss, you ain't never been roun' dis park wid me."

"Never had that pleasure. Were you with the army?"

"Smack in de middle ——"

Zack stopped before committing himself. To groups of ex-Federals, chatting in this lobby, his experiences in campaigning with colored troops had proved legal tender for cigars; while his fidelity in following Marse Peyton Foster through four years under Lee opened ex-Confederate hearts and pockets.

"Who had the best of it round here?" Negligently the questioner flicked ashes from his cigar.

Zack couldn't afford to take the wrong side. He proceeded cautiously as a blind mule.

"All of 'em done mighty well, suh."

The stranger laughed.

"Where can I hire a good car?"

"I'll call one fer you, suh. When does you want it?"

"Better start at once; I'm leaving to-night. Can you go now?"

"Yas, suh; sho kin."

In his enthusiasm of speed Zack forgot, rushed out of the door—and rushed back again as Big Wad Grimes uprose.

"Scuse me, suh! What sort o' car does you want?"

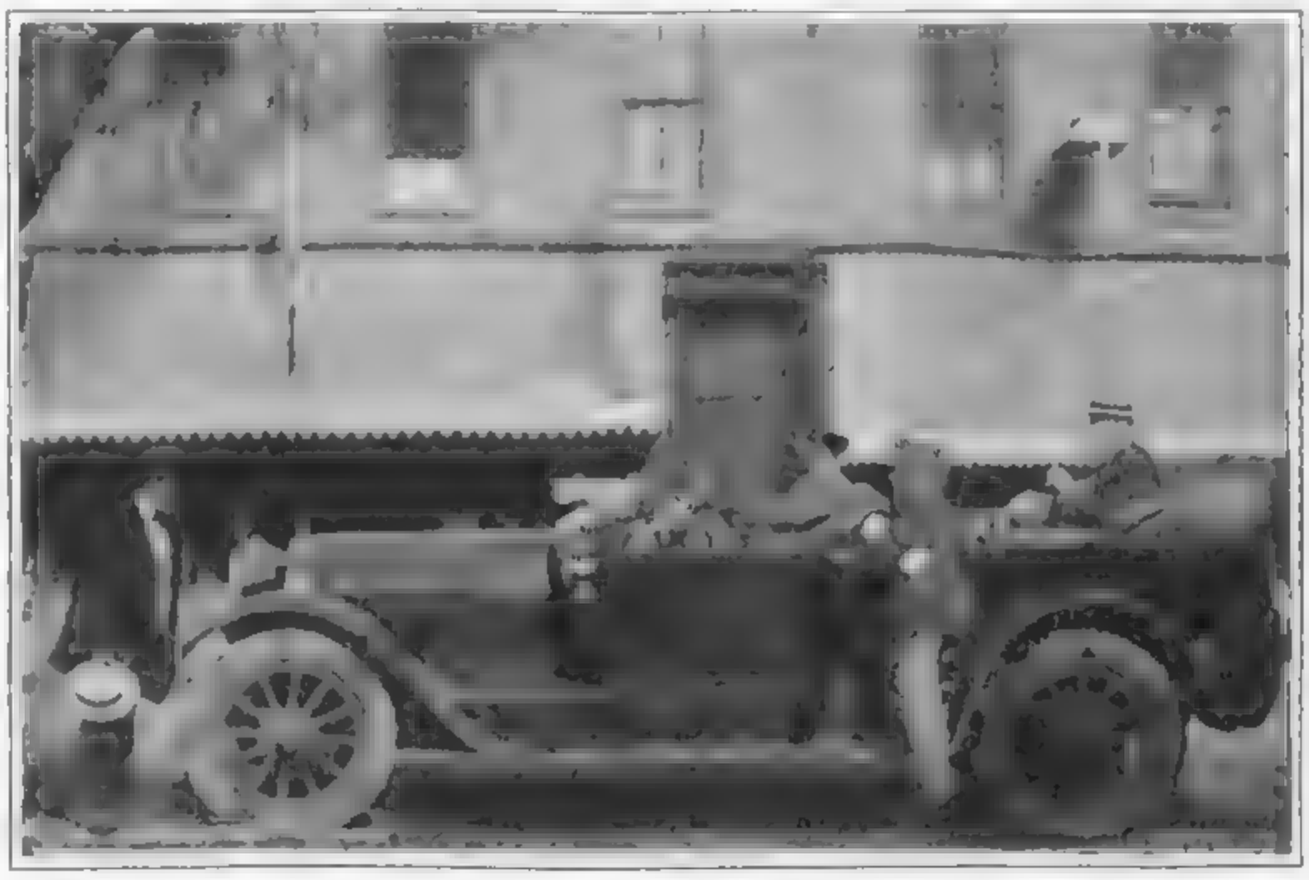
"Any kind—a good comfortable car."

"Say you's departin' out o' Vicksburg to-night?"

"Yes; back to New York at nine-twenty."

"An' not comin' back?"

"I'm afraid not—it's a long journey."



Before Grimes Could Bat an Eye Zack Hopped In

Zack inquired to make sure, because a sudden inspiration hit him between the eyes. Colonel Spottiswoode's big green car wasn't working; Alec, the yellow chauffeur, was doing nothing and eating his head off; Grimes was out there, sitting perfectly still; and this nice old gentleman wasn't getting his ride. Business had got blocked, like the old woman who couldn't get home because her pig refused to climb over the stile.

By starting the Colonel's car Zack could start everything else. Why not? Colonel Spottiswoode was on his plantation, Miss Betty was visiting in New Orleans, and this stranger would be gone to-night. Zack didn't stand up blinking, blinking, blinking, while he figured it out. He only blinked once.

"Boss, ef it's all de same wid you, suh, I kin telephome fer my car."

"Do you run automobiles?"

"Ain't never follered nothin' else sence de park was built. Lots o' folks comes here to squabble over de battle an' won't let nobody else drive 'em. Dey say us ole-time niggers is mo' politer dan dese uppity youngsters."

Zack bowed respectfully, the very embodiment of a well-trained servant.

"Den agin, suh, I charges two an' a ha'f ev'y hour, whilst dese others charges three."

"Perfectly satisfactory. I'd rather have you, anyhow. Good car, is it?"

"Good car? Runs like a dream, as Cunnel say; Cunnel brags a heap on dat car"—Zack checked his soaring fancy—"dat's a gent'man what rides wid me a heap o' times. Scuse me, suh, whilst I telephomes."

Zack failed to return from the phone in time to hear the instructions his new friend was giving the clerk: "Please send to the National Park Hotel for my mail—General Everett R. Nicholls. Look out for a telegram and see that it reaches me promptly."

"Zack, How Us Gwine to Open Dis?"

The negro only heard the clerk's answer:

"With pleasure, General."

Zack stiffened straight, then broke precisely at the middle and bent double.

"Gen'l, suh, my car'll be here in five minutes, Gen'l."

"Good! Very good! Get your hat."

"Mine blowed off in de river, Gen'l. Huh! Dat don't signify wid me. Plenty times I don't wear nary hat. But, Gen'l, bein's I'm ridin' wid you, suh—of you—had a ole one—I mought jes' ——"

"Sorry; I brought nothing except a traveling cap."

"Wid a button on top? I loves dem—jes' nacherly loves 'em!"

"It may be a trifle large, but you are quite welcome."

Before Alec honk-honked at the corner, Zack had accumulated a joyful checked cap that would have enveloped his shoulders if a pair of outstretching ears hadn't supported it. He gripped his quart somewhat tighter with his elbow and gave an extra flourish to the Colonel's walking cane.

"All right, Gen'l; here's yo' car, Gen'l."

The big green car rolled silently to the curb and breathed like a sleeping child. Alec saw Zack squinting through the screen and beckoned vigorously, but the propinquity of Grimes stimulated Old Reliable to remain within. So Alec slipped across the sidewalk.

"Look here, Zack," he whispered: "how much does I git outer dis?"

"Gits ha'f; you an' me, bofe."

"What's you chargin' him?"

"Two dollars."

"Two! For de whole entire trip?"

"He's a long ways from home an' ain't got much change wid him."

"Zack, ef Cunnel was to ketch us —— But gimme mine."

"I can't make nary High Gen'l pay befo' he rides."

"High Gen'l!" Alec glanced at the stranger. "He sholy puts on like he had plenty money."

"Shet up, Alec! Climb in dat car an' look straight ahead, same as when Cunnel's ridin'. Leave it to me. Dis way, Gen'l. Dis way, Gen'l!"—backing out and bowing elaborately with his cane and his cap and his package.

Nobody except Zack noticed the ex-blacksmith slouching sullenly toward the car. Wad's milk of human kindness had clabbered from ruminating on a horse block and nursing a hat. Now he grimly rejoiced in expecting the stranger to drive away and bequeath Old Reliable to his punctual administrations.

Standing near the front of the auto, like a big-league catcher, Wad kept his eye on the ball for inshoot, outshoot or other eccentric curve; he could beat Zack to the hotel door or grab him if he attempted to scramble in beside Alec. That's why Zack clung to the car door and parleyed.

"Scuse me, Gen'l, but how long, Gen'l, does you 'quire de car?"

General Nicholls consulted his watch.

"It is now eight minutes to four; we'll ride two hours, and be back here at six, sharp. Let us go."

"Very good, Gen'l."

Grimes got ready, spraddle-legged, with hands outspread—like a woman shooing a hen. The car was just about to pull out when General Nicholls said:

"Here, Old Reliable, sit in beside me; I want you to ——"

Before Grimes could bat an eye Zack hopped in, slammed the door and grinned contentedly at Wad as the car moved off. Grimes doggedly resumed his seat. He'd be there at six, sharp.

(Continued on Page 37)

THE BADGE HORSE

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

"Mister, We Bet You Once All Round; But—'ic—Maybe We Like to Bet You Some More, Just for Luck"

IT'S not the slightest use in the world, Kelly. I don't believe this soreness will ever yield to treatment. It would be a crime to race the mare again."

Thus spoke the veterinary after a long and careful examination. The verdict was not an unexpected one; but Mike Kelly tugged at his fiery mustache and sighed:

"All stove up, eh, doc?"

"Terribly! You might start her once or twice more, but you would have to use cocaine on her feet to deaden the pain."

"Cocaine is no good!" growled the horseman. "I've tried it—tried everything. . . . Could she pull a light wagon, d'ye think?"

The veterinary shook his head. He was a young man and positive in his opinions.

"How long do you think those sore frogs would last on asphalt and cobblestones?" said he.

"Not long, doc; but in the country—where the roads is soft—could she earn her keep?"

"Do you want to see this mare hitched up to a peddler's wagon?" demanded the veterinary.

"Lord, no!" ejaculated Kelly. "I'd rather do the other thing."

"That's sensible. Better have her destroyed and save the cost of her feed."

"I hate to have her shot, doc."

"It's better than letting her suffer like this. She's a fine-looking animal, isn't she?"

"She is that; an' in her three-year-old form they all had to step to beat her. Fifteen hundred she cost me—and now look at her!"

"Too bad!" said the veterinary, preparing to depart. "If you want me to 'tend to that little thing for you I'll send a man over to take her away."

"I wish ye would," answered Kelly. "I guess it's best at that. . . . Well, Sailor Girl, ye heard what he said, eh?"

The condemned mare cuddled her soft nose on Kelly's shoulder and blew gustily in his ear.

"Ah, quit it now! Quit it!" scolded the horseman. "Tryin' to get round me like that, and me feelin' like a black murderer anyway! Old girl, if I only had a bank roll ye'd be shipped to pasture up in Napa County, an' stay there till ye died of soft livin' an' old age. I might hand ye over to a peddler, but that would be no kindness—anything is better than bein' mishandled by an ignorant brute that thinks a horse is only a machine. Ye'd go dead lame, Sailor Girl, an' all he'd know would be to use the whip. When ye couldn't drag yourself any farther he'd jerk the harness off ye an' leave ye to starve by the side of the road. . . . Lord knows I wish I could keep ye; but with a feed bill tearin' the liver an' lights out of me, an' them buck shins an' sore feet achin' ye all the time—ah, quit, I say! Don't make me feel any worse!"

At this moment Fate sent a quiet little gray man round the corner of the Kelly barn. The stranger was dressed in a worn suit of tweeds, which had once been of fashionable cut, now hopelessly out of style. His patched shoes were carefully polished, his frayed linen crisp and spotless, and the gorgeous but slightly threadbare Ascot tie was skewered with a tiny gold pin, small enough to escape the notice of a pawnbroker.

Everything about the little gray man bore the suggestion of better days; from top to toe he was a faded picture of former prosperity, a shabby-genteel, middle-aged failure. A student of human nature might have guessed him a bookkeeper, forced by financial reverses to earn a bare living by skill with a pen or accuracy at columns of figures, totaling another man's bank balance where once he totaled his own. As to his past, the aforesaid student would have guessed and guessed and guessed again, without once approaching the truth.

"Hello, Plunger!" said Kelly. "How's things?"

"So-so!" answered the little gray man. "How are they with you?"

"Tough," said the horseman, "and gettin' tougher. The vet tells me I better have Sailor Girl shot."

"Sailor Girl?" The newcomer paused to think. "Mose Levine had her once, didn't he? Seems to me I remember her winning a few races."

"Yes; and Levine sold her to me for fifteen hundred—when he knew she was about done. She's been gettin' worse ever since, an' now she's all crippled up—soreness in the frogs, an' buck shins. Can't run a lick!"

The quiet little man walked over and laid his hand on Sailor Girl's neck. The mare turned her head and allowed him to stroke her nose.

"She's that kind an' gentle it fair breaks my heart to think of havin' her shot," said Kelly mournfully.

"Don't shoot her," said the little man. "Give her to me."

"What would you do with her? She ain't any good."

"Never mind that. Give her to me."

"She ain't worth what it would cost to keep her."

"She would be to me."

"Oho!" ejaculated Kelly. "Why didn't I think of that before? It's a badge horse ye're after, eh, Plunger?"

"Exactly—a badge horse. She'll save me the admission fees during the meeting—and that's something."

"But she's sufferin' so with her feet—all four of 'em as sore as boils. By good rights she ought to be put out of her misery."

"That can be done without shooting her."

Kelly threw up both hands.

"I've tried everything. Ye may get the soreness out for a while, but work her just once and back it comes, worse than ever. She'll never race again—take my word for it!"

"I don't want a race horse," said the little gray man. "I want a badge horse—anything on four legs that will get me an owner's badge. In return for that I'll see if I can't make her comfortable."

"Then the mare is yours, an' welcome," said Kelly. "It's a load off me mind. . . . Ah, look at her makin' up to ye already! D'ye know, it wouldn't surprise me if she understood what we've been talkin' about! She's the smart one! See—she won't have anything to do with me; an' before you come along she was snuggling up to me like a child! Ye'll get along fine together—an' I wish ye luck with them sore feet."

In this manner the crippled mare Sailor Girl came into the possession of William Kennedy, otherwise Plunger Kennedy, commonly called Plunger.

In the days when the tweed suit and the Ascot tie were new Plunger Kennedy was a prominent figure in Western racing circles. Rumor insisted that his skyrocket turf career had been founded on a solitary ten-dollar note, luckily invested at odds of 40 to 1. Whatever his beginnings, the Plunger was soon a marked man, and his subsequent history was boldly written on the bookmakers' sheets—a series of amazing master strokes, delivered in rapid succession. His sensational raids on the strong boxes of the Knights of the Chalk furnished spicy gossip for habitués of the betting ring and fired the imagination of such as read the Sunday supplements.

Plunger Kennedy became the man of the hour. Reporters interviewed him, much to his acute embarrassment; and because he could not or would not reveal his formula for beating an unbeatable game, and preferred to give short answers to impertinent questions, they christened him the Man of Mystery and the Silent Scourge of the Betting Ring. Almost any man with sense enough to keep his mouth shut may become a man of mystery.

Kennedy, playing a lone hand and keeping his secrets to himself, plunged his way to a comfortable fortune in less than a year. In some quarters it was believed that he had invented a system for beating the races; in others it was hinted that he controlled a jockey syndicate; but Mose Levine, bookmaker and owner of educated horses, announced openly that Kennedy was a fool, with a fool's luck, and the time came when he was able to prove it.

The great weakness of the gambler is that he never knows when to quit. The Plunger had his chance to retire with a six-figure fortune, but he dreamed of doubling it, and to that end purchased a racing stable and the services of a famous lightweight jockey named Emmet Reagan. Reagan was a shrewd atom of humanity who played the game as he had learned it, preferred his bread buttered on both sides, and listened to reason when it whispered to him through yellow-backed messengers.

Kennedy owned some fairly good horses, but from the very first appearance of his colors on the track ill luck pursued them. After a season of crushing reverses the Plunger found himself where he started, minus the mythical ten-dollar note. The bookmakers had stripped him of everything but the clothes which he bought in his prosperous days; the man of the hour had attempted to defeat the clock, with the usual result.

After his horses had been sold at auction in the paddock and the proceeds turned over to his creditors, the Plunger learned something that he might have guessed months before—the man who had been buttering the other side of Jockey Reagan's daily bread was Mose Levine, the bookmaker.

Now it is one thing to make a statement of fact; it is distinctly another thing to prove that statement against perjured testimony. Kennedy recognized the hopelessness of his position and swallowed his medicine in silence. Mose Levine had corrupted his jockey—if one may spoil an addled egg; but there was no recourse, no remedy, and the man who had won without boasting lost without complaining. He was enough of a philosopher to realize that easy money has no home, unless a savings account clips its wings.

For years the Plunger had haunted the scenes of his former successes, drifting in and out of paddock and betting ring like a gray ghost, an object of curiosity to the newer crop of racegoers, a joke to the bookmakers. Occasionally he risked a dollar or two where once he had wagered

thousands, and the sleek, heavy-jowled gentlemen of the block never failed to laugh loudly and ask the same question:

"Trying to get another start, Plunger?"

Because he never answered them or paid the slightest attention to their witticisms, the bookmakers believed that Kennedy was a bit touched in the head. Nobody knew where or how he lived; nobody seemed to care. His comings and goings had long since ceased to interest men of the Mose Levine type; for the luckiest man in the world, when broke, is harmless. It was even said that the Plunger, presuming on his past reputation, had descended to touting, which is an extremely low form of passing the hat. It may have been true, for a man must live.

Kennedy was down to his last suit of clothes when Mike Kelly made him a present of the badge horse—down to his last suit, his faded racing colors, and a yellowing sheaf of newspaper clippings.

The news that the Plunger was again an owner created a ripple of merriment in the betting ring. Mose Levine, the bookmaker, spoke for his kind, briefly as follows:

"A hopeless cripple and a busted old has-been! A fine pair to draw to!"

II

WEEKS later Mike Kelly met the Plunger in the paddock at the Oakland Track and shook hands with him. The latter wore his owner's badge in the lapel of his coat, but otherwise his appearance was unchanged. He was still the same neat little ghost of better days.

"Well," said Kelly, "an' how is it with ye?"

"I see daylight ahead," answered the Plunger with a smile.

"Good news! I'm glad somebody is pickin' up a bit, even if it ain't me. Ye're not stablin' here at the track?"

"No. The mare is over at Milt Cusack's livery barn."

"That place out on the Alameda marshes, eh? Why a man ever built a stable on that mud flat is more'n I know!"

"It's more than a lot of people know," was the response. "Kelly, have you got time to look at a miracle?"

"I've got nothin' else, Plunger—nothin' else. Time, an' a feed bill as long as me arm. It's huntin' miracles I am these days; an' if I don't find one soon I'll be ruined completely. Where d'ye keep this miracle, eh?"

"Over at Cusack's place."

"Holy Moses! Ye surely don't mean the mare?"

Kennedy nodded.

"Ye mean that her condition is improved—is that it?"

"So much improved that Cusack wants me to start her before very long."

"Then Cusack is crazy as a loon! Didn't I warn ye that the first time ye work her the soreness will come back? One gallop an' she's all stove up again."

"You said that—yes," was the calm reply; "but, as a matter of fact, the mare has been working for a week now without a sign of lameness. You couldn't tell that anything had ever been the matter with her."

"I Make It an Even Thirty-Two Hundred Dollars. Too Bad We Couldn't Have Raised More!"

"Saints preserve us! Workin' a week, ye say? Where?"

"You know that half-mile track out on the marsh?"

"The same that used to be a gentlemen's ridin' an' drivin' club?"

"That's the place."

"A week!" ejaculated Kelly. "Of course the turf over there would be soft and springy; but with them feet I'd swear Sailor Girl couldn't gallop on a feather bed without bungin' herself all to hell!"

"You remember I said it was a miracle."

"Man alive, what treatment did ye use? What did ye do to her?"

"Nothing much. Nature did a great deal, though."

"Now see here, Plunger; I'm a violent man when I'm roused, an' ye exasperate me with your imitation of a clam! Deal in miracles if ye must, but cut out the conundrums. Comin' right down to cases, what have ye done for the mare that she's able to work again?"

"I'll tell you. You said you couldn't understand why Cusack built his stable on that mud flat."

"Right. Go on, Plunger."

"Well, Cusack located there because he discovered, by accident, that the blue marsh mud is the greatest stuff in the world to draw fever and inflammation out of a horse's feet and shins."

"Ye don't mean it!"

"Certainly I mean it. That blue mud is a natural poultice, Kelly, containing—er—certain curative properties. Go over there any day and you'll find a few cripples bogged down to their knees in the corral behind the barn. Ten days or two weeks in the mud and they go home again as good as new."

"The sufferin' Rebecca! . . . It may help 'em all right, but does it last?"

"It will last long enough to get one race out of the mare. Cusack is so positive of it that he is willing to bet his last dollar and slap a mortgage on the property. Don't take my word for it, Kelly. Come over and see the mare work."

"The first thing in the mornin'!" said the horseman. "Why, man, if we can send Sailor Girl back to the races an' make her win her first start, we can kick the everlastin' daylights out of a guy that I've been layin' for these many moons!"

"Mose Levine?" said the Plunger. "Perhaps I never mentioned it, but I have an open account with that man myself. Only one thing worries me."

"An' what might that be?"

"The books might post a short price on a horse running in my name and carrying my colors. It would be only natural."

Mike Kelly bubbled over with thoughtless mirth.

"They'd treat it as a joke!" said he.

The little gray man frowned.

"Please remember," said he, speaking with dignity, "that they did not treat me as a joke a few years ago. At least, that is my impression. If they did it was not the sort of joke they could afford to laugh at. They seemed to be afraid of me then."

"At first, yes; but they got bravely over it when ye began runnin' a racin' stable. Why wouldn't they, when that crook-legged little rat of a Reagan was pullin' the heads off your horses every time out? The bookmakers got all the dough back again, didn't they? Ask 'em now, an' they'll say it was just loaned ye to play with for a while."

"Nevertheless," argued Kennedy stubbornly, "if I should walk into the betting ring to-morrow and begin playing heavily there would be a switch in the odds. Those men know me, Kelly; and they fear me." There was a note of pride in his voice as he finished.

"Tut, tut, Plunger! Ye have what they call delusions of grandeur," said Kelly. "'Tis but a high-toned way of sayin' that a man kids himself. Ye remember the old ballad, 'It is not what ye used to be; it's what ye are to-day!'? By golly, there's a lot of truth in it. Suppose ye went bulgin' into that bettin' ring, carryin' a bank roll an' breathin' defiance from both nostrils. They wouldn't run away an' hide. No; they'd fight each other for first chance at ye."

Plunger Kennedy bowed stiffly.

"Your opinion is your opinion," said he with freezing politeness. "I am indebted to you, sir, for the mare; but if she runs it will be in the name of the Kennedy Stables. She will carry my racing colors. I—I still have them. I expect to retire from the turf after this clean-up and I must insist that the financial details be left to my judgment."

"Daffy as a phillyloo bird," thought Kelly; "but I'll just humor him along." Then, aloud: "Why, sure, it's your little circus; run it to suit yourself. No offense was meant, Plunger; none at all, I do assure ye."

"Then, sir, no offense is taken."

"An' that's all right," said Kelly. "The main thing is to be satisfied that the mare can run three-quarters on a hard track without breakin' down. If her feet'll stand it, an' she's only half as good as she used to

(Continued on Page 73)

"How Is She Going? She Oughta't to Last to the Turn"

THE SAVING SENSE

V

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE Marathon returned to San Francisco and Captain Ramsey learned, with some surprise, that Fallon had resigned as port captain and left the pier. "And I'll take his place for the time," the vice president added genially.

"Glad to know it, sir," Ramsey responded. "By the way ——"

For two days the vice president and the commander of the Marathon spent the time in what was ostensibly an inspection of the ship, in reality a rather childish undoing of many things the old port captain had spent weary months in elaborating. So at last they came to one of Fallon's known hobbies, the costly, complicated and troublesome electric sounding machine that Ramsey so disliked.

"I know some old-timers like 'em," Ramsey told his superior. "All right for polar expedition and coast-survey boats; but who wants one on a liner? I guess I can get all the soundings I want with a deep-sea lead. I ain't slowing down my engines in mid-ocean to overhaul a thousand fathoms of piano wire and smash a glass to get a reading nobody wants. Why, it costs twelve dollars every time you use the thing!"

"Of course," the other agreed. "Out of date in this day of well-run courses and modern charts."

"I'm not hunting any uncharted reefs," Ramsey concluded sarcastically.

"Dismantle it!" said the vice president.

Having thus, as he expressed it, trimmed his ship, regardless of obscure inventions and laborious calculations and observations, Ramsey in the same spirit proceeded on the somewhat more difficult matter—he acknowledged it to be so—of imposing his will on Mrs. Stance and sending her to Papeete to impersonate the long-lost niece of Lemuel de Grasse.

He had had a brief interview with the old captain in Tahiti, where he had broached his subject by a casual—

"By the way, I looked up your girl—Marjorie."

De Grasse's eyes had snapped as he said:

"Has she any excuse for leaving me as she did?"

"She's older now," Ramsey answered pacifically. "Always regretted what she did—asked me to feel round and see whether you'd care to have her back."

"So-o!" De Grasse looked provoked. "Sick?"

"She looks very well indeed," Ramsey said hastily. "Says you may not know her at first—but she's quite well."

Suspicion still informed the old man's tones as he complained:

"I've had my experience with women. They go off—in cabs—when they're feeling well and have money in their pockets. Then they get to ailing and come home. My wife was sickly."

The words, a brief epitome of a tragedy long played out, did not strike Ramsey with their full significance. His mind was intent on his own project—to be rid of an exacting woman; and he was impatient of irrelevant details concerning her.

"Marjorie is well," he repeated.

De Grasse frowned and stammered, evidently of two minds.

"Oh, well!" he burst out presently. "I suppose she'd better come back—though circumstances have altered."

Ramsey was unable to get more by questioning and was forced to make his adieus without learning whether Fallon had written a report of an uncharted island or communicated any plans. But he saw the conclusion of one episode in his life—his love affair with Mollie Stance. All that remained to do was to see Mollie and convince her, against her will, of the imaginary benefits to be derived from a gross and inexcusable deceit.

"It's to Save the Ship, Mollie!" He Croaked

"But I can do it," he thought with great satisfaction.

Though Mrs. Stance had hinted to Captain Fallon that she detected Ramsey's ignoble motives, and though that keenness of perception which is the punishment of the worst of women and the reward of the best made her know that the youngish commander of the Marathon contemned her as middle-aged and unfitted to share his new rank, she allowed no bitterness of realization to show in her reception of his proposal that she go to Papeete.

"You're the spit and image of the niece—I saw her photograph," he told her. "Just as I said before, the old fellow is wild to have his Marjorie back. I saw her picture, I tell you, and you'll pass. 'Pert!' says the old chap. 'Left me while I was shaving in the back parlor and went off in a cab!'"

Ramsey threw his head back and laughed at the recollection. Mrs. Stance stared at her hands.

"He won't suspect?"

"He?" Ramsey proceeded to enlarge on De Grasse's self-absorption. "I believe he'll just look up and scold you for being gone so long."

"I suppose there's nothing to keep me here," she remarked.

"Then you go down to Papeete with us day after to-morrow," he said, boisterously content at the success of his scheming. "Of course, say nothing to anybody. You walk in on De Grasse and say: 'I'm Marjorie. Are you done shaving yet?' Like that—pert, you know." His voice sank gravely. "If I were you I'd dress the part—a little paint, eh? A touch of color?"

The humiliated woman smiled wryly.

"I'll be ready."

"I'll engage you a cabin and pay for it," he said in parting. "My treat. Think of the old man's money! And it's pure charity too."

She did not look up. He felt a secret opposition in her manner.

"You've always been emphatic on respectability," he remarked. "De Grasse is well off, I should say. Make him give you a good house. Virtue is its own reward, you know."

The red blood stained her cheek as if he had flicked her with a whip. When he was gone she went into her inner room and shut the door as if she were not alone in the house. There, in abasement that need not be described, she fought her battle, settling in her mind the answer to Captain Fallon's stern question.

With great satisfaction Captain Ramsey perceived that his instructions—conveyed in a brief message to the effect that he would be very busy during the voyage—were being faithfully obeyed when the Marathon was twenty-four hours out from San Francisco; and still no word had come from the occupant of Cabin Number 247. He knew from the purser's reports that a Miss Marjorie de Grasse was in the room, and he had countered that officer's casual "Wonder whether she's any relative of old De Grasse, in Papeete?" with a slow "I believe so. Someone in the office told me she was."

The purser decided that his commander could have no personal interest in a woman whom he had not offered to transfer from one of the most undesirable rooms in the ship. As a matter of fact, Ramsey had not overlooked this detail. He did not think it worth while to explain to Mrs. Stance. She was, to his mind, fast becoming a negligible factor. He had, in brief, got rid of her. He was more concerned in learning from indisputable authority that, though Captain Fallon had left the Northern and Equatorial, it was by no means certain that the old port captain would not be invited to resume his post. This information was accompanied by a plain hint that the sedulous vice president was a man of exhausted influence.

"I guess he did about his limit when he made you commodore of the fleet," said a local inspector of boilers who was aboard for the voyage. "You were lucky."

"He's a very pleasant man and seems to know his business thoroughly," Ramsey protested warmly.

"Very pleasant, of course," the inspector admitted idly; "but he made a little mistake when he overlooked Fallon. You're new on this run and naturally you don't know all the Government people know. We've got to depend on Fallon. No need to watch his ships! They were found to the last rivet and rope yarn—always. And that counts a lot with us."

Ramsey perfectly understood the unspoken words: "And we make or break superintendents and port captains." He was tremendously put out, knowing that he must stand or fall with the man who had given him his command.

"I guess Captain Fallon is not sleeping cold for lack of feathers in his nest," he remarked with as much indifference of manner as he could assume. "I hear he's gone down to Papeete on a kind of treasure hunt—some ship lost years ago, with a lot of money aboard."

There was no response to this and none expected. Ramsey knew that that bit of gossip would stick in the inspector's mind, to be recalled the moment somebody else mentioned Fallon and wondered what his errand could be.

So the master of the Marathon had plenty to worry him during the voyage, what with fears that De Grasse would betray him or Fallon learn the truth about the discovery of a full-rigged ship ashore on a desert island, and the plain danger that De Grasse would at the last minute refuse to acknowledge Mollie Stance as the missing Marjorie. But the first day ashore in Papeete reassured him. A small schooner was busily outfitting in the harbor, and public gossip had it that Fallon and De Grasse were going on an expedition to an outlying pearl fishery. The restoration of the lost Marjorie went off in so matter-of-fact fashion that he recognized the futility of improving on the comic resources of unaided Providence

"I saw you walk into the old man's new house under the papayas like you knew the place; and then I saw the old man come out and light his pipe, like he was ready to loaf the rest of his life," he told her when he met her that evening in front of the Magazin à Bon Marché. "You should have been an actress, Mollie."

"Miss de Grasse!" she said dully, and no more could he get out of her except a brief statement that Captain Fallon was suspicious.

"You leave that boy to me!" Ramsey said angrily.

He did not think it worth while to mention what he had heard from the Government inspector as to Fallon's prospects of a recall to the service of the Northern and Equatorial. But this matter was at no time out of his mind, and during his stay in the island town he schemed and plotted a catastrophe that should forever remove the former port captain from his path and definitely free him from all the impediments in his ambitious upward course. Ramsey's instinctive hostility to Fallon was ripened into a perfectly defined hatred, fattened on daily knowledge that, unless Fallon were out of the way, there would be neither promotion nor security for himself. His plan was simple and efficacious.

"I knew Fallon up there," he would remark, pointing eastward with his thumb; "and they do say he's on the inside of a big thing." Later he would let fall a remark: "Of course Fallon is close-mouthed. Who wouldn't be?"

At another time he would emphasize the oddity of De Grasse's niece returning to the avuncular roof coincidentally with the arrival of De Grasse's son-in-law. He hinted that the lure of untold riches had recalled Marjorie from a bright social station in America and grudgingly admitted that "straws show which way the wind blows"—though still apparently unable to see how Fallon could be clever enough to avail himself of good fortune.

Though all Papeete idly chattered, the general sentiment in that blasé community seemed to be that Captain Fallon had got hold of one of the innumerable government concessions which constantly engaged the attention of adventurers and traders. Tahiti mildly suggested "shell" and Ramsey recognized the lack of interest. Unless he succeeded in fixing the eyes of the island world on Fallon and De Grasse, it was only too likely that they would vanish, accomplish their end, and return without exciting the faintest curiosity—and Ramsey's scheme would be vain.

By a masterpiece of audacious insinuation he attracted the sudden attention of a French official, who dropped his social civility for a quarter of an hour's keen questioning, at the end of which period Ramsey went off, having the satisfaction of knowing that the authorities were at last interested and intended to find out the cause and purpose of Alois Fallon's return to Papeete.

"And when they find out that the two old chaps are hunting a ship which they once reported lost, with all hands, and the insurance paid ——"

He laughed hilariously till his rich tones penetrated to the recesses of the steamship and brought smirking amusement to the faces of a dozen obsequious subordinates, who trusted to rise in the wake of the all-powerful commander of the Northern and Equatorial's flagship.

VI

WHEN the Marathon anchored in Papeete harbor a month later, and the doctor was come aboard to give pratique, Ramsey had already observed that Fallon's schooner was missing from the medley of vessels. The busy physician amiably granted the wished-for information.

"Captains Fallon and De Grasse sailed two weeks ago. The authorities were—ah—a little suspicious; but nothing was discovered, I believe. Miss de Grasse went with them."

Ramsey drew a long breath of relief. During his sojourn in San Francisco he had considered himself at liberty to address the vice president's daughter; and he knew that the newspapers in the mail bags contained several accounts of social affairs in which Mollie's trained eyes would quickly perceive a hint of the truth. He had intended to tell her on this trip, but this spared him a disagreeable season and left his mind free to follow up the fortunes of Captain Fallon.

All curiosity, he found, had died away. The fickle populace had almost forgotten De Grasse and his companion. It was time to play trumps. He waited till that night at the club when his desired audience was present. Then, in an interval of silence, he told his neighbor:

"I happened to learn the object of Captain Fallon's search—remember Fallon, who came down here a while back and left with De Grasse on a schooner, with a woman said to be De Grasse's niece?"

The same government officer who had before interrogated Ramsey drew him to a corner.

"Have you further information, captain?" he demanded in a tone compounded of dry urgency and bare civility.

With apparent reluctance—"I've nothing against Fallon, sir"—Ramsey made a brief, frank statement of his pretended discovery: "It seems Captain Fallon lost a ship somewhere round here many years ago—reported her lost, I understand—and has just got trace of her. He's after the ship now, I'm told."

"We know he lost the Lady of India—that is, he abandoned the wreck and came for assistance. Never found the vessel, which undoubtedly foundered with all hands," the official said testily. "That's all plain."

"Ah!" Ramsey responded easily. "Then it's another ship he's after, I suppose. Anyway, he's got its position—on an island not down on the charts." He drew out a slip of paper and handed it to Lieutenant de Querouaille, with a curt "That's the latitude and longitude, I am told."

"There is no land there," was the prompt response. "Your figures must be wrong, captain."

"My figures!" exclaimed Ramsey hotly. "I'm not making figures of positions of any fairylands about here. I'm an American shipmaster, with plenty to look after in my own vessel and mails and passengers. Those are Captain Fallon's figures, I believe."

Lieutenant de Querouaille, elderly, formal and fatigued by the unending round of petty detail that involved him, glanced at the heavy, solid man before him and mused. Not lacking in imagination, he perceived that Ramsey himself was puzzled to know the precise truth about Fallon's expedition; was, in fact, anxious to solve the mystery. He thought he knew that the master of the Marathon was certain of a few facts—saw no reason to doubt that the position noted down on the paper in his hand was genuine. Instinctively he resented the supposition that he, a French official, would use his powers merely to gratify the curiosity of a civilian mariner; but ——

"The loss of Captain Fallon's vessel was duly attested," he said briefly. "His wife was among those lost, captain. There is no ground for believing that he wrecked his ship and proposes at this late day to rediscover her."

"I have no ideas on the subject," Ramsey returned stiffly. "I ventured to suppose that people I know in San Francisco were not speaking idly when they told me what Captain Fallon was doing. I'm not responsible for the figures in your hand—indeed, I wash my hands of the whole matter now."

De Querouaille smiled.

"Not so fast, captain! My government is concerned in knowing about all islands in these waters. Suppose there is land at this point. I am immediately interested, wholly apart from anything that Captain Fallon may do."

"Well?" Ramsey demanded a little brusquely.

"It is my duty," the lieutenant responded, waving one trim hand politely. "So when you sail again for the American Coast I shall ask you to accept me as a passenger. It is in your company's contract with my government that your vessels shall be at our disposal, within reasonable limits, at our request. This island lies within a few miles of your usual course. I shall ask you to deviate enough to take me to it—should it exist."

With some show of reluctance Ramsey assented.

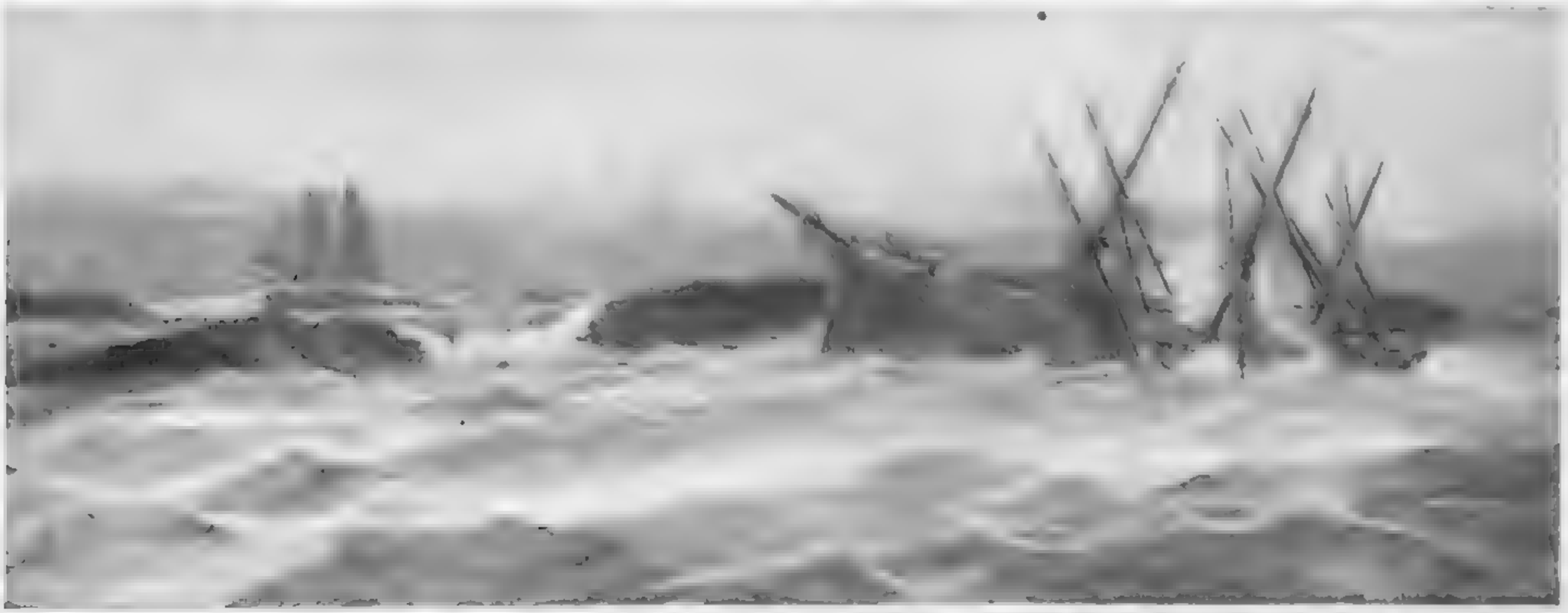
"I fancy all we'll find—if we find anything—is old Fallon cruising round with De Grasse; and they'll say they're turtle hunting, likely."

Thus assured that his carefully schemed coup should be public, and officially witnessed, Ramsey could not sleep at night for dreaming of the blank face of the former port captain when he should be exposed; of the ribald laughter that would greet the airing of their nonsensical project; of the headshakings which would follow when San Francisco learned that its respected manager of ships had been caught by the French Government in a crazy attempt to locate land where there was none. He anticipated the bringing up of the old story, embellished with florid details, of the Lady of India, and verily heard the stammering tones of old Fallon reciting the weird, impossible particulars of a wreck that never happened. And the fact that his wife had been left on board the fated vessel—Ramsey choked with pleasure, his gross mind dwelling and gorging itself on this fond secret which, brought into the light of day, would bear a sinister and appalling construction. Truly, he thought, fortune favored him in so marking for destruction all who dared to stand in the way of his own advancement and success. Fallon and Mollie Stance!

He placed the photograph of the vice president's daughter openly on his desk—signal of triumph and earnest of reward.

VII

THE Marathon departed from the Tahitian port with no sign about her that she was bound on any errand other than her usual cheerful one of conveying passengers and tropic freights; the few people who observed the presence



The Sea Was Rising Steadily While They Gazed Entranced. The Atoll Had Vanished

of the neat, taciturn and always fatigued De Querouaille thought him merely on leave. His casual interest in the equipment of the big steamer impressed even those who were acquainted with him as not professional; only the chief engineer wondered what particular business had engaged the French official on a voyage that must be distasteful to him. But, even to him, De Querouaille gave no hint apart from a brief, almost indifferent question about the dismantled sounding apparatus. To this, with a sudden recollection of his due loyalty to his ship, the engineer had responded hastily that the affair had proved useless, and intimated gratuitously that before long he expected to see it replaced by a new and improved device.

All that the lieutenant had answered had been a smiling:

"I suppose your captain does not sound for uncharted reefs—like our good Captain Fallon?"

The afternoon of the fourth day Ramsey received the French official in his cabin and stated that the Marathon would that evening approach the position set down in Captain Fallon's note—about twenty miles east of the usual course.

In order that there might be no misunderstanding on this or on the exact reasons for his—Ramsey's—interference with what was kept a secret, he took some moments to tell the lieutenant that it was to everybody's benefit, once and for all, to disprove loose allegations about any uncharted islands, reefs and rocks.

"There have been plenty of captains sailing this route who have come into port with reports of land where there isn't any and can't be any. My owners laid emphasis on the harm that such wild rumors did; and, I tell you, Captain Fallon was one of the first to warn me against letting my imagination run away with me. He knows there's no land hereabout! Then why is he down here in a miserable schooner when he could have had command of this vessel? Something besides unknown islands is in the wind, lieutenant. And I don't want anyone to blame me and say I didn't tell the proper authorities what I knew. Now suppose Fallon and De Grasse blow back to Papeete and tell about an island they've found here. Say, what about it? And what would the ignoramuses think of me—sailing past twice a month and never seeing that land? I don't want any more such reports going in, I can tell you."

"Ah!" said the lieutenant appreciatively. "We shall see. Of course my affair is simply to see whether there is any land not reported and verified so far. I have officially entertained your report that such land has been sighted, and I am with you purely officially—an observer, captain, for my government."

"You won't see any land," Ramsey responded.

"Then you don't credit any of the many reports made by various shipmasters?" the lieutenant suggested gently.

"I believe it's all a play of some sort," was the response. "I don't like such plays. That's why I want you to see for yourself. I expect to hold my job till I'm promoted, and nothing hurts a man so much as the reputation of seeing strange things at sea."

"Exactly!" De Querouaille answered cordially. "I agree with you." An odd smile parted his thin lips a moment. "So many captains on this route keep their sounding machines going and a double lookout. They are always seeing—what do you call them?—ghosts."

"That's it," Ramsey replied. "It hurts the profession. After all, running a ship is an exact science. The day is past when the public will trust the shipmaster who does not know his business and stick to it. All this affair of uncharted islands and unknown reefs is a damage to those who don't make a mystery of a perfectly plain matter. It's to the public interest to put a stop to such tales."

De Querouaille dropped his chin on his breast.

"Then you do not think the sea mysterious, captain?"

Ramsey made a gesture of impatience.

"Running a ship is a matter of common sense," he remarked curtly.

"And common sense informs us that there is no land where these old gentlemen say there is?" pursued the Frenchman. "Ah!"

"And says, as well, they must have some object in making a mystery of it," Ramsey burst out, forgetting his caution for the moment.

"We shall soon see," was the response. "At what hour do you expect to reach the latitude and longitude set down on that note you gave me?"

"At midnight precisely, sir."

"And the Marathon makes fifteen knots an hour? Thank you. If I may, I'll come to the bridge at eleven o'clock," De Querouaille suggested. "Thus I can be ready to make my official report."

When he was gone Ramsey sat down at his desk and wrote a letter which, when finished, he directed to the vice president of the Northern and Equatorial and mailed with the clerk, telling him offhandedly:

"Stick it in with your island letters."

This letter, purporting to be written before the Marathon left Papeete, was the final touch, Ramsey thought comfortably. It ran:

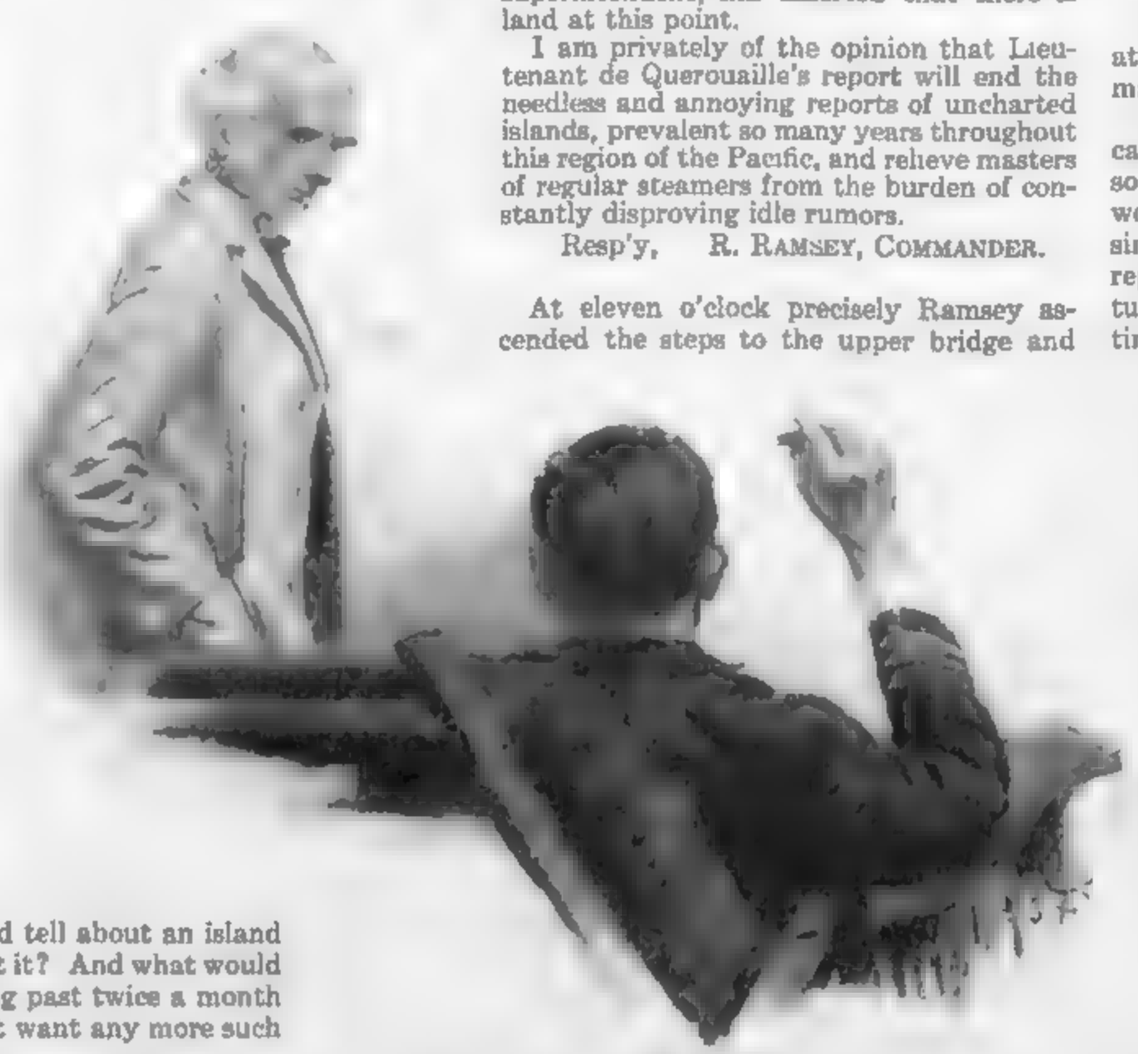
PAPEETE, June 17.

Dear Mr. Securro: I was addressed to-day by Lieutenant de Querouaille, port official here, with a request that I change the course of the S. S. Marathon on the return voyage sufficiently to enable him to ascertain whether there is any land in a position some twenty miles easterly of our usual course, in latitude four deg. thirty-five min. north. Though I am uninformed as to the exact reason for this request—which I granted as per terms of our contract with the French Government *in re* mails—I understand that Captain A. Fallon, formerly your port captain and superintendent, has asserted that there is land at this point.

I am privately of the opinion that Lieutenant de Querouaille's report will end the needless and annoying reports of uncharted islands, prevalent so many years throughout this region of the Pacific, and relieve masters of regular steamers from the burden of constantly disproving idle rumors.

Resp'y, R. RAMSEY, COMMANDER.

At eleven o'clock precisely Ramsey ascended the steps to the upper bridge and



"By the Way, I Looked Up Your Girl—Marjorie"

summoned the third officer. "Lieutenant de Querouaille will join me here," he told him. "Don't say anything; but he has a report that there is land about here."

"Yes, sir," the officer returned. "I've heard of it."

"Of what?" demanded his superior roughly.

"Of land, sir. It was reported ——"

"You won't see it," Ramsey said curtly; "but keep a good lookout for form's sake."

De Querouaille then arrived, and the captain noted with surprise that the Frenchman was in full uniform; later he dismissed the matter from his mind when he recalled that this was likely due to the lieutenant's careful observance of the formalities. To the same cause he attributed a brief suggestion that it would be well to set the sounding machine going. To this he responded civilly that he hoped it would be unnecessary to slow down his engines. He did not think it worth while to inform his visitor that the device was dismantled, but confined himself to a quiet, firm:

"The charts show over four thousand fathoms anyway."

The lieutenant acquiesced and withdrew, with a murmured word of apology, to a corner of the bridge whence he steadily gazed out over the dark sea, which ran in easy, long swells to the vague horizon; occasionally he tilted his thin face and stared at the stars above him, while beneath his feet the engines of the Marathon rhythmically beat their tale of the elapsing miles.

Eight bells rang from the forecastlehead and Ramsey quit his position by the watch officer and stepped over beside De Querouaille.

"We are right over the position marked down," he said in a low voice.

"Ah!" was the sole response.

"You can see for yourself that it's all a fairy tale," Ramsey went on in an aggrieved tone. "Nothing in sight. That looks like a game to me."

"A game?" repeated the lieutenant.

"Yes. What's easier than to sneak off somewhere you ain't expected and lose your ship, and collect the insurance after reporting a wreck on a reef not down on any chart?"

"It has been done."

"And it'll be done again, so long as people take every loose skipper's say-so that there's land where there isn't any."

"Then you think we may as well haul up on your course, captain?" The tone was formal.

"That's only my opinion," Ramsey hastened to say. "Of course I'm under your orders, sir."

De Querouaille resumed his intent gaze across the smooth sea and slowly his profile sharpened as Ramsey stared at it in the luminous shadow. For an instant the captain's heart slowed in its full beat. Did the man see something? He darted his own glance into the spaces under the sky. Nothing! He sighed in relief; then a muffled chuckle clucked in his throat. The figures down on that bit of paper were his own, a mere penciling of haphazard numbers. Of course there was nothing. Then his heart stopped again. In a flash he seemed to perceive a huge peril; but the flash went as it had come and he heard the lieutenant's smooth, cold voice saying:

"It would have been more satisfactory if we had tried for soundings."

"I'll take them myself," was the reply.

Without a trace of feeling in his tones the official said:

"If you please."

Back in the shadows of the afterdeck Ramsey scowled at the useless machine and wished that he had not dismantled it. However ——

Assuring himself that no one was about, he unlaced the canvas cover and adjusted the ratchet on the gear wheel so that it would click as he turned the empty reel. No one would suspect that the device was not working. He could simply take the necessary fifteen minutes to himself and report "No bottom," and remark that the electric indicator tube had been broken by the pressure—a thing that sometimes happened in very deep water.

He nimbly bent the end of a coiled lead line to the end of the wire and slipped the lead weight over the rail. He allowed the useless line to pay out slowly, now and then hauling in a few fathoms and letting it go again with a loud clacking of the reel. The deceit would answer, and as he stood by the machine he glanced with an expression of amusement at the silhouetted figures of the lieutenant and the watch officer on the bridge far forward. And yet he was uneasy. Some portion of his brain seemed hotly at work trying to establish communication with him. In spite of himself he realized that he was growing afraid. How absurd! The figures of the position of the imaginary island were his own—a mere jump at an unlikely spot. They were his own figures. He repeated it; but the little tract inside his skull still burned, sending inarticulate small flickerings of warning.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, flung the lead line overside completely and went back to the bridge. To De Querouaille he boomed:

"No bottom; but the formalities are satisfied."

The lieutenant nodded and remarked:

"It's thickening up ahead of us."

"Often does," Ramsey returned. "Not fog exactly—just a kind of mist off some current of cold water, I reckon. It will pass." He brushed his moist palms together and essayed a laugh. "Now for a cigar."

As he put the match to the tobacco the watch officer stepped back a pace.

"Shall I start the siren, sir? It's thickening rapidly."

"No need," Ramsey puffed, exhaling the smoke slowly. "Why waken the passengers? Nobody round."

Yet, as the sea grew more and more indistinct, and the stars faded out one by one, Ramsey's brows drew into a frown. A glance at the barometer told him no change in the changeless weather was anticipated by the mercury. But what did this strange occlusion of the sea mean? Unheard of in these waters, he thought; yet the vapor was actually swirling about the steamer, eddying past the lit ports and streaming away in fluid swords from her lofty flanks. He peered at his two companions. De Querouaille stood against the rail in a strained attitude, his eyes fixed, to all appearance, on the wash of the swell about the bows. The third officer, humped up by the binnacle, had one hand lying constrainedly on the lever of the engine-room telegraph.

What did it mean—this queer intentness? There was no land within five hundred miles. Ramsey was angry at the credulity of his fellow men, who ought to know better. No chart had ever recorded land hereabout—and men had sailed these seas a hundred years. And the figures were his own—a mere haphazard jotting down of an imaginary longitude and latitude. Nonsense! Still, somewhere in his dull, overheated, sluggish brain a particle of its organism insisted on calling, calling. What was it? What had he forgotten? He shook his head. Nothing had been overlooked. Nothing! All was plain. But the incessant tiny clamor of something in his skull would not be silenced, warning him that he had forgotten, forgotten. . . . What? he demanded of it.

Even the dullest of perceptions can be impressed by a gradual and inexplicable change of a familiar scene, and the master of the Marathon watched his mate's hand on the engine-room telegraph with growing fascination. The warm, clinging vapor was increasing its density. It was a mere flaw of eccentric weather, a freak of an air current—but what had he forgotten? It might even be well, for

appearance's sake, to sound the fog signal, evidence of no due precaution neglected. Ramsey was on the point of a grudging command to this effect when a sudden jar within his own strong body seemed to stop all his processes of life except a shrill, tingling cry from a far-off spot in his brain:

"You have forgotten that the figures you wrote down on that piece of paper are the same as those on the old chart Fallon gave you! You thought you were making them up; instead, you copied them!"

Ramsey, stricken nerveless with swift terror, was not aware that a natural law had asserted itself; all he knew was that every blood current in his body was shut down as if by the thudding-to of all the valves in his veins, leaving his throbbing heart to beat on air.

Slowly the momentum of his purpose asserted itself and he breathed again.

It wasn't true! The figures were imaginary. Wasn't his ship, the Marathon, steaming at full speed over the spot? He recovered himself and looked at the watch officer in sudden amusement.

Without a premonitory movement that individual sharply drew his hand toward him, and instantly from the engine room far below rose the clangor of gongs as the indicator bar swung imperiously to Stop! hesitated, advanced to Stand by! and then quietly, as if relaxing, swung downward to Full Astern! And above them the great whistle chamber belched water, coughed challengingly, and flung out a hollow blast that pealed into a wild shriek.

"The idiot!" Ramsey thought. "Afraid!" He heard his own voice, rich and tuneful, ring out in the blank silence and dominate the dull thudding impact of the withdrawing engines: "Seeing ghosts?"

Instantly, as if actuated by a common impulse, he saw De Querouaille and the third mate bend swiftly forward, bowing deeply over the rail in a grotesque mockery of sudden curiosity about something below them. Oddly enough he felt himself making the same absurd curtsy; he was helpless, as if his feet had been drawn swiftly from under him. He caught himself with outflung hands on the rail, and the thrill of the trembling oak shot up his tense arms and settled at his heart. Then a swollen hill of black water rose out of the vaporous shadows ahead, rolled silently over the tilted bows of the Marathon, and broke in a clear, hilarious roar over the decks.

"Ashore!" croaked the third officer.

De Querouaille recovered his balance and stepped swiftly to the binnacle, into which he peered briefly. By the soft glow of the lamp his face shone transiently, as if phosphorescent. When he raised his head Ramsey knew the verdict, shouted by a hundred tongues of steel and oak and steam, whispered by this hateful, cool French officer.

"You have lost your ship, captain!"

Without considering the judicial import of those words, or the guilty implication of his own, the commander of the Marathon bellowed out his insufficient plea:

"Impossible! There's nothing on the charts!"

De Querouaille cast a significant glance down at the decks, filling with half-dressed, murmuring passengers, and said:

"Your friend Fallon—I fancy we shall find him too."

The name seemed to recall Ramsey to himself; it steadied him, as if he heard the voice of a superior, and made him his old, routine self, an unimaginative seaman who had followed a calling smatteringly, with no originality, with reliance on what others told him. He appeared to study the position of his ship while listening to what his officers said rapidly in his ear. Then he went down the bridge ladder among his passengers. De Querouaille's eyes met the third officer's as they heard the full tones of the man saying pompously:

"A minor accident! No cause for alarm, ladies! Just return to your cabins, please. No danger. No cause for alarm at all."

Followed a silence, as if people waited for the final word of assurance. De Querouaille and the third mate tiptoed to the rail and peered down. They saw Ramsey bulking amid the throng under the deck lights. Wonderingly they saw his large head tilt back as if he were drawing in a great breath for some tremendous speech. Instead of articulate and satisfying phrases they heard a heavy, steady laugh, given with full lungs. And when it ended, orotund and magnificent, the two stared at each other while the crowd broke into relieved chatter and shuffled apart into groups that sought their rooms down the tilted deck.

(Continued on Page 51)

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

VIII

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

AS THE weather begun to get warmer and we got out-of-doors more, it was cheerfuller around our place. Bonnie Bell chirked up quite a bit. She used to sing some. It seemed like she was going to get used to living in town—not me; never! But Old Man Wright didn't seem to worry none somehow. He was one of the sort that, put him down anywheres and he'd be busy. If he was set down on a sand bar beside a creek he'd reach around to find some sticks; and, first thing you know, he'd be building a house out of 'em—he just always was making things somehow. I never seen a man could size up a piece of country for what it would perduce better than him.

"Curly," says he to me one day when I was down in his new office and we was talking about making money, "there's different ways of getting rich," says he, "but only one system. Either get what a mighty few thinks they got to have—that's things for rich folks; or else get something that everybody has got to have whether they want it or not—that's things for poor folks. And when you're in the game you buy when things is low and sell when they is high. Nigh about every man you know plays the game just the other way round. That's why there's so many poor folks," says he. "Yet the game is plumb easy to beat when you know how, if making money is all you care about.

"For instance," says he, "when I bought that bunch of stock in the Lake Electric a while ago it was when nobody wanted it, or let on they wanted it. Since then it has riz round fifteen or twenty points and it'll go higher. When I sold the Circle Arrow it was when them folks wanted it right bad. Between you and me, them people paid more for it than it was worth. I may buy it in some day when they don't want it no more."

"You reckon you ever will, Colonel?" says I, plumb happy to think of that.

"If I was alone in the world, with just you, I shorely would right off," says he, "no matter what it cost. With Bonnie Bell in the game, too, I don't know what I'll do nor when I'll do it.

"I don't have such a hard time here," he went on after a while. "For instance, just a few weeks ago I was reading in the papers about this war in Europe—which is a shame and a awful thing; and I hope it won't come here, though if it does you and me are in," says he. "Well, I seen how they make so much powder and sell it—smokeless powder. For that they have to use a awful lot of picric acid."

"Why Don't You Go Down to the Park," Says I, "and Talk to Some of Them Dutch Gardeners?"

"What kind of acid?" says I. "Pickles?"

"I don't know," says he. "I wouldn't know it if it was on a plate—only I know they have to make smokeless powder out of it. So I bought all I could find laying round here or there—not very much; only two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth.

"Well," says he, stretching out his legs and yawning, "it's the same old story, Curly. I couldn't help it and I didn't mean to do it the least way in the world; but now this here picric acid—whatever it is—it's worth two or three times what it was. I cleaned up—oh, maybe two or three hundred thousand dollars on that. There ain't enough in these things to keep me very busy. I don't care for making money nohow, because it's so easy. If there was a real man's game now, I wouldn't mind mixing with it."

"Cows is something that folks has to have whether they are rich or poor," says I to him.

"Shore; and it's a good game too. If you look round you'll find that there is some things that everybody has got to use somehow, somewhere—wood, copper, oil, iron; things like that. You can't build houses and live in 'em unless you have some of them things. Everybody has to buy 'em in wholesale or in retail. I like to buy them a little farther back even than wholesale—when they are what you call raw resources.

"If you take things that's made up in packages you can sell them, too, a little at a time but slow. Some folks likes to trade that way; they got to have pictures—objects—right before 'em to believe their money's safe. That's a little slow for me and you, Curly. I like to take the goods before they are put up in packages and buy a lot of them—something that folks has got to have."

"That's where your game is weak, Colonel," says I. "For instance, you deal in cows on the hoof. That ain't respectable. When you cut up cows and hogs into sides, hams and sausages, then's when you get respectable. Ain't you got plenty proof of that? Look at them Wisners, for instance."

He snorts at that and ain't happy.

"Well, it's the truth," says I. "Look at us! We ain't nobody here, for all your money. Old Man Wisner's the king bee of this here row of houses. We ain't one-two-ten in this race."

"Huh! Is that so? I'm running free, under a pull; and you can't kick. But then, we're having all the fun—not Bonnie Bell."

"I ain't having no fun worth speaking of myself," says I. "But she's doing well enough—she's disgusting healthy, sounder in wind and limb than anybody else in this town. And she's busy too; she's found a new kind of car that she says she's got to have. She says the Wisners bought one a little shinier than hers."

"Well, she can have whatever she wants. We are doing pretty well, seems like. I just went into a little speculation last week that will maybe pay for that new car."

"What's it about this time, Colonel?" I ast him.

"Well, it has something more to do with this here war. Whenever there is a war somebody makes money and everybody loses it. Now you see they're using a awful lot of sharpnel over there—bullets packed up in packages ready to be busted open. It takes a certain kind of lathe to turn them sharpnel, and there is only one kind of lathe in this country that does it faster than any other; and the people that makes sharpnel can't get enough of them. Well, I bought the control of that there lathe. Looking around not long ago, I found a little stove factory down in the sand hills; and I bought it and put a few of them lathes in there and started a little company.

"Besides, I control them lathes that goes into all the other factories where they make sharpnel. Shouldn't wonder if we'd run into a little money before long—enough to buy a car—five hundred thousand dollars or so. If they got to have sharpnel I suppose we might as well make 'em and make 'em good."

"Well, Colonel," says I, "I hope you'll find enough to do, so that one of these days you can be right comfortable."

"So do I," says he, and he sticks out his legs again, with his hands in his pockets. "But sometimes I almost lose heart about it. Things looks mighty sad to me, because I can't find no game that's interesting for to play."

"How about that running-for-alderman business?" says I.

"I'm looking that over," says he. "I know a good many of the fellows over on the west side of our ward. My freckles helps me some in that part of the ward. They can't look at freckles like mine and call me anything but a honest man. Our ward is in two parts, and a little wears silk socks and a good deal of it don't. Wisner, he's strong with them that does. He maybe ain't so strong with them that makes eight dollars a week."

"He shore makes plenty of money," says I. "I expect he's got more money than anybody in town."

"I'm willing to stack up a little money in this alderman game against him if I thought I'd get any fun out of it. I'm just marking time here, the way it is," says he.

"Doing what?" I ast him.

"Making money and waiting."

"What for?" says I, not understanding.

"For some man," says he.

"What man?" I ast him, still not understanding.

"That's what I don't know. For some man that will make Bonnie Bell happy. But all the young men in a city talk alike and look alike and dress alike. I ain't seen more than one or two that was worth a cuss—not a one I thought was good enough for my girl. And yet it stands to reason that something will happen; and it might be any time. It makes me uneasy."

I couldn't see why more folks didn't come into our house, like they used to out on the Circle Arrow; and I said that.

"It's easy to see why they don't," says Old Man Wright, and he busts the glass top of his table with his fist. "It's plumb plain to see why. It's them Wisners has blocked our game. They coppered us from the start—that's what! We got in wrong at the start with them; we didn't kotow to them, and they've always been expecting it."

"That puts us in pretty hard," says I.

"It wouldn't be hard for you or me, Curly," says he. "There ain't a game on earth that that pie-faced old hypocrite can play that I can't beat him at; I don't fear him no more than I like him. But when I see how easy it was for him and his folks to make my girl miserable —— It ain't on account of myself, Curly," says he, and he sweeps his hand over the desk and knocks every paper and everything else on the floor. "She's all I got," says he. "I loved her ma and I love her. Whatever goes against her happiness goes against me all the way through. And," says he, "I'll buck this here city game until some day I bust the bank!"

I left him sitting there, sort of looking down at his feet, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out. He wasn't happy none at all, though all the time he'd been hollering for some game that he couldn't beat.

"Ain't You Making a Mistake in Wanting to Marry My Girl at All, Sir?"

IX

WE WENT on that way a good while into the summer and nothing much happened between us and our neighbors. Maybe once in a while our dog Peanut would get over in their back yard and scratch up their pansies. Peanut always liked to lay in fresh dirt, and he seemed to know instinctive which was our pansy beds and which was theirn. Their hired man only laughed when I seen him and apologized.

He used to come over once in a while, their hired man did, and meet me on the dock back of the boathouse, where I give him lessons in roping. I showed him a few things—how to let go when he got his rope straight, and to give hisself plenty of double back of the hondo. We used to rope the snubbing posts where we tied the boats. Sometimes we'd practice for a hour or so and he begun to get on right well. We visited that way several days, usual of mornings.

"Don't the lady ever come down to the boats no more?" says he one time.

"No," says I. "Her pa's afraid she'll get drownded."

"Does she ever talk about saving the life of anybody?" he ast.

"No," I says; "she's used to such things. She don't take no account anyways of saving the life of a laboring man," says I. "It's nothing to her."

"Ain't it funny," says he, "how things work out sometimes? At first, you know, I thought she was one of your housemaids."

"You done what?" says I.

"Well, I won't deny it. When I first seen her in the yard, the time she chased that dog over, I thought she was one of the maids—you see, she had on a cap and a apern. I didn't know at all. The old lady thinks it yet."

"She's mighty kind-hearted, even with the lower classes," says I. "She even gives money to them people that play music in front of our house every morning. I wish they wouldn't."

"I wish she wouldn't do that," says he. "We have a awful time with that band. The old man said if he ever got to be alderman he'd get a ordinance through abolishing them off the streets. They play something fierce!" says he.

"Is he going to run for alderman?" says I. "I seen something in the papers about it."

"Well, yes; I believe he will—I heard him say he would."

"If he does," says I, "I reckon hell will pop in this ward."

"Why?" says he.

"Well, my boss is figuring he may run for alderman hisself—he's naturalized here now. He used to be sher'f out in Cody whenever he wanted to be. When he wants anything, seems like he can't hardly help getting it. It's a way he has."

He looks kind of thoughtful at that.

"Well now," says he, "well now, what do you know about that! As you say, Curly, ain't that hell?"

He swore so easy and natural that I kind of liked him, and the way he taken up roping was to my thinking about the best of any tenderfoot I ever seen.

"What are they piling up them rocks along the side of the yard for, Jimmie?" I ast him after a while.

You see, there was several wagon-loads of brick and stuff had been put in there that morning.

"I don't know," says he. "Something the old man ordered, I reckon. He's away right now. They don't always tell me about things as much as I think they might."

"I've often wondered they didn't fire you," says I.

"They can't," says he. "I told you I've got too much on 'em. They don't dast to fire me none at all. I defy 'em!" says he.

"Well, you better be a little careful," says I. "I've seen people felt that way about their boss before now, and right often they got the can. You better not get fired till you know a little bit more about roping and riding."

"Hush!" says he. "I think I heard someone over in our boathouse. Good-by! I'll come round again to-morrow morning."

He went on down the dock into their boathouse. I set down not far from the door, smoking and looking out over the lake. I heard someone in there begin to talk. It was him and Old Lady Wisner—I'd heard her before once in a while. I couldn't help hearing them if I'd wanted to, and I did want to.

"James," says she, "where have you been? I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Why, nowhere especial," says he carelesslike. "I was just over on the dock doing some roping stunts with Curly."

"I suppose you mean that red-headed, pigeon-toed brute that hangs around the Wrights' place," says she.

Say, when she said that I half riz up, for I shore was mad. I may be the way she said, but I don't allow no one else to say so. But she wasn't a man anyway; so I had to stand it. I read somewhere in a book it ain't correct to listen when folks don't know you're hearing them; but that didn't go with me no more, especial when people was talking about me and my hair and feet that way. So I set down and listened some more.

"Well," says Jimmie, "I haven't ever noticed that at all. But he's a good scout and I like him," says he.

That made me feel just a little easier anyways.

"Well, it's no matter what you were doing over there," says she vicious. "You're not to have nothing more to do with such can-nye no more. Why can't you attend to your own business?"

"I'm just going to," says he. "You ain't ast my consent about mussing up my flower beds. What's all that rock and brick doing up in the yard?" Say, he was a sassy one!

"Since you ask me, I'll tell you. It's a fence we're going to build."

"A fence?" says he. "We got a fence now."

"Oh, have we? Well, it ain't high enough to keep out our people from mixing with them can-nye." I wondered again what can-nye was. "I'll not have you talking with their maids."

"Is that so?" says he. "I hadn't noticed much of that going on lately," says he. "I wish it was."

"James!" says she, so mad she couldn't hardly speak. "James!" And about all she could do was to guggle in her throat and say: "James!"

"Well," says I to myself, "here's where he gets the can tied to him, all right. It don't stand to reason she'll fall for that kind of talk."

Well now, they was talking about that fence. In two or three days it was easy enough to see what the Wisners was going to do—they was going to cut out the herd law and fence in their own range.

It wasn't a fence at all. It was a wall they built, day after day—a regular wall! Pretty soon it was up as high as our second-story window, and it kept on a-going. It took them weeks to finish it. When it was done it run clean from the sidewalk back to their boathouse. From our side, on the ground, you couldn't only see the top of their house, and from their side you couldn't only see the top of ours.

Well, anyway, the wall went up and we didn't stop it, because we couldn't. It was like we was living in two different worlds, with that wall between us, and that was the way they meant it. Nothing could cross from one side to the other. It was the coldest deal I ever seen one set of folks give another. And why? I couldn't figure why.

Bonnie Bell was right still and quiet. Old Man Wright he went around thoughtful for quite a while. He seen this was a insult put on him, but he didn't know what to do. At last he went to Bonnie Bell one day, and says he:

"Sis, it's coming along kind of hot in the summer. How'd you like to go to White Sulphur or somewheres for a few months?" says he. "You're looking kind of pale now for the last few weeks," says he, "and I don't like to see it."

She turns and looks at him square in the eyes for a minute, and pointed out the window.

"With that thing going on?" says she. "I'll see them damned first!" says she.

That was the first time I ever heard Bonnie Bell cuss. I liked her for saying it, and so did her pa.

"It's a hard game we got to play, sis," says he; "but we'll play it."

She nods, and we let it go at that.

That fence ruined the street, as far as our end of it was concerned. Them that lived north of it could look on up the lake for quite a ways, but for more than a quarter of a mile down toward the park there couldn't nobody see down that part of the street at all. The papers got to talking about it, and some complaints was printed too. Old Man Wright he only sort of laughed. The papers made fun of the Wisners for building that fence—sort of treating the whole thing as a joke.

About now the campaign for alderman got busier. Old Man Wright printed a full page in all the papers, with a picture of hisself, and saying that J. W. Wright was running for alderman in that ward. Right opposite his full-page ad was about six or eight inches, with a smaller picture of Old Man Wisner with it; and he said that Mr. David Abraham Wisner begged to submit his name as a candidate for the sufferedges for alderman in that ward. I didn't know what sufferedges was at first, but I knew what my boss was out after—it was votes, and he was liable to get 'em.

From that time on the boss was busier than he had been before. He got better acquainted over on the west side of our ward. Sometimes he wouldn't get back till midnight, but he always come home under his own steam. In his office I saw all sorts of people. He seemed to take to this alderman business natural.

Anyways he was a hard man to buck in any kind of a game. He had his own idea all the time maybe about that fence in Millionaire Row. One day he taken a little pasear down the lake front toward the head of the park, where there was some vacant land below us. He was sizing things up. Two or three weeks after that he told me he'd bought that tract—the whole works, clear down to the end of the park. I don't know what he paid for it, but it must have been a lot of money.

"You see," says he, "all them people up there north of us on the row they ain't got only a little bit of land for their houses. Me, I'm going to have a place with half a mile or so of ground to it. Bonnie Bell has got to have a place to herself for to raise crocuses and other flowers," says he, "and to cultivate her Boston dog."

It was kind of hard times right then, and a good many men was out of work. Old Man Wright put a lot of 'em to work on his new Bonnie Bell Addition, as he called it. He dug it up and smoothed it down and laid it out, and planted it with trees and sodded it. And then, down at the far end of it, he just puts up a high wall like the Wisners', but 'way off from it. Then we dug down along the Wisner wall, and planted things.

Folks used to go along and wonder what it was done for and who done it. And later on some folks farther up the drive allowed it was some kind of a new Italian garden and some of them begun to put up them walls too. It got right fashionable. The whole looks of that part of town was changed. But, while they had little bits of yards you couldn't swing a cat in, we had land enough to start a hay ranch if we had wanted to.

"I can afford it," says Old Man Wright.

And by the time he had the improvements started the real-estate men come and pestered him to take at least three times as much money as he give for it.

"I may sell it sometime, but not now," says he. "I like it. My girl likes to raise crocuses, and what she likes she gets. We're going to raise plenty of crocuses and tulips and hollyhocks," says he. So we didn't sell.

It wouldn't be right to say Bonnie Bell didn't have no friends. Once there come quite a bunch of girls from out of town—girls she had knew in Smith's; and they had quite a visit. They tore up the house and for a week or so Bonnie Bell was right happy. Then nobody come into our place, the sort we wanted to come.

There was one man come to call on us—it was Henderson, of our old hotel. We used to go down there and eat sometimes, and every time we done so he'd come to stand around. He couldn't keep his eyes off Bonnie Bell. I reckon he was about forty years old.

Now one day he come up to our house in the afternoon all dressed up, with a white flower in his coat and a high hat on, and shiny shoes, and he ast for Old Man Wright; and William showed him into the back parlor. I was setting in our ranch room, so I could hear what went on—I couldn't very well help it. I heard what Mr. Henderson said; so I knew what brought him there all dressed up.

"Mr. Wright," says he, "I won't waste time. I'm used to doing business in a direct way. So to-day I come down—I come down—that is to say, I come to-day ——" says he.

"Well, for a direct man, you're taking some time to say what you want to say," says Old Man Wright; "but maybe I can guess it if you can't say it. It's my girl you come to talk about?"

I didn't hear him say anything, but I guess he must of nodded.

"You want to ask me?" says Old Man Wright. "Why didn't you ask her?"

"I thought it better to see if you would consider me as a suitor, sir," says he. "It seemed a fairer thing."

"I don't know as a parent ought to consider any man that would ask him first," says Old Man Wright thoughtful; "but in some ways you're a good man."

"My profession—my business—being an innkeeper isn't exactly the highest form of business ——"

"Hell! That's got nothing to do with it," says Old Man Wright. "I imagine my girl might marry most any kind of man if he was the right sort. But now let's figure on this, Mr. Henderson," says he, "because I like you. You're some older than she is."

"Yes," says he; "old enough to know a splendid woman like Miss Wright when I see her. In my business I've seen plenty that ain't."

"That's good," says Old Man Wright. "I like to hear you say that. I don't blame you for feeling the way you do. And I feel kind to you, too, sir. You're the first man that ever said a kind word to me and my girl in this town. You're almost the last, so far as that goes. You're as good as us and we're as good as you, if it comes to that. But now let's figure a little further. The man that marries my girl, marries her—there ain't a-going to be no divorce. There may be a funeral if there's trouble, but there ain't going to be no divorce for Bonnie Bell. It's death that's going to part her and her husband. You see I got to be careful about her, don't you?"

"Yes, and you ought to be. I never felt my years as a handicap."

"They ain't, in business," says Old Man Wright. "But now look-a-here: As you live along together she'll be still young when you're pretty old. Take ten or fifteen years off of you and ten or fifteen thousand cocktails, and I'd say 'God bless you!' But the years and the cocktails is there permanent. You're kind of soft around the stomach, Mr. Henderson, I'm sorry to say. Ain't you making a mistake in wanting to marry my girl at all, sir?"

I don't reckon he was happy; yet he was game.

"Mr. Wright," says he at last, "that's why I come to you first! I was conscious of them ten million cocktails—it's nearer ten million than ten thousand, I reckon, in my business. It seemed to me fairer to talk to you first. I'm not apt to forget her very soon—I m not apt to look

(Continued on Page 41)

We Was Setting Eating Dinner When the Leader of the Band Comes In

THE CALL OF THE CALLIOPE

By L. B. YATES

MY PARTNER and I worked like beavers all winter on the new show. As before stated, it was only a six-car affair when we purchased it, but we rented four cars from the railroad, making ten in all. These had to be repainted and, in a few instances, remodeled, for once a circus starts the season there is no time to stop on the road to do repair work which might have been done in winter quarters, and a circus car is on the road every day.

Through assisting with the actual manual labor of painting and overhauling I learned the A B C of the game so far as the mechanical movement was concerned. I found out, for instance, why cars were at times sold at what seemed ridiculously low figures. It is usually so because the wheels are worn out and the trucks have seen their best days. Allied to that, the bed of the car must be strong enough to sustain the great weights imposed upon it, and be true and level.

It is also well for the intending purchaser to know all the recent requirements of the railroads. To illustrate, one might purchase a Pullman that was apparently in good condition and looked like a bargain; but if he did not examine the platforms he would probably find out after he had made the purchase that a few years ago a universal rule was passed by the powers that all cars carried on passenger trains must have steel platforms, and he would find that before he could use the car an extra expenditure of at least five hundred dollars would be necessary.

There was so much to be done, and we were so short-handed, that when I look back now I wonder that it was ever accomplished. Of course ours was only a small show, but we were going to move every day, and our railroad cars and other equipment had to be just right; therefore, we made motions like the biggest one of the bunch. Winter quarters round any circus is a busy place. Every wagon must be examined, and reënforced where it shows any signs of weakness. Some of them are built like battleships. The pole wagon, cook-tent wagon and the big cages must be so constructed that they will stand any kind of punishment in the movement, and in this connection the chief of the mechanical department of the circus, or as he is usually called the boss canvasman, is not infrequently a mechanical genius.

A new tent must be ordered, because a top only lasts one season, and this alone involves considerable expenditure. The big top of the Barnum & Bailey, Ringling Brothers, Sells-Floto, or other shows, costs in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars. When the season is done it is sold as junk, bringing three or four hundred. After the top is purchased it must be treated with paraffin to make it watertight, because if this is not done a wet day means that the patrons would take an involuntary shower bath.

Partner Morse and His Winning Ways

ALONG about the tail end of the winter the show had to be routed; that is to say, we had to make up our minds in what direction we were going to travel. With my partner and myself this was a very serious consideration. The big shows with their established reputations cover almost the same country each season, or alternate East and West in successive seasons, and with fair weather and no untoward accidents they can be reasonably sure of a certain intake.

But in our case we were young showmen with a name comparatively unknown to the public, and not only did the routing of the show entail a knowledge of the proposed territory and its possibilities, but it also behooved us to keep out of the way of larger attractions. In the circus business, as in everything else, the big fellow comes along, knocking everything down that he can't jump over, and the little fellow runs away from the noise.

After we had decided on our route, railroad contracts had to be made. Morse undertook this important detail. Of course he had never made a railroad contract before, but luckily for us no one connected with the railroads up to that time had thought out the interstate commerce scheme, and each road was free to make whatever terms it chose. Nowadays, of course, there is a settled rate which cannot be diverged from.

But as the game was played in the earlier days, Morse was not long in making himself perfectly at home. The same hypnotic influence and the same brand of conversation that sold lightning-rods worked overtime round railroad offices. Every general freight agent and nine-tenths of the passenger men knew Morse. He often used to say to me that nobody ever cashed a hard-luck story for real money.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF BARNUM & BAILEY

Josephine Clarke

"But," continued the oracle, "if you walk into a bank whistlin', with your hat on th' back of your head, you're liable to mystify some guy so's he'll take you down an' show you how much real money they've got in th' vaults down below."

Morse laughed and joked his way across the country, and in many cases the contracts for the movements of our show were ridiculously low. To each and every agent Morse confided that some day in the near future he would be owner of the biggest circus on the rails; and his arguments were so potent and he spoke with such sincerity that I imagine more than half of them believed it.

One railroad official said to me afterward, when speaking of my partner:

"Doggone that fellow! I signed up a contract with him which is liable to make the president of the road fire me, but he had such an infernal way with him that he broke down all my fences. Of course I didn't believe half he told me, but I am free to confess I wanted to. And actor! Why, Travers, do you know that scamp actually cried when he started to tell me about his early trials and tribulations with the wagon show."

When all was ready for a start Morse elected me to the job of contracting agent. This is an important office with any show, as a good man can save his people many thousands of dollars during the season.

My job was to go about a month ahead of the show, arrange for licenses, rent the lots on which we were to exhibit, purchase hay and provisions; in addition to this, I saw the local newspaper owners, found out what their advertising rates were, and any other inside information which would be valuable to the man who followed me. Then the local billposter had to be seen regarding the amount of paper he could put up for us, or at least what space he could rent us, and how much he charged a sheet. Added to this, in some towns a bond has to be put up to ensure that the big wagons of the circus will not injure the streets; and then there may be a special ordinance charging an extra license for side shows; or it may be that at certain seasons of the year, such as immediately before or after the Agricultural Exposition, circuses are not permitted to exhibit.

The contracting agent must pick a lot with good street-car service not too far from the center of the town, see that the roads are passable and, if he has time, inspect the bridges or culverts over which the big wagons have to pass.

If the licenses are too high, which unfortunately is frequently the case, he must interview the local authorities in an effort to reduce them to something like an equitable figure. When not successful, he leaves the matter open till the adjuster comes along. If he is doubtful as to whether one lot can be made available or not he usually preëmpts a second, paying a small deposit on each—in other words, taking an option on them.

The Old Style Advance Man of the Wagon Show

ALL the information so obtained by him is sent back to the managers of the advertising cars—the press agents, general agent and manager back with the show—so that as each arrives in his turn he knows whom to go to and just exactly what obstacles, if any, affect his department.

Speaking in a general way, the contracting agent of a circus couldn't tell you much about efficiency as it is written in the books. He has a new method for every town and no cast-iron rules are followed. He simply specializes on situations.

A modern circus is, perhaps, regarded as the most wholesome of all amusement enterprises and from the business standpoint the very last word in masterful management. The old wagon show has passed out almost as completely as the cast-iron dog and the corrugated lady with the tin umbrella who used to keep watch and ward over smooth lawns where owners counted not the cost. Country roads are better, performers sleep regularly in Pullmans, and instead of the old ramshackle buggy affected by the early-day advance man the big circus of to-day has three advertising cars to go ahead, and employs in this department nearly one hundred men as billposters, lithographers, route riders, car managers, distributors of heralds, opposition brigades and press agents.

But the old advance man of the wagon show will always be a pleasant memory, when he came to town with his tall silk hat, underneath which flourished an elaborately brocaded waistcoat, cut low enough to display a tremendous expanse of shirtfront, and in the center of that proof of the laundryman's skill, a yellow diamond of magnificent proportions. Whenever this *prima-facie* evidence of prosperity was missing from its habitat, the bereft shirt bosom silently proclaimed to all the world that business had hit the toboggan. The agent was a busy man and held down his job manfully; but a big circus of to-day spreads as much paper on the dead walls and billboards for a single engagement as he would have put up in a year.

A story is told of an enterprising advance man who, after a desperate encounter with old John Barleycorn, raided a Chinese laundry, pasted printed notices of his attraction on the blouses of the astonished Orientals, and paraded them in triumph down the main street of the town.

In those days no license was paid except where towns were incorporated, and then only a few dollars. The lots on which the tents were pitched cost but a trifle, and frequently tickets were exchanged for the privilege. But things have changed. One of the popular pastimes of the present day is for grave and reverend city fathers, when framing the annual budget, to take a terrible fall out of the circus. In some localities the license fee is absolutely prohibitive;

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF BARNUM & BAILEY

The "Cook-House"—the Only Tent Not Called a "Top"

so much so, indeed, that these towns have been blotted from the circus map.

I remember on one occasion in particular, when a city council in British Columbia threatened to impose a license of a thousand dollars a day on all circuses, it was stated by one alderman that the visiting attraction would take at least twenty thousand dollars out of town. As against that assertion the representative of the circus offered to sell him the total intake for seven thousand dollars, only stipulating that he should pay for the lot and license.

As everyone knows, crossing the line from the United States to Canada is an expensive proceeding. There was then, as I remember it, a duty of fifteen cents a pound on circus paper, bonds to be put up to the government, inspections of the stock, and various other matters which more than doubled our daily overhead expense. There was only one town worth playing in British Columbia, so after the performers had been paid, the railroads settled with, duties, special advertising, fees of one kind or another met—not to mention nearly a thousand dollars for the lot and license—provisions purchased and money spent personally by employees, it will be seen that most of the profits were stowed away where Uncle Sam did not benefit by them to any appreciable extent.

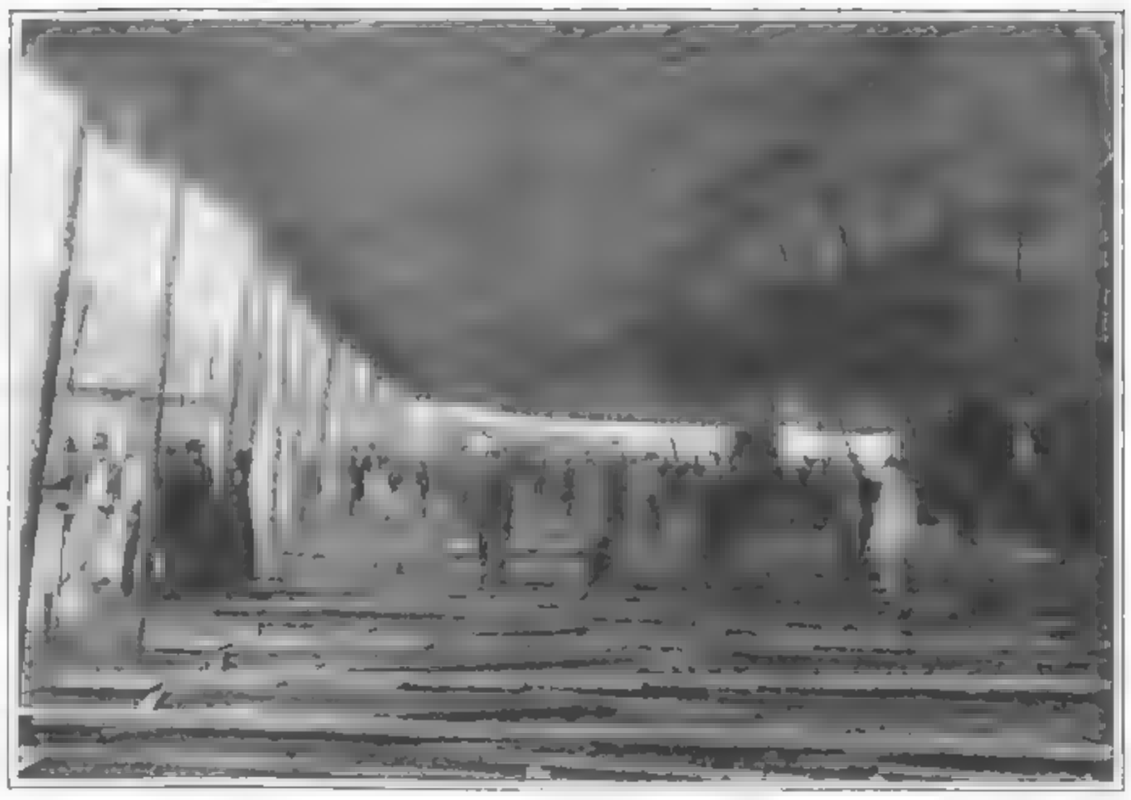
Right here I should like to say that the profits of the circus have been greatly exaggerated. The old argument is that circuses should be taxed because they take so much money out of town, and frequently when our tent has been full visitors have remarked that we must have seated twenty-five thousand people. I think the biggest tent on the road, which is that of the Ringling Brothers, holds a fraction over twelve thousand people, and they have to be very judiciously packed in.

Perhaps I may be permitted here to sever the thread of my narrative long enough to explain the different expressions used in the circus world, through which medium the people of the tents express their thoughts. For instance, a performer of any kind is called a "kinker," except a clown, who is a "joey"; an elephant is a "bull"; and a free pass is a "broad." This expression of late years has been embellished by some of the younger fry coming up. They call passes "Annie Oakleys." The proprietor of the circus is called the "governor" or sometimes the "main guy," an expression possibly taken from the ropes staying up the big top itself. The man who on the arrival of the circus in town goes up, interviews the chief of police, pays the license and distributes tickets among the City Fathers and others in authority, is now called the "legal adjuster." In the old days we used to call him the "mender" or "fixer."

The Details of a Fixer's Job

WHENEVER an accident happens, as it not infrequently does, the legal adjuster is first man on hand to lend aid to the injured one, to see that the proper medical attendance is forthcoming and, if the victim happens to be a member of the organization, arrange with the local hospital authorities to take care of him until he is convalescent and is able to join the show again. In this respect, and without exception, the circus always takes care of its people.

There is no obligation whatsoever to do so from a legal standpoint, because when one signs a circus contract he renounces all claims for damages by reason of any accident, whether occasioned during a performance, while traveling by rail, or in any other manner while the season is in progress.



Seats Ready to be Set

Such a condition is absolutely necessary, because connection with a circus in any capacity is naturally a hazardous occupation. The clause is not inserted because circus owners are minded to take away the ordinary redress which any employee might have, but simply because every one understands and realizes the risks that are taken and regarded as part and parcel of the profession. In a word, they recognize that it is legitimately connected with and part of the job. But notwithstanding this, no institution provides better for its people when in distress of any kind than does the circus, and legal obligations are invariably waived should any such exist.

With the outsider the case is different. Here the adjuster has his work cut out for him, because so many people are only too willing to take advantage of the smallest happening that will give them cause for action and the excuse to file an attachment on the circus before it moves to the next town. Nowadays all the circuses have arrangements with certain of the big bonding companies who, whenever action is brought, furnish the bonds and the circus proceeds on its way. The trial of the case is usually postponed until the following winter, when the lawyer employed by the circus and his witnesses go back to the town and try the case.

Suits are brought on the most trivial pretense, more times than not without the slightest moral claim as a basis. One incident I call to mind was a case in which a small boy persisted in climbing up on one of the baggage wagons. He was warned several times to keep off it, but persisted, and finally perched himself on the driver's seat. A companion who was with him pushed him off and he fell to the ground, breaking his arm. Before we got out of town that night a little hook-nosed lawyer appeared with a sheriff's officer and attached the show for five thousand dollars' damages. Of course we gave bond and proceeded on our way, but in the winter we had to go back to that town and, although we won the suit, it really cost us more than five hundred dollars to defend it.

If you think the life of a circus man in this respect is a bed of roses take a trip with the big show through the Mississippi and Texas regions, and you will have some expert testimony by the time you get out.

Of course the adjuster's job is to smooth out the wrinkles and leave everybody happy. A first-class adjuster must necessarily be a supreme judge of human nature and have keen business acumen, and even then, frequently when he thinks he has arranged everything to the satisfaction of all concerned, we return to that same town the next season to find the minions of the law waiting with a writ of attachment.

But passing on to the vernacular, a "clem" is a fight or disputation.

There are very few of these outbreaks nowadays, and in that connection the old cry of "Hey, Rube!" is seldom or never heard; but in the early days these things were regarded as part and parcel of a day's happening.

A "yap" or a "simp" is a countryman, but all outsiders come under the head of "towners." When we say that a man is a "towner" it is equivalent to saying that he doesn't belong. Outsiders call the attractions which are massed in front of the main entrance the "side shows." We call them the "kid shows." The main tent is the "big top." Every tent is a "top," except that in which the performers have their meals. This is called the "cook house." The main entrance to the circus is the "front door"; the space between the menagerie and the main top is called the "connection."

When we speak of the wagon we mean the ticket wagon. It is here that all the accounts are kept and the payments for everything made, including salaries of performers and employees. The circus pays every week during the season, and hardly ever closes before it has played at least thirty weeks.

The Pay of Clowns and Acrobats

THE salary paid a circus performer or employee is exclusive of board, traveling expenses, the care of the horses and the feed for the same. The cost of feeding one person is about seventy cents a day, sometimes more in certain localities. But the meat, groceries, and so forth, are all purchased wholesale, except in isolated instances, and are invariably of the very best quality that can be obtained. I don't know where in the world anyone could get a more appetizing meal than he will be offered in the cook tent while partaking of the hospitalities which circus people are always so ready to extend to friends or visitors.

Speaking of the salaries paid, perhaps I should say something on this point, because people I meet in everyday life are always curious to know. Let me start with the aristocracy of the circus, the riders. They usually come in families and are booked at a lump sum. A star like May Worth, Victoria Davenport, Rosa Rosalind, Estelle Hobson or the Stickneys, would get perhaps three hundred dollars a week, sometimes more and sometimes less, but in the average that would be about it. Clowns are paid all kinds of prices, ranging from twenty dollars to one hundred. The difference between an ordinary clown and a star is that the high-priced one is what we call a producing clown. He is supposed to bring some new stunts each season and to stage them so that they will have the desired effect that any other star act would have.

The pay of the acrobats depends altogether on the merit of their acts. They also are usually hired in families, for it is very rarely that an acrobat works singly, either aërial or otherwise. Families like the Siegrists, Nelsons and Corkonians would average perhaps a hundred dollars for each member. Thrillers, such as leaps for life, dips of death, and any novel or startling act that has not been seen before and

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Insurance Competition

RATES for fire insurance are almost universally fixed by common agreement among all the important companies. That is the way they ought to be fixed. If the companies were competing as to rates it would be the duty of an intelligent commonwealth, with the interests of the insured at heart, to pass a law requiring them to get together and fix common rates, binding upon all of them—for substantially the same reasons that railroad rates ought to be fixed by common agreement; and competition in them ought to be prohibited. Virtually competition in railroad rates is prohibited now by the law forbidding rebates—for rebates were simply competition as applied to freight charges. The first interest of the insured is not in the premium he pays, but in the value of the insurance.

We recall one adventurous company—typical of a million others, more or less—that proposed to do something radical in the insurance line. It cut rates everywhere and did a lot of business. A great many people got cheap insurance—apparently. Then losses began to pile in. The company went into bankruptcy. Its policyholders found that, instead of getting cheap insurance, they had paid good money for neatly engraved sheets of worthless paper.

Several states have attempted to undermine insurance by forbidding the companies to make joint rates. South Carolina is the latest example. Instead of ruinously competing as to rates, many companies have simply withdrawn from the state. They owe it to their policyholders elsewhere to withdraw from any state where they cannot do business on a sound basis.

Cooperative fire insurance is perfectly feasible; in fact, it is practiced to a considerable extent, especially in farming communities. A community that thinks its insurance rates are too high should turn to that, and not to a mistaken attempt to enforce competition in rate making.

Taxation Theory and Practice

WE DO not care so much as we used to about discussion of political theory, because any theory is relatively so unimportant. For example, Mexico's political theories, as formally expressed in its constitution, are substantially the same as ours. Her practice is considerably different. This applies also to taxation.

Recent decisions by the Supreme Court have made a broad, firm way for the graduated income tax, and presumably for a graduated inheritance tax; and Congress is very likely to adopt a graduated Federal inheritance tax, with stiff rates for large fortunes.

In the hands of a demagogic, extravagant and incompetent government a graduated inheritance tax would be as open to objection as a loaded shotgun in the hands of an inebriate. The temptation to pillage large accumulations for waste and for pork-barrel, soup-kitchen and vote-getting schemes is obvious. That would be worse than any use of a big fortune an individual heir could make, for it would involve a wider corruption.

Big fortunes, it should be remembered, are almost always usefully employed—that is, they are employed in the production and distribution of useful things. The Rockefeller pile goes into pipe lines, refineries, ships, railroad cars, and so on, which we all need. Throwing it into schemes for converting Mud Turtle Creek into a ship canal and erecting monumental post-office buildings in Shady Elm would be a loss.

As a prelude to discussion of a graduated inheritance tax, we should like to know whether Congress is going to adopt an intelligent budget system; whether it will accept the spirit of the Frear Bill to stop pork-barrel river-and-harbor improvements. A great deal depends on that, or on what that implies.

Paper Soldiers

THE principal fact about preparedness is that, under the deliberate processes of a peace footing, it will take five years to make any such change in our degree of preparedness as would count in case of war with a first-class Power. Congress votes battleships and army reserves; but bringing them into effectual being is a matter of years. Whether Congress adopted the Senate army bill or the House bill was never a matter of great importance. Merely adopting either measure was important only in its effect on next year's taxes and by changing the numerals in Chairman Hay's phantom host of a million two hundred thousand paper soldiers.

Whatever this Congress does about preparedness—unless we have the monstrous ill luck of getting into a real war—will not appreciably change the facts of preparedness during its lifetime. The taxes it votes will be real. The soldiers and armaments will be mostly paper. The facts of preparedness will change, to a degree that really counts for battle, only somewhere round 1920.

From a military point of view, the question is not how many divisions, how much of a reserve, how many submarines and battle cruisers, this Congress votes. It is rather how much of the final product is going to be iron and how much paper. Not long ago the commander of the Atlantic fleet reported that his vessels needed several thousand additional men.

Obviously voting warships and manning them with wood pulp is not real preparedness. Voting subsidies to half-drilled, half-equipped, half-officered state militia makes a difference in taxes, but it would not make any difference worth mentioning in fight.

A number of patriotic societies have taken deep interest in Congress' deliberations on the army and navy bills. They should extend their activities over the coming years, which will determine how much of the authorized preparation is going to turn out solid and how much fake.

The Local Newspaper

THERE is news in the paper this afternoon about a great battle in Europe. There is news about a diplomatic controversy between the United States and Germany. There is news about an acute difficulty at Washington. But none of those things gets the chief place. The chief place is given to the vote on a bond issue for the county boulevard. Most of the four or five thousand persons who read the newspaper are more interested in the county boulevard than they are in the other happenings. There is nothing dubitable about that. It will be an actual highway of veritable brick, over which they can really ride; for which they will pay in tangible coin out of their own pocketbooks. It is something as immediate and intimate as the clothes on their backs or the roast pork on the table.

The other things are remote, problematical. Naturally they are most interested in the certain and definitely apprehensible thing. It is like giving a hungry man his choice between a ham sandwich and a treatise on diet. Naturally his immediate interest turns to the sandwich. Having disposed of that he does not care so much about the general subject of diet.

People who deal with general subjects should turn often to the local newspapers—to keep themselves modestly reminded that on about three hundred and sixty days out of the year they come in with the nuts and raisins. Their problematical goods are taken as a last course.

Government and Private Ships

THE country wants a merchant marine and is told there are two ways of getting it: one is by Government-owned ships; the other is by a Government subsidy to private shipowners. Now if a subsidy is the only alternative to Government ships, the difference between the two is mostly just a matter of theory. That proposition implies that American ships cannot be operated in competition with foreign vessels and make a fair return upon the investment. So Government ships would not make a fair return upon the capital invested in them, and the difference would come out of the Treasury to meet the deficit, instead of coming out of the Treasury as a subsidy to private shipowners.

True, the Government can borrow capital at a lower rate of interest than private shipowners would have to pay; but that does not affect the main fact that in either case American capital would be invested in a field that yielded a poor return or no return.

Is a subsidy the only alternative to government ownership? Will shipping yield a poor return or none to American capital, when it yields a very good return to foreign capital? And if so, why? That is the question to which, we think, the country wants a better answer than it has yet received.

Why must American ships be operated at a loss or at no profit, when the foreign ships with which they compete make a fair profit without a subsidy? Shipowners and eminent spokesmen for private capital say it is because the Government will not let American ships compete on equal terms with foreign vessels.

Friends and foes of the Shipping Bill agree on one point—namely, that a fifty-million-dollar merchant marine should be only a beginning. For that sum we can get a merchant marine that would be tremendously valuable as an auxiliary to the navy in war; but in peace it would cut only a small figure in our carrying trade. Living up to our maritime opportunities involves an investment of several times fifty million dollars.

A chief argument for the bill is that private capital, now too timid to venture into ocean carrying, will follow the Government's lead. But private capital says what it is mostly afraid of now is the Government itself. In that case the Government's presence in the field as a shipowner would keep it out instead of inducing it to go in.

Certainly nobody wants to compete with the Government. Government ships may be leased to private operators and run on strictly commercial lines; but it is still a question whether their presence in the field would not deter instead of encourage private capital so we should get only as much of a merchant marine as the Government itself built and owned.

In various ways the Government has been hostile to business. Its spirit has been inimical and oppressive. Business is suspicious of it. We think it very doubtful that Government ships would encourage private ships. Probably their effect would be the opposite.

Is Government ships or subsidy the only answer?

Building in Washington

ONE constant concern of the Federal Government should be to make Washington express to the eye what the capital of the United States ought to express. It is a concern, but not quite so constant a one as it should be. That project for a power house near the Monument is a scandalous instance of lapse.

In other ways the Government helps to disfigure the capital. It is never able to house its Departments adequately. They are continually spilling over into rented quarters; so there is a steady industry in the way of supplying the Government with office space. This encourages the construction of buildings that have no architectural merit and are often positively ugly. Many a mean, shabby building is kept in being by Uncle Sam's rent check. Nobody in authority, so far as we know, has ever suggested a comprehensive, adequate plan for housing the Government—such as nearly all big private enterprises sooner or later adopt.

Of course there is no economy in the hand-to-mouth, patchwork scheme; for what the Government pays in rent would pay interest and depreciation on the building. The present state of affairs results from the Government's general unwillingness to look farther ahead than this year's Appropriation Bill.

Trade Channels

FIFTY-TWO per cent of all the exports and imports of the United States last year passed through the port of New York. This spring the freight congestion there was frightful. Not only were terminals and immediate approaches choked with goods but far back from the seaboard long sidings were full of laden cars waiting to be forwarded. Hundreds of thousands of tons must have been held up, awaiting a chance to get on shipboard. Yet shippers kept right on billing their goods to New York until the railroads refused to accept further consignments in certain classes.

New York, being the big port, gets the most ships. It is a great import point; and the shipowner, having unloaded there on the in-voyage, would rather load there for the out-voyage. It is the country's money center, with the greatest facilities for financing shipments and handling exchange. Many big importing and exporting houses have established headquarters or branches there; so their own representatives are on the spot to oversee shipments at that point.

New York is best known to European exporters. In short, a hundred long-established trade influences have worn a channel to New York like the Cañon of the Colorado. The more business it does, the more reasons there are why it should do still more business. It may get choked up occasionally, but the torrent of goods still rolls there.

WILLIAM GREEN WRITES ON THE PASSING SHOW

By J. W. Foley

DEAR AUNT: It is severel months since I rote you but I have been very bussy in school and am getting along very fast. I have been wurking hard in all my studdies and the teacher says she would hardley know me from my spelling any more.

I thought I would rite to you to see if you would know me from my spelling, witch is changing very fast. It was always easy for me but it is easier than ever now since I am wurking so hard.

Henry Begg and me are both growing very fast and we are no sooner in one pair of pants than we are out of them into anuther witch seems to be a boys way.

Henry is wearing twelve year old pants for ten years witch is pretty good dont you think so? I used to wear eight year old pants for seven years but now I am wearing eleven year old pants for nine years witch is better.

At the way we are going Henry and me will both have to wear mens' pants for fifteen or sixteen years because there is no telling. But it is better to have to wear mens' pants for sixteen years than to have to wear boys' pants for eighteen or nineteen years so Henry and me are satisfied.

Henrys muther has to open his seams and let him out every few weeks and my muther the same even when we are wearing two years too old pants witch shows how we are growing the last few munths.

Henry and me thought we would rite and tell you about his dog Tige witch was sudenly killed last week by being run over by an ottomobile wile barking too clost under the frunt weels. We thought you would be interusted even though you never met Tige witch was part sheppard and part Noofoundlend and part of severel else and Henry had him a long time. He was a grate frend of all the boys in our naberhood and Henry asked them all to come over to his house and have a fine funerel.

The procession was formed at the barn dore back of Henrys house and was very sollem and bewtiful. The funerel was to be at fore oclock and the boys came a little before to be all reddy on time.

All of the boys were mornfle and you could not see a smile anywheres. Everybody was very frendly to Henry and shook hands with him and said maybe it was all for the best and Henry let them all come in the barn and look at Tige where he was laying on some clean straw in the stall.

He was very peaceful and looked quite nacherel. He was laying on his side as if he was asleep and you would not know the ottomobile hit him except for being dead. His tale was laid out strate behind him as if it was almost reddy to wag but it never would. Henry said dont he look nice with a lump in his throte and all of the boys coughed a little and rubbed their eyes so Henry would not see the teers in them because they did not want Henry to brake down.

Henry said it hardly seemed possibul that yesterday he was chasing cats and bringing home things and leaving them in the back yard and today he was all over for this wurld. Then he patted him on the head and rubbed his ear very soft and gentle and all of the boys patted him and rubbed his ear a little one by one with a grate menny teers running down their cheeks and dropping in the clean straw. It was a fine tribbewt to Tige don't you think so?

After wile all the boys went out and left Henry alone with him for a few minutes so he could say goodby to Tige for the last time. All of them stood outside of the barn dore sort of quiet and wating for Henry to come out witch he did with red eyes but very brave and cumposed.

The funerel procession was put in order by Billy Gibbs who Henry apointed Grand Marshall of the Procession. It was as follows:

Tommy Murphy playing a sad are on the mouthorgen.

Jimmy Banks beeting the dead march on his drum witch was muffleld with a woolen stocking.

Henry Brown carrying a banner made out of a flour sack on the end of a broomstick with Our Frend Tige in red paint.

Henrys frends marching two by two and keeping step to the drum and the mouthorgen.

Joey Brannon carrying Tiges coller with a black bonott on it.

Billy Brady carrying a big reeth of wild flowers witch Henrys gurl frends sent over just before the funerel.

Bobby Johnson, Henrys best frend next to me, weelen Tige in the weel barrow witch was all lined with wite cloth and some evergreens rapped around the weel and the handuls and three boys marching on each side of the weel barrow.

Henry and me walking behind the weel barrow with me a hold of Henrys arm.

All of the boys had their hats off and Billy Gibbs marched at the side of the procession up in frunt and kept the boys in line so the procession would not get mixt up.

The line of march was from the barn dore strate to the back kitchen dore of Henrys house then to the left out of the gait into the rode then to the rite down the rode to the frunt sidewalk then along the frunt sidewalk down the whole lenth of the block then down the side of the block to the ally then down the ally to the orchered and then through the orchered to the biggest apple tree where the boys had dug the grave.

A grate many people watched us out of the windows and some on the edge of the sidewalk and said afterwurds it was the finest funerel any dog ever had and all the boys thought how it would please Tige if he knew it.

The six boys marching by the side of the weel barrow stretched an old blanket acrost the grave and two more laid Tige on the blanket witch was the same one he always used to sleep on in the shed. All of the boys stood around with their hats off and Tommy Murphy played We Shall Meat But We Shall Miss Him on the mouthorgen wile the boys let Tige slowly down into the grave.

Henry picked out the tune to play and Tommy practiced all morning so he could play it purfect. Henry said he liked We Shall Meat But We Shall Miss Him the best of all the gospul hims he could think of and it seemed to be the best orle he could have picked out.

After the boys let Tige down and rapped the blanket around him Henry and me and all of the uther boys but two formed the procession again and marched back to the barn with the mornfle emty weel barrow. The two boys that staid cuvered Tige with the dirt that was laying by the grave and said ashes to ashes dust to dust according to Henrys wishes and then laid the reeth of wild flowers on top of the grave.

After we got back to the barn and put the weel barrow in Billy Gibbs told the boys to brake ranks. Two boys marched to the shed where Tige used to sleep and hung up his coller with the black bonott on it on a nale where it will always stay no matter how many more dogs Henry mite have because he said he could never forget Tige.

It was so mornfle after it was all over nobody knows what mite have happend but just then Henrys muther came out on the back porch with a big pan full of donuts and a wash pitcher full of cider, as if it was the last thing she could do for Tige and all his frends. At first the boys did not feel as though they would ever want to eat again and Henry said a donut would choak him but he mite be able to drink a little cider but just to keep us cumpany because he did not expect us to feel as bad as he did. So we all sat down on the porch wile our appetite slowly came back although at first it was a grate strane on us to eat. But by washing the donuts down with cider we manneged to swallow them until our greef was a little easier and Henry manneged to eat fore donuts because the boys begged him to on account of keeping strong so he could bare the pane.

Henrys muther could see how much all the boys were sufering and she brought out several pans of donuts and three or fore pitchers of cider before she thought it was safe to leave us alone. She is a fine woman and she must be a grate cumfurt to Henry now that Tige is gone. It was a wunderful site when she brought out the donuts and cider with a bewtiful sad smile at all of Tige and Henrys frends. After the boys had fore or five donuts apeace and fore or five glasses of cider most of them were reddy to go home for supper after shaking hands with Henry again and thanking his muther for being such a cumfort to us.

Henry thinks he may be able to get anuther dog from

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some of the nabors as they sometimes have one to spare but he never expects to have anuther one like Tige. I staid to supper with Henry after the funerel. Henry's muther had chicken pie and I did not want to leave Henry alone so soon after the funerel.

Henry thought he mite have to stay out of school for a cupple days until he gets over it and wundered if I would stay out with him and keep him from being too lonesome but his muther thought after a nights sleep he would be able to go to school all rite tomorrow morning and so I guess we will.

Maybe next Satterday we will go to a show or something in the afternoon if we can get the money to take Henrys mind off of Tige. What do you think about it? A nice letter from you to Henry and me mite do Henry a grate deal of good.

Your affectionate Nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. A prompt answer would reach us Friday and I could supprize Henry Satterday morning. What do you think about it? W. G.

My dear Aunt: I thought I would rite and let you know Henry and me reseaved your nice letter full of much simpathy and a dollar bill witch made it possibul for me to take Henry to the show Satterday.

Henry was much supprized when I told him because he did not know you knew Tige at all and he wundered how the news of him spread so far. I did not think it was necessary to tell him I rote you about it because I am hoping to keep Tige off of his mind and so I let him think it was like litenen out of a clear sky as they sometimes are.

Henry did not know if it was rite to go to the show so soon after Tige's funerel but after a little orgument he said it would probily do no good to stay away because it would not bring Tige back and anyway Tige would want him to go if he was here.

It was a very good show and Henry and me got in for ten sense apeace with atey sense left over witch is quite econnomicle dont you think so? Henry and me had some peanuts and soda water once before and once after the show witch is now sixty sense left over. I told Henry we would divide the money left over even and I would keep his share so we would be sure to spend it together. Henry said it was very generous to offer to divide it that way and thank you for his share witch will probily be spent first so he will not wurry about getting it.

The show was the Boy Scouts Venjunce and was all about life on the Grate Planes and Indians in three reals and was the most Henry and me ever got for ten sense lasting from half past two till five oclock all the time on the edge of your seet from exsitement.

It was just the kind of a show to make him forget about Tige and you would be very happey if you could see Henry on the edge of his seet for two hours and a half. You would not beleave what you can do for ten sense unless you could see Henry watching the pictures.

It was a wunderful site when he began to forget Tige and I was offle glad I rote you when I watched Henry. Two boys in a show with their tickets bought and sitting in two seets with sixty sense between them would make any boys aunt glad if she could see them.

It was very dark at first and the Boy Scout and his parents and his little sister were sitting around the campfire frying bacon and having a fine time on the Grate Planes. The Boy Scout was about the sighs of Henry and me with long golden hare hanging down his back and a bowey knife in his belt probily for killing bares and scalping Indians.

Henry said he was probily Buffelo Bill when he was a small boy from a picture taken a grate many years ago.

Back of the campfire was a big cuvered wagon witch they were using to ride in over the Grate Planes and we could see the horses grazing away off in the corner of the picture almost out of site. They were almost left out of the picture and would be if they walked a little farther grazing but Henry and me saw them before they did.

Then Henry and me saw the Indians riding down out of the mountains very still wile the bacon was frying and hardley a sine of danger anywheres.

All at once the Boy Scout looked up and grabbed his bowey knife but it was too late for a hundered Indians were riding around the cuvered wagon and the campfire hanging over the side of the horses and shooting the Boy Scouts parents who fell dead from a hundered wounds.

Pretty soon we could see the cuvered wagon burning and the Boy Scouts parents laying dead in the flames showing very plane where their scalps came off and the Indians were riding back to the mountains with the Boy Scout and his little sister carried off on horse back. Henry and me watched the wagon until it all burned up witch was a terrible site and Henry said he would like to save the Boy Scouts parents from burning up but it was all over so quick there was hardley any time.

The next seen was the Boy Scout at nite rubbing the rawhide on his rist over the bowey knife until it was cut in two and then he cut the rawhide on his feet and we could see him standing up in the Indian camp in the middle of the nite. Beside of him was an Indian laying asleep to watch him. Henry and me saw the Boy Scout lean over and stab him in the hart with the bowey knife and he dide without saying a word or making a sound. It was very exsiting. Henry almost swallowed his gum and I let go of the sixty sense change in my pocket until we were sure the Indian was dead.

Then the Boy Scout took the Indian cheefs wite horse and galluped away wavving the bloody bowey knife in the are with the blood dripping down. Henry and me cheered out loud and then Henry stopped quick for fear of waking the rest of the Indians.

The next seen was twenty years after. The Boy Scouts sister was a bewtiful girl about sixteen or seventeen years old and would have to marry the old cheefs son that day or be offered as a sackrifice by pushing her off the rocks into the Boiling Spring.

She seemed to be quite wurried that day and Henry and me felt offle sorry for her.

All around the Boiling Spring Henry and me could see hundereds of snakes so if she would miss the Boiling Spring she would be out of the frying pan into the fire anyway. Henry was so excited wundering if she would marry the old cheefs son he slipt off of the edge of his seet onto the flore and mist the first of the next seen witch was the best of all.

The Boy Scout was coming down out of the mountains waving his bowey knife and behind him were a hundered cowboys wavving their hats and yelling but we could onley see them yelling because they were so far away. The Boy Scout was now a young man with long hare but Henry and me knew he was the same boy. The Boy Scouts sister was standing on top of the grate rock wating to be pushed into the Boiling Spring with her hands together praying because she would not marry the old cheefs son.

Henry was standing on his seet by this time and I was jumping up and down in mine trying to keep cool but it was very exsiting for both of us. A man back of Henry told him to sit down and then the man stood up after wile so he could see better. The woman back of me was kicking my seet with both feet and telling me to stop jumping up and down. It was ten sense wurth for everybody.

One of the cowboys threw his rope and pulled the Boy Scouts sister off of the rock and she fell fainting in his arms. Six of the Indians were pushed into the Boiling Spring where we could see them slowly boiling to death with the snakes wating outside if they should crawl out on the bank.

The Boy Scout killed the old cheef and his son with his own hand wile all the uther Indians were shot and laying dead on the ground. All the squaws and little Indians were saved and probily taken back to the reseervation but Henry and me are not sure. The Boy Scouts sister came to from fainting and fell in love with the cowboy and everything was brite and happey after many years.

It was too bad about the Boy Scouts parents Henry said, but it was twenty years ago and everybody is pretty well over it now Henry thought.

He said any boy could bare to lose a dog if he had an aunt like you left. He thinks a cupple more shows like the one Satterday will make him feel like new again witch will be forty sense and we will still have twenty sense left over for a raney day.

Your affectionate Nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. There was more of the Boy Scouts Venjunce but the mane points are here.

W. G.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Found in the Field

THERE are books—and very interesting ones—which are no more than collections of odds and ends of sporting hints; tips, wrinkles, suggestions, curious bits of wisdom learned in actual experience in the open. If the many inventions of sportsmen could be put into one book it must needs be a very large one. The sporting-goods catalogues are partial records of progress in sporting appliances, but thousands of other curious and interesting inventions never get into print. Indeed, there is scarcely a sportsman out-of-doors for a week who does not find something new to his own experience or who does not invent something new to the experience of others.

Something of these thoughts came to mind not long ago in the course of a modest little quail hunt in no wilder country than that of lower Illinois, where three of us fancied we should like to drift down the Okaw River. Really there is no such stream as the Okaw and the correct name for it is the Kaskaskia River. Its wide bottoms once made one of the best game fields in the Mississippi Valley. Not only is this historic stream the crookedest known to man but it is also the one fullest of snags. At a low stage of water, such as we found, one advances in continual danger of capsizing, for the water is just stained enough to hide the lurking logs and rotten stumps.

A proper Okaw River boat, scow-built, double-ended, should draw from four to six inches of water. Ours, loaded as it was, drew about twelve. Averaging not much over twenty miles a day, for a journey we supposed to be about seventy-five miles, we traveled a hundred and eighty-five miles before we left the river and took to wagons—and then were thirty-five miles from our point of destination!

The river itself lies in a deep-cut trough, rambling here and there, quite out of sight, now on this side, now on that, of the rich alluvial bottoms. A whole flotilla of boats might pass through the country unseen; and in the hidden river channel one might fancy himself to be as much in a wilderness as though the locality were Africa, not Illinois. Naturally a party here must live in camp; and naturally in a camping trip of this sort, with continual change of scene, the resources of a scantily equipped party would be taxed. Yet we were very comfortable. Which brings us to the main proposition that the more you travel in the open, the more you find out.

For instance, there was our sheet-iron stove, a new sort and of our own device. It was made with a top, two sides and a rear end—the latter with a thimble to receive two or three lengths of stovepipe. There was no bottom and no front end to the stove, which was made of sheet iron, eighteen inches wide and twenty-four inches deep. We found we could erect this stove just in front of the tent door and, even in a heavy rain, ourselves remain dry while we went on with our cooking. The stove, moreover, was a fierce little heater and, as compared with an open camp fire, withal a great economizer of fuel. As it could be kept close to the door of the tent it kept the interior of the tent dry and warm when we so desired.

The Wire Ridge Rope

We plan making a better stove for next fall—one capable of being knocked down—fastened with nuts and bolts. We think the dimensions of this stove will be eighteen inches wide at the back end, thirty-six inches in front, and from twenty-four to thirty inches in depth. This new stove with flaring front should be a very able heating agency in cold weather, and should reflect heat better than a straight box, such as we used this year. A heating device of this sort is not necessary in any but very cold weather. Our trip was in November and we needed fire of some sort while we were in camp.

We found that not only did this sheet-iron arrangement save fuel for us but it offered far greater safety, as it kept sparks from falling in the hay or dry leaves of which we made our beds. We made no attempt to keep the stove inside the tent. There are numbers of sheet-iron heaters made for that purpose, but they require a lot of stoking and do not offer the advantages of an open fire, as our stove did. We rather prided ourselves that we had made quite a discovery in camp comfort.

Another tip we learned on this trip, which, to my mind, is far more useful than our sheet-iron stove, was the wire ridge rope—perhaps not new to others, but new to us. This was discovered in part by accident. One of our party was run off a farm by an irate granger and in retaliation stole a little coil of soft galvanized wire he found lying in a fence corner. I hasten to add that locally it is considered ethical—not to say etiquette—in the Okaw bottoms to steal boats, oars, paddles, or anything else which may be found detachable. To leave silver for anything so taken, as we did, is thought merely finicky.

"Well," said our companion as he came into the boat, "this was the best I could do—just a little bit of wire." But the little bit of wire had an idea attached.

Of course, we had not taken along any tent poles; and, of course, tent poles are very awkward to cut in the case of a big wall tent such as ours. We were using a rope ridge, and anyone knows how a rope ridge will shrink or stretch in accordance with the moisture and the temperature surrounding it.

Getting Guy Wire Out of the Way

That night one of the boys calmly proceeded to thread this galvanized wire through the upper works of the tent instead of using the rope. It worked beautifully, because it was capable of being stretched tight; and when once stretched it stayed tight. Never again a rope ridge, gentlemen, I beseech ye! Wire is the thing from now on. It is more portable, far stronger and more efficient. It is not unlikely that other outdoor folk have fallen on this same invention, which, nevertheless, was new and very delectable to us.

This wire ridge support led us to quite another discovery, which, it seems to me, is of even more importance. Of course, in cold weather a camper wants an open fire of some sort close to the front of his tent. This is wanted just about where the front pole stands, or where the guy rope slants down from its supporting crotch to the peg that holds it tight; if you have a fire, either the front tent pole or the front guy rope is sure to be in the way. How, then, to solve that problem comfortably?

We solved it first in a camp where we were among close-standing trees. We tied a long pole horizontally, between two trees, and wired the front part of the tent to it, the back end of the ridge rope being fastened to another tree. This, of course, left us with a clear and unobstructed view in front of the tent. It is not always possible, however, to use this device, because frequently one camps on a flat where there are no trees.

One very cold evening, just after we had found the utility of our wire ridge pole, one of the boys proceeded to solve this problem again, offhand and yet in very definite and conclusive fashion.

We were at this time encamped on a flat meadow where there were no trees. Back of us was a wire fence and in front of us nothing at all. We fastened one end of the ridge rope to the top strand of wire and ran a tall crotch under it to give the necessary height to the rear of the tent. We got us two tall crotches to prop up the front end of the ridge rope in the same way. But—and here is the invention—we did not drop this wire down at an angle and fasten it to a guy peg right where the fire ought to be. On the contrary, we carried the wire rope on out into the meadow, at an elevation of seven or eight feet, to an extent of twenty feet or so, and there put under it another tall crotch, beyond which stood the guy peg, which held all taut.

Thus, between these two front crotches, we had an open-air continuation of our wire ridge rope at such a distance above the fire that it could not by any possibility be burned through. Underneath this continued ridge we had all kinds of room for the fire and no pegs or ropes to stumble over. This notion also may have occurred to other campers, but it was original to us,

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So much for the strength of the Sherwood Adjustable *All-Metal* Screen and the service it gives. Then the Sherwood has the wire mesh locked *in* the metal frame—this keeps the mesh taut and prevents flies getting through. You won't be satisfied with ordinary screens once you try the Sherwood. And you'll certainly not pay the high price and wait for made-to-order screens when you can drop in at any dealer's *anywhere* at *any* time and get the Sherwood. Any more points? Certainly!

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are very neat appearing, they fit any window [illegible] quickly adjusted—you may leave them out all summer as the metal frame can't crack, bend, swell nor warp. And you can take them with you if you move.

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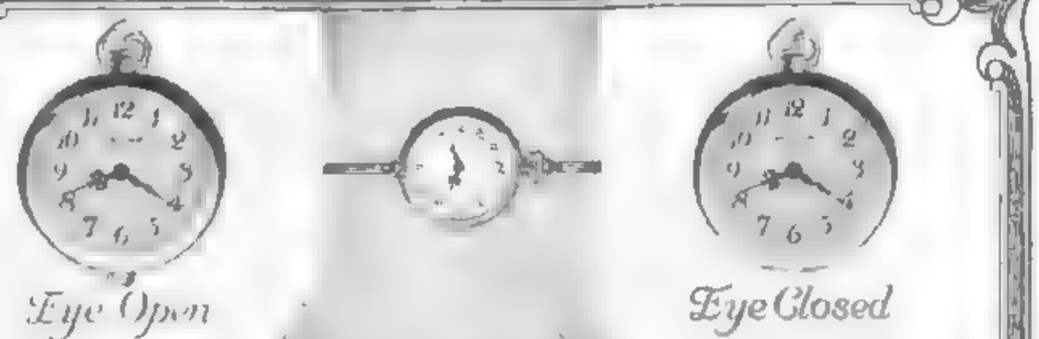

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The invention of the disappearing eye makes it possible to wear the watch shown above as a bracelet watch, and merely by closing the eye convert it into a regular watch which can then be used as a chatelaine, sautoir or pocket piece.

The novelty and practical advantages of this watch are so obvious that they speak for themselves. As a "quality" gift it is unlikely that anything quite so attractive will be offered to you this season.

Jewelers and expert watch workmen know that Waltham movements will run more accurately and require less attention than other makes. This excellence of manufacture becomes even more important in small watches. If you have ever had experience with ordinary small watches, you will appreciate the need of a Waltham.

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You never saw one who was.

There must be some pretty thorough judgment somewhere that dictates the selection of such a paper as

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What influences the judgment that buys Old Hampshire Bond?

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We tell you in a booklet entitled "Business Stationery" which we will cheerfully send you on request.

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It will be a good thing for you to read this book—if for no other purpose than to use the facts in it to combat the arguments of the man who would sell you an even cheaper paper than you now think is good enough.

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and we exulted very much in its convenience. Such a high ridge rope makes a good drying line too. Cut out the front pole—it is in the way. Stretch the ridge by two poles, rigged shear-fashion, and spread wide as the tent at the bottom.

Next fall we plan a more ambitious camp for our quail hunt, though it means an extra boat. We are going to have two tents—one a wall tent for the cooking, and the other, somewhat removed, for the sleeping purposes of men and perhaps of dogs—always our dogs shall sleep as warm and dry as ourselves. Between the two tents there will be a long fly, which will act as a roof in time of rain. We figure that we can run our stovepipe out at one side of this and go on with our cooking operations in perfect comfort in any weather. The entire three structures of canvas will be supported on one continuous wire rope. If we needed two ridge ropes—one for the tents and one for the fly—it would be perfectly easy to make them of wire. Wherefore, gentlemen, always have this little bundle of soft annealed wire in your camp bag.

In a country hotel one sits yawning for the evening in a crowded, smoky, overheated office room, and goes to bed in a cold, underheated room with a poor bed in it. In the average farmhouse there is little privacy, and generally too much heat and too little air. In camp the ventilation is always perfect, the fire is quite as you like it, and the food—no unimportant matter—is better in camp than it is in the average country farmhouse or the average little hotel.

At least we could find game enough in our travels to supply our own small needs. Thanks to a very efficient coon dog we usually had squirrels and rabbits enough for our stew kettle. Sometimes we could add quail to the stew kettle. Sometimes we could broil a quail—or, forsooth, even fry a quail. There was an occasional possum—and one bee tree. To be sure, breakfast in camp is mighty apt to be bread, bacon and coffee; but then there are other meals besides breakfast.

In our own case we conducted a very well-ordered Brunswick stew day after day. This we made up of all sorts of tinned vegetables, bits of bread, additions of corn meal, tomato soup, chili con carne, and so on. We had a little game sauce along for seasoning; and, all in all, we fancied that the product of our stew kettle really was good human food, what with the game we were able to add to it now and then. Bread we ignominiously bought in villages or at farms.

On a hunt of this kind one sometimes is puzzled to find dog feed. We had three dogs, each with a very fair working appetite. We found that the meat dog would eat raw muskrat or raw rabbit and that one of the bird dogs would eat raw squirrel or raw rabbit. The other was a little bit supercilious about such things at first, but finally came to the assimilation of rat, squirrel, rabbit, or almost anything else—a dog eats more than a man when hunting every day.

The Cowpuncher's Bed

Once, on the bank of a river, we picked up a loose stew kettle that somebody had left unchained, and by means of this as a dog kettle we fabricated abundant feed for our canine friends. We made this more or less out of corn meal, with additions of such fresh meat as we did not need ourselves. Each of us learned how to carve a rabbit with a hatchet in the dark, in a manner entirely satisfactory—to a dog at least.

Corn meal is very excellent feed for dogs. The great bear packs of the South customarily were fed from the great dog kettle of corn-meal mush out in the front yard of the plantation. When you are making corn-meal mush for your dogs be sure to boil the water first, and then stir in the meal slowly until it is of the consistence of a thick mush. In this way the meal will be thoroughly cooked, and not otherwise. We made it a practice to feed our dogs in the morning when we could, and every evening whether we could or not—a hunting dog gaunts very quickly unless well fed, and ours were traveling hard, following the boat round the countless river bends.

When speaking of beds in camp one ought not to overlook that most useful of all camp articles, the tarpaulin, or heavy canvas waterproof, in which the cowpuncher is accustomed to carry his bed roll. The way to make a tarpie bed is this: Spread out your canvas at full length—fourteen feet. In the middle of it and toward one end, within a foot or so, lay down your bed as you intend to lie in it. Spread the blankets out full width, and also full length, not folded. Now draw up the free end of your tarpie. The foot of your bed will rest in the bight of your canvas. The upper end of the canvas will stick out beyond the lower end a couple of feet perhaps; you can pull that over your head if the wind blows or if there is rain.

Your bed thus far is only half made. You do not use the snaps and hooks, which would only partly keep the air from getting in at the edges of your bed. Hook one or two if you like at the top on the side where your back is going to be, toward the wind, only to keep the end from slipping down. Now go to the foot of your bed and lift it up with one hand; and with the other hand fold it under, doubled canvas, blankets and all, clear under the bed, to a length of, say, two-thirds of the entire bed—double and fold under the canvas and blankets the full length on the side toward the wind. Repeat this process on the other side.

Packing the Tarpie Bed

You now have a bed that is folded under you for most of its length on both sides. You can roll round in it all you like and the covers will not come off of you. No wind and no water can get in through the heavy canvas and the fold of the blankets. You can make the upper end open on one side as you like and can snuggle the blankets round you as you like when the night grows colder or the rain grows wetter. You never will roll out of your bed clothes.

This is the proper cowpuncher's bed, and I think it is the best ever devised for the out-of-door man. There is no sleeping bag worth mentioning in the same breath with it. In the morning the cowpuncher can ventilate his bed, can dry it if he likes at any time, and yet can always keep it clean and compact.

A very sloppy cowpuncher might, in fixing up his bed roll in the morning, simply roll his whole bed together and tie it loosely with a rope, throwing the bundle into the wagon. That is not the correct way to do. Spread out your tarpaulin at full length again. Spread your blankets in the middle toward one end. Fold from each side toward the middle. Bring up the free end of the tarpie and fold in from each edge over the blankets. Roll the whole into a cylinder. Tie it up with a short rope by means of what is known as the express knot—which does not slip at the crossings—and finish it up with a slipknot, which will come loose at one pull on a wet or cold evening; never tie your bed rope in a hard knot.

But suppose you are in camp or on a hunt where there is no wagon transportation, and are obliged to carry your bed on a pack horse. How shall you do that? The tarpie rises perfectly to this occasion also. Spread out your tarpie as before, full length. Lay your blankets full width in the middle. Fold over from each side as before. Bring your tarpie together, the hooks snapped into the rings on each side to keep it from slipping. Fold it in from each side, protecting the blankets with the folded canvas.

You now have a full-length narrow bed, not rolled. Take this, one-third as wide as your blankets, and protected by the double canvas against all perspiration from the horse, as well as from all dirt or rain, and throw it across the back of your pack horse—if he will let you. If he will not let you you will have to do it anyhow. Now cinch this in place by what the cowpuncher calls the stirrup hitch. Your bed will ride dry unless your horse shall be submerged for quite a while when making a bad ford; and it will come into camp if your horse does.

What is the secret of the keen delight every man feels in utilizing for camp purposes such means as he finds about him at the time? I suppose it is because we all like to think we have succeeded; like to think we have done something hard; like to think we have prevailed in life. We like to accomplish difficult things, even in the wilderness, by the use of our own faculties.

As to the home surroundings, one's problems have been solved mostly by the landlord or the janitor. You can find a folding bed made out of a piano, or a steel engraving that lets down and becomes an Empire dining table, and kitchen utensils that can be used as parlor ornaments; but that is not so much fun. I do not know that you can raise a good man in a steam-heated flat any more than you can raise a good tree in a flat—and I know you can not have a good time there.

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Today more purchasers of enclosed cars buy Detroit Electrics than any other one make—either of gasoline or electric type.

To the serious-minded seeker after the truth about motor car values this marked public preference for the Detroit Electric is of extreme significance.

For it means that the largest single group of enclosed car buyers in America, after mature deliberation, has reached the conclusion that the Detroit Electric offers the supreme degree of enclosed car development.

And the Detroit Electric has won its way to this place of prominence purely by reason of its merit. When it entered the enclosed car field it faced the competition of half a hundred manufacturers. Of these a dozen or more were strongly entrenched.

So at first the Detroit Electric held about the bottom place. Now Detroit Electrics rule. And no man, we believe, will question their right. For Detroit Electric superiority is a visible, provable fact.

Stop for a moment—if you will—and consider what it means to hold top place in the enclosed car field. Consider what it implies about the Detroit Electric. Consider what big things we must have done to win this triumph.

First, we took the electric-powered automobile out of the "Merely a Woman's Car" class. We gave it greater battery capacity. We gave it a mileage of from 80 to 90 miles on a single charge. We gave it greater power. We gave it greater speed.

Today, of course, there are some men who still regard the electric car as "merely a woman's car." But they are men who have never ridden in a Detroit Electric.

Next, we increased Detroit Electric efficiency. We improved, and refined, and developed it, till we achieved an automobile that will give unfailing, unflagging, unfaltering service 365 days in the year, and for 98% of all the trips you will undertake.

Then, we lowered the cost of operation. Owners of Detroit Electrics—men who have driven other types of cars—say they find their upkeep cost 30% to 50% less. In every detail, in every feature, we made the Detroit Electric strong, dependable, powerful and modern.

And we retained all of its beauty of line, all of its refinement, all of its luxury, its comfort, its driving safety and simplicity. So that those who buy Detroit Electrics today buy not merely a man's car, not merely a woman's car, but a car for both men and women—a real family automobile for all-year use.

Here—let us again refer you to the fact that the largest single group of enclosed car buyers in America, after carefully weighing the evidence, is of the opinion that the Detroit Electric offers the best investment. Has any other enclosed car such overwhelming endorsement?

We urge you to see the nearest Detroit Electric dealer and let him arrange a demonstration. You will find him the responsible dealer in your town.

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Unless you care for your teeth as they *should* be cared for, Time takes from them its certain toll. "Acid-Mouth" and decay, *unless prevented*, work their destructive way.

To keep your teeth sound and white and gleaming as the years roll on, use Pebeco Tooth Paste twice daily and visit your dentist twice yearly. Pebeco will help you ward off "Acid-Mouth" and the sure decay it brings.

Never forget this fact—"Acid-Mouth" is the estimated cause of 95% of *all* tooth decay. It is said that nine out of every ten persons have "Acid-Mouth." Don't think that *you* can escape this foe to good teeth. Use Pebeco — it counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

"Acid-Mouth" comes and works in secret. It weakens the enamel and opens the way for bacteria of decay to enter the soft interior of the teeth.

The teeth of the young usually are strong. Pebeco helps keep them so. If you would have your children grow up with sound, white teeth, teach them to use Pebeco regularly.

Send for *free* "Acid-Mouth" Test. Then turn to Pebeco in time.

Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers Mailed Free

The Test Papers will show you whether you have "Acid-Mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube of Pebeco will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts. Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, removes unpleasant odors, purifies the mouth and gives a delightful feeling of freshness and keenness to the mouth. Pebeco is sold everywhere in *extra large sized tubes*. Use all you want, but only one-third of a brushful is needed at a time. Therefore Pebeco saves money as well as teeth.

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THE CALL OF THE CALLIOPE

(Continued from Page 25

is of peculiar merit, commands its own price. In a general way when you speak of a circus performer's salary and why he or she gets it, and leave out those who are absolute stars, you find that unlike people of the hall-show world, their value is based upon the number of acts in which they double.

As I write I have in mind Lucia Zora, who has for some years back been a feature attraction of one of the largest circuses. Zora opens the performance with a cageful of cats—that is, a cageful of lions and tigers. Half an hour afterward you see her performing with the great herd of elephants. I don't know any other way to describe her than to say that she is a woman of tremendous personality, and as a drawing card is possibly worth as much as almost any woman connected with the big top. Or take, for instance, Irene Montgomery, who works on the swinging ladder, fills in with a bareback act, rides high-school horses and drives tandem. Of course, in the circus world there are several women like her, but they are the valuable ones because they can be relied on no matter what happens.

The pay of the executive staff differs greatly. The manager with the show usually gets so much for the season or is hired by the year, because when the show reaches winter quarters work starts all over again to get ready for the next season. The treasurer also is paid by the year; ticket-sellers by the week, getting all the way from thirty to fifty dollars. The kid-show men usually work on percentage although of course some have flat arrangements as to pay. The star press agents are paid all the way from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, a liberal allowance being made in most cases for entertaining expenses.

Then come the boss hostler and boss canvasman. The latter is responsible for the erecting and taking down of the big top and all the other tents. Moreover, he must be a man possessed of considerable executive ability, able to make men work and, above all, to respect him. Absolute discipline in his department must be maintained; he is the supreme arbiter, and if his orders are not carried out he usually knows how to enforce them.

The boss hostler has control of all the horses, but usually pays most of his attention to the draft stock. Under him he has a deputy who is called "boss of the ring stock," which means that he exercises a special supervision over the horses that take part in the performance. A stock car usually carries about twenty-two horses, those most in use being built along the lines of the palace stock cars one sees passing over the railroads attached to ordinary freight trains. Each team of baggage-stock makes two trips from the railroad to the lot, except of course where the roads are deep in mud or badly cut upon the grades, when extra teams have to be hooked on.

The Health of the Circus Horse

Some circuses carry a veterinary surgeon, but in most cases the boss hostler uses his own remedies, which in years of experience have proven efficacious for the various ailments to which horses are subject. And apropos of this, it might be stated that sickness is the exception rather than the rule among the stock of the circus. I have often been asked about this by Government purchasing agents and horsemen throughout the country. They all argue that when they purchase a number of horses and ship them, the losses from car fever, pink-eye and other ailments frequently offset the profits. I think that the reason the circus horse happens to be so healthy can be traced to the fact that although the changes in feed and water are made every day, he is not put in strange and stuffy stables when he arrives in town. He does not eat out of old mangers that have been used for generations, the woodwork of which is impregnated with all manner of microbes. But instead he is housed in a tent, eats his hay off the ground and his oats from a clean canvas cloth.

With very few exceptions, everybody with the circus "makes" the parade, but as a rare concession a clause is permitted to be inserted in the contract stipulating that the performer shall not be asked to go in the street spectacle. The exception is usually made in the case of the star riders, and perhaps with the big circus would not extend to more than five or six people. With the small circuses, in order to make a good showing, naturally everyone must parade

When one speaks of the parades one is often asked why all circuses have them. True, they cost money, use up paraphernalia in the wear and tear and take much time. All I can say in answer is that the American public has come to expect a free show and won't have anything else. Something like a decade ago one of the biggest circuses in the country cut out the parade, but its business fell away to such a marked degree that when it came round on the following year it staged the biggest street parade ever seen in the show business. Oh, yes, Sam and Mary still want to count the elephants, and Bill Spivens enjoys sizing up the pretty girls on horseback, and all the kids want to follow January and the clown Everyone crowds the sidewalks to hear the musical rainbows that the nine separate and distinct bands are smashing across the atmosphere.

When we speak in our own vernacular of the daily expense with the circus we call it the "nut." It's a common thing to hear two circus men talking over some town that had been visited and hear the one say to the other: "Did you get off of the nut?" by which he means to ask was sufficient taken in to pay the expense of running the circus in that particular town.

Easy Lessons in Circus Talk

Part of the unwritten law of the circus is that everyone who joins out in the spring shall finish the season unless discharged for cause, and this is very frequently referred to by troupers when applying for a position. The most salient argument they can use is the simple assertion: "I never walked away in the middle of the season"

We don't say So-and-So left the show at Chicago, when speaking of anyone having severed his connection with us. We say he "walked away at Chicago," and a peculiar thing about it is no one on the outside can find out why he walked away. If you ask, the reply will be, "Oh, I guess he got tired," and that's as far as you will ever get.

In describing where some performer or trouper is, they don't say he is with the Barnum show; they will say he is "over on" the Barnum show. If you ask where he was last summer they will tell you he was "over here" last summer.

The seats in the circus that are especially set aside are called the reserves; all the other seats not so preëmpted are called the "blues," taking their names from the color which the stringers and planks are painted. If you see two circus men talking, and one remarks, "I ain't goin' to play Nodville this season, because they boosted th' 'reader,'" he means that the circus license has been put too high. A purse is called a "leather"; a "low pitch" is where a street faker or balloon man sells his wares from the street or sidewalk; a "high pitch" where he does business from a buggy or wagon. When we say, "I recognized you," or at least should so express ourselves, we make it shorter and say: "I made you as you come on th' lot."

Now although the circus handles about as much actual money, day in and day out, as almost any institution that I know of, I never heard of a circus treasurer being under bond, and so far as I know it is not recorded that any of them was ever short a nickel in his account. Many times there has been as much as twenty or thirty thousand dollars in cash in the safe, and I can remember only one instance in which a circus wagon was robbed.

The performers are usually paid on Saturday. They come to the wagon and get their money in envelopes just as the employees of an office, store or a big newspaper. A great many of them leave the larger part of their salary with the circus treasurer, and do not draw it until the day that the circus closes; because, taking them as a class, they are forehanded people, and make preparations for the four or five months that they are not working.

Some of the star performers have beautiful homes, and when we consider the salaries they receive, which would seem to pale into insignificance alongside those paid to movie actors and vaudeville stars, it must be remembered that the people of the circus work anywhere from thirty-three to forty weeks every season, with all their living expenses and transportation paid in addition

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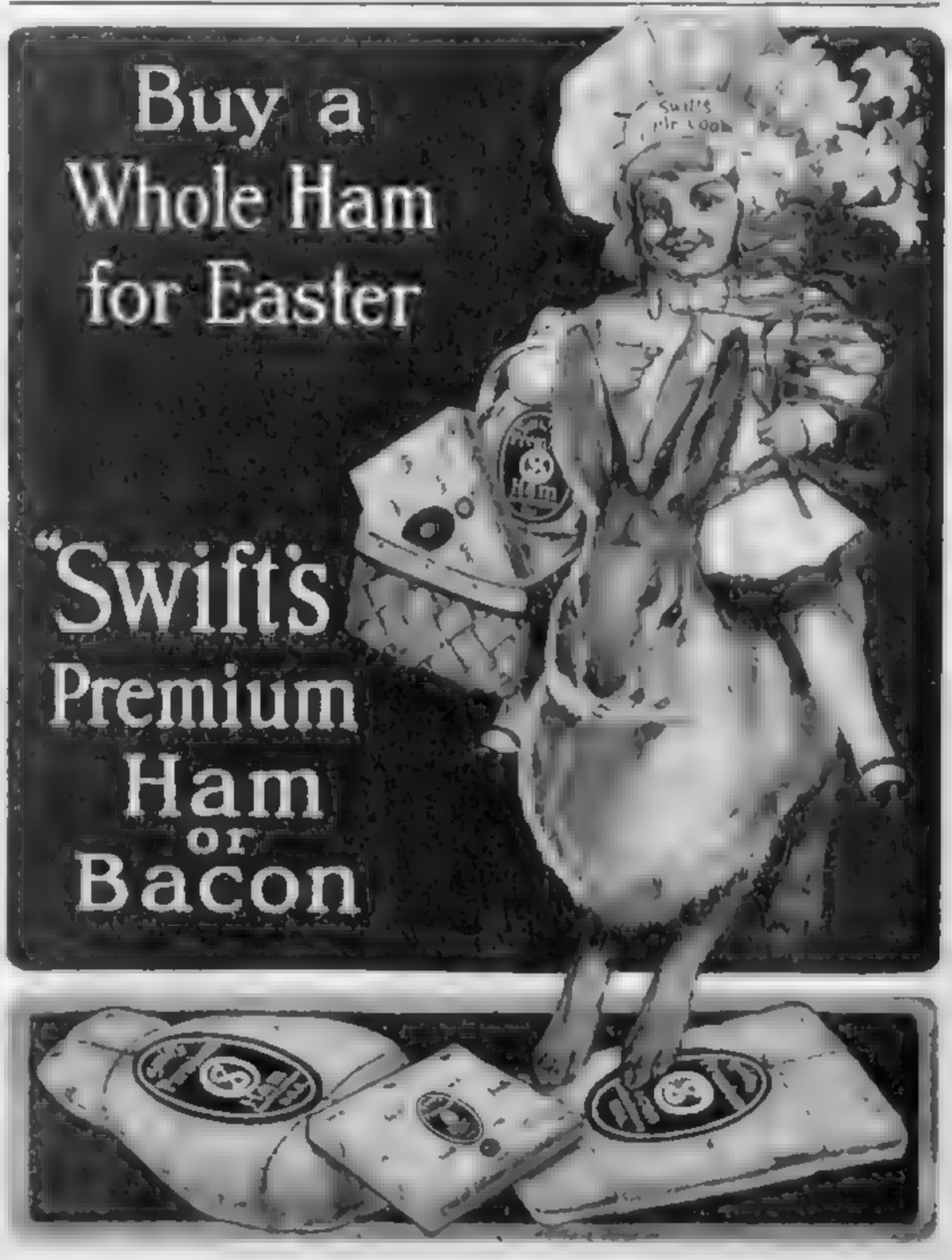

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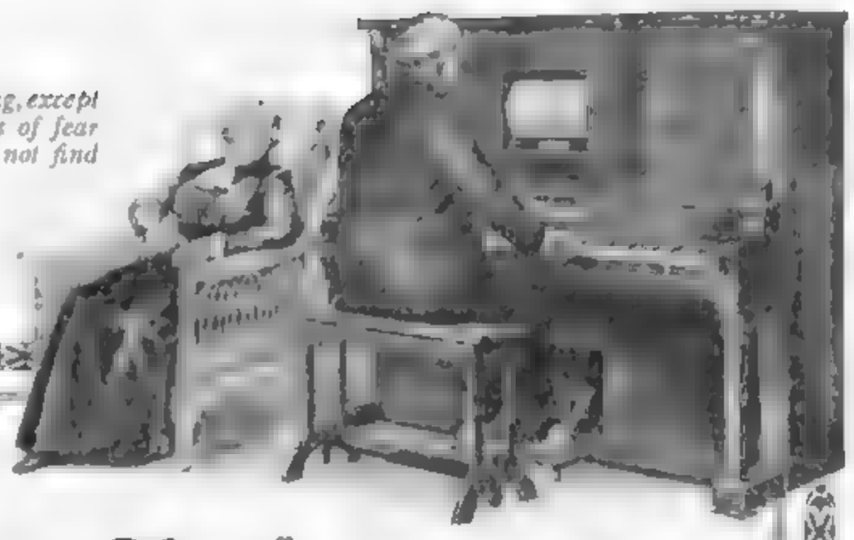

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Sold by responsible dealers everywhere. Write to nearest address and we will send you an interesting book, "The A B C of the Manualo", and arrange for you to hear this ingenious instrument wherever you live.

The Baldwin Piano Company

CINCINNATI	CHICAGO	ST. LOUIS	NEW YORK
142 W. Fourth Street	323 S. Wabash Ave.	1111 Olive Street	665 Fifth Avenue
DENVER	SAN FRANCISCO	INDIANAPOLIS	LOUISVILLE
1636 California St.	310 Sutter St.	18 N. Penn'a St	425 S. Fourth Ave

Automobiles and Insurance

Most people think of automobile insurance as an old form of protection adapted to a modern invention. As a matter of fact, the self-propelled vehicle is older than most forms of insurance. A Frenchman drove a steam carriage in the days of Marie Antoinette. An Englishman was arrested for joy-riding in 1802. In 1815 the directors of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company were amazed to see a steam locomotive snorting through the streets. We are not told whether they ever considered this strange contraption from an insurance standpoint. But we do know that almost before the motor car had ceased to be an experiment the Hartford Fire Insurance Company was offering automobile policies. Today you can insure yourself from every risk of a motor car through the complete

INSURANCE SERVICE OF THE TWO HARTFORDS

Any agent of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, acting in conjunction with the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company, can sell you complete protection from loss to yourself or car through fire, collision, theft and personal liability.

Representatives of the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company, acting in conjunction with the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, sell the same complete automobile protection, as well as all other modern forms of bonding and casualty insurance.

The two companies, between them, write practically every form of insurance but life insurance.

Check on the coupon below any form of insurance in which you may be interested. Mail it to us and we will send you full information.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company (Service Department P-4), 125 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me information on the kind of insurance checked below. Name and address written in margin.

Fire	Burglary	Auto Liability	Race Horse	Sprinkler Leakage
Accident	Bonding	Auto Collision	Parcel Post	Salesmen's Samples
Health	Elevator	Auto Theft	Live Stock	Live Stock Transit
Hail	Tornado	Auto Fire	Golfer's Policy	Employer's Liability
Rent	Marine	Plate Glass	Registered Mail	Workmen's Compensation

COUPON—CHECK—TEAR OFF—MAIL

to their salaries. When you figure it that way it is perhaps the most lucrative end of the amusement business.

I have, perhaps, gone considerably out of the way from the straight narrative to give a good deal of the inside information regarding the direction of the circus.

Morse and I made an auspicious start in the early spring, and played without running into any opposition until we entered Illinois. There the report of an abundant crop seemed to have gathered all the circuses, big and little, like flies to a molasses barrel. We evaded as many of them as we could, practically forsaking our original routing and wildcatting it as nearly as we could. But it was impossible to dodge them all, and at Clinton, Illinois, we were billed to play day and date with the Hare & Haggerty Consolidation. Then began the first real fight we had for recognition from the standpoint of publicity.

Both shows sent flying opposition brigades away ahead of time. There were no restrictions on the amount of paper to be posted. It was simply a case of plastering everything where permission could be obtained; or even if it was not, the billposters frequently took a chance and decorated private property with our astounding announcements.

When both sides had finished the whole landscape was lit up like a centenarian's birthday cake. After that we resorted to all kinds of tricks and schemes to outwit each other. In the dead of one windy and stormy night our forces sallied forth and tore down almost every bit of the enemy's paper. Of course the blame was laid on the elements, but that was too transparent for the enemy. They doubled back and covered every sheet of our paper in sight with theirs. Two days later our men retaliated, but the opposition had left watchers, and a free fight ensued which sent four billposters to jail and three to the hospital. The policy of watchful waiting had a real kick to it in those days.

The Lady of the Milk-White Steed

But all this battling and excitement was good advertising. Through the surrounding country the news got about that two circuses, deadly enemies and at swords' points, would visit Clinton on the same day. The air was full of rumors as to what would happen then, and although I was in the advance I doubled back to the show to participate in the proceedings.

I had not seen Irene since the previous winter, but gathered from the press notices and announcements on the billboards that she was a member of the Hare & Haggerty organization. I had a special reason, therefore, for wanting to be in Clinton.

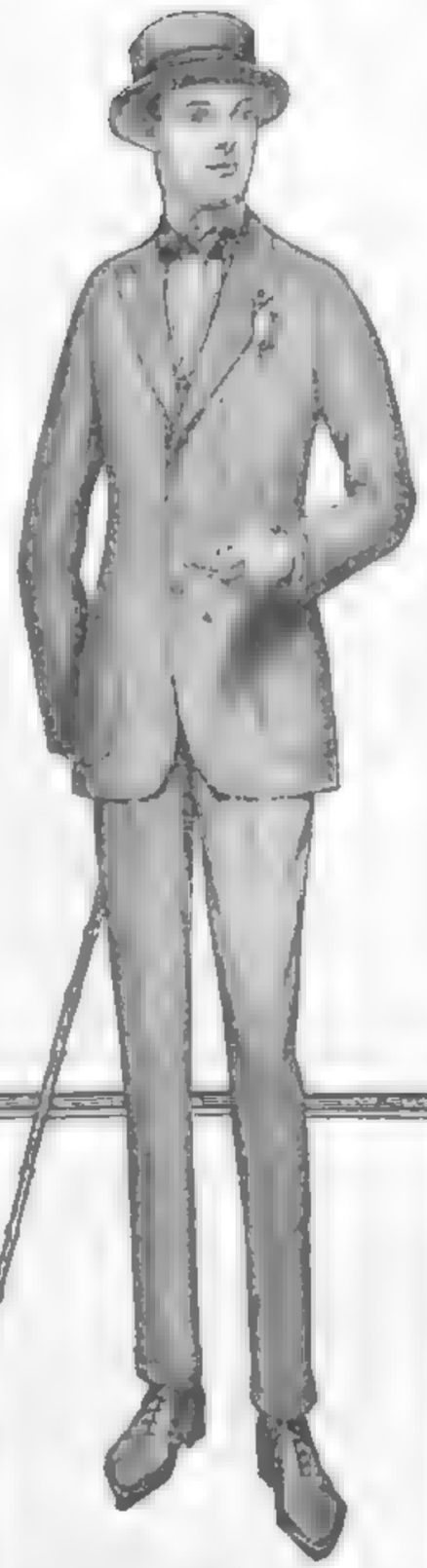
The opposition pitched their tents on the west side of town and we occupied a lot east of the main street. Both circuses arrived on time, but the question of who would parade first had not been decided. Our idea was to parade last, in order that the crowd would follow us back to the lot. Eleven o'clock came and still our rivals did not make their appearance. Our parade remained lined up on the side street waiting for the word, and it was high noon before I made up my mind that we would have to start in order to be back in time for the afternoon performance.

I was mounted and led the way down in the direction of the main thoroughfare. As we approached we could hear the bands of our rivals. I confess I forgot all about the day and its object as I rode along. To be truthful, my mind was entirely occupied with other matters of a more personal nature. I was wondering if I should see Irene, and if I should have an opportunity to speak with her.

As we turned the corner to head down toward the business section of the town the parade of the other circus wheeled in from the opposite direction. Their equestrian director was leading, but behind him rode a girl on a milk-white horse, carrying the flag which heads every circus, big or little, all over the American continent. It was Irene.

For a moment or two the rival factions halted, confronting each other, because the way was so narrow that one had to give place. As we sat there mutely debating who would break ground first, Irene looked up and smiled. I forgot all about that blooming circus parade, opposition and everything else. I spurred my horse over and took my place beside her.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by Mr. Yates, giving his circus reminiscences. The third will appear in an early number.



The American Figure—
The American Taste—
The American Climate.

ALL three *must be* studied in designing clothes for Americans. All three *are* studied and perfected in

Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes

1—Body-lines adapted to the American figure, neither slouchily loose nor ridiculously tight.

2—Manliness which avoids that effeminate look upon which American taste frowns.

3—Weights suited to the climatic conditions of U. S. A., eliminating needless bulk.

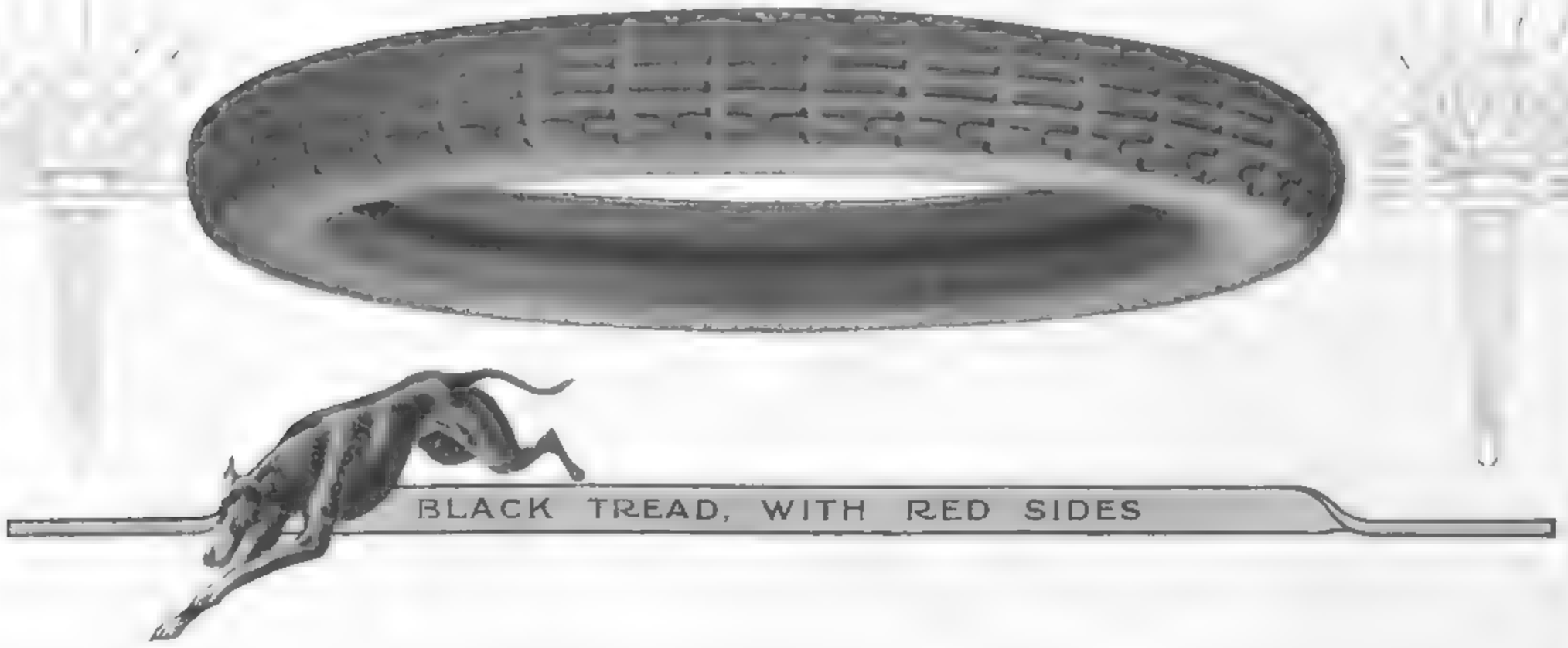
College Chap Clothes

is the name of our *Young Men's Clothes.* They have that smart metropolitan style in pattern and cut that Young America demands.

Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes

are probably sold in *your* town. If not, write [illegible] and we will send you the name of a dealer, [illegible] with a charming *Portfolio of Spring* [illegible] containing a complete and authentic [illegible] about what to wear and when to wear it—*free.*

Brandegee, Kincaid & Co.
[illegible] Clothes [illegible]
Tailor Shops at Utica N.Y.



You cannot WEIGH Resilience

THIS concerns a Lost Viewpoint!

The most *valuable* thing in a Pneumatic Tire is that which *costs* least and, so, is too often least appreciated.

—To wit—the *Air*, which fills the Tire.

The value of Air, for Tire purposes, lies not only in its great *compressibility*,—its springiness,—nor in its immediate distribution of pressure all over the Tire, instead of localizing it at point of pressure.

It lies, too, in its *ready conformance* to the perpetually changing surface of the road.

Reduce that *readiness* of a pneumatic Tire to thus *conform* in its shape, and you reduce its Value proportionately, no matter how much you increase its cost, or its price, to Consumers.

Every *unnecessary* layer of Fabric put into a Tire Casing *reduces* the capacity of its walls to *quickly conform* and quickly resume shape.

—To *bend* freely in the traction-wave of rolling Tires, with minimum waste of Motor-power and Gasolene.

—To negotiate every pebble and every tiny rut, on the road, *without transmitting Vibration* from these to the Car-Occupants and to Car-Mechanism.

• • •

THE more layers of Cotton Fabric there are in a Tire Casing the *stiffer* it is,—the heavier, hotter and *harder to drive*, because harder to BEND.

The more *layers* the more *Friction* between them,—and the more Friction the more *Heat*, to disintegrate the Rubber adhesive between Layers.

Likewise, the more Layers the more it *costs* to produce the Tire, while thus LOWERING its *Pneumatic* quality, increasing its liability to puncture through stiffness, and *reducing* its Mileage through Frictional Heat and Traction-wave action.

That's Diamond Tire *experience*.

And, that's why *Diamond* Tires are built FLEXIBLE, Resilient, Conformable, and Springy,—without injurious "padding" of Carcass with *surplus* layers of Fabric,—or "filling" of Rubber Tread with inert "ballasting" materials,—for selling-appearance.

Because,—it is *not* the Diamond aim to sell Tires on mere visualized "*thickness*" or to *value* them by the pound, but to market them on their "*Net-Service*" to Car-Owners.

Diamond Tires are, therefore, stripped of all "Adipose Tissue"—that needless Bulk and Weight which is to Tires what Obesity is to the Athlete.

• • •

DIAMOND Tires are *Long-lived* and Enduring.

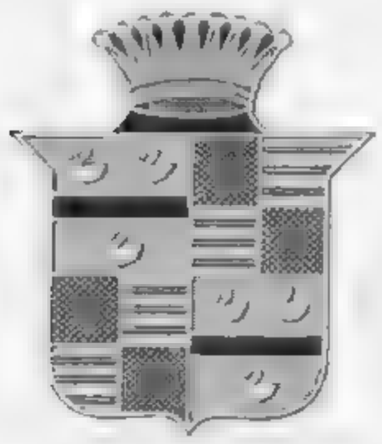
Because, they *are* so Pneumatic and Resilient that they "negotiate" obstacles on the road, instead of fighting them with ponderous rigidity.

The new black "Velvet" rubber, in the Squegee Treads of 1916 Diamond Tires, will be found *stretchy* as a rubber band,—*tough* and *close-grained* as wire,—while being CLINGY to slippery places, thus affording Traction without excessive Friction.

TEST OUT one set of these "Fair-listed," moderate-priced, *Diamond* Tires, and see *how much farther* your Car will travel,—per dollar invested in Tires,—how much more *Luxury* they give to Motoring.

Through their exceptional Resilience they put "Pep" into Car-action, while reducing Vibration to a minimum,—as you shall see.

Diamond SQUEGEE Non-Skid Tires



SALESMANSHIP IS A FINE ART.

It throbs with earnestness, energy and enthusiasm.

It is infectious, hypnotic, well-nigh irresistible.

It is apt, therefore, to interfere with calm, deliberate judgment.

It has its dangers, as well as its allurements.

A motor car should be selected in our saner moments.

It should be bought with an eye to the far future, rather than the rosy present.

We should dwell upon unwelcome possibilities, as well as immediate pleasant prospects.

We should look at the shining, beautiful thing before us, in the light of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred thousand miles of service.

We should listen to the voice of reputation, rather than the engaging eloquence of the salesman.

We should retire within ourselves, and inquire:—

What do I know about this car; and especially, what do I know of the company that builds it?

And then:

Is there another car of which I know more—built by a company of higher and wider repute?

You should be able to recall such a car instantly—a car of which all men think well, and none speak ill.

The moment your mind has gripped that thought—that there *is* a car which stands out above all others—then salesmanship has no power to impress you.

You find yourself listening to yourself—and deaf to all else.

You see a car which has come down the years with a clean escutcheon—hand in hand with honor.

You say to yourself: In choosing *this* car I cannot make a mistake.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

CONCERNING A QUART

(Continued from Page 15)

Zack felt very comfortable until he noticed Mr. Walter Sessions waiting at the corner, three drinks behind his regular rations and muttering cuss words, which gave Zack the shivers. Pranking with niggers was different from having acrimonious transactions with white folks.

Everybody knows that Vicksburg is built on hills—hills crowding against hills, hills overtopping hills, hills north, hills east, hills south; there would have been additional hills to the west except for the river, which is comparatively level.

Vicksburg once earned a reputation for being inhospitable. Blue men expressed their desire to get in, while gray men cordially invited them to remain outside. Confederate trenches semicircled the town, following ragged crests from the river bank on the north to the river bank on the south, an obstinate half-moon of bayonets and cannon. Confronting this, the Federals drew their lines, another bristling half-moon facing inward from other crests. Behind both lines lay valleys, ravines and men. Hundreds of those men are lying there to this day.

Through fifty years of peace and patience the Bermuda grass has sodded those rival trenches and embalmed the scars of conflict. Roadways wind along the deserted breastworks; grim-mouthed cannon, forever silent, now oppose each other across the valleys; majestic memorials grace the sunlit summits; bronze and marble and granite tell eternally their stories of thousands who fought and many who died. So this park is more than a park, more than roadways, trenches and monuments; it is a throbbing record of human courage and human passions, blazoned on our ancient hills.

Blazonry didn't bother Zack. He craved to absent himself from Wad Grimes, who held his hat, and from Walter Sessions, who needed his bottle. For years, while waiting on the Spottiswoode table, he had listened to discussions of the siege by Federals and Confederates until a scrambled smattering of events leaked into his own head. This he proposed to retail for cash—and hopes.

Zack didn't loll back like some pick-up unaccustomed to riding. He used his tongue and explained:

"Now we's aimin' straight fer de park. . . . Dat's Mount Heroden Church; dis used to be Slaughter's Hall, where dem niggers done some dancin'; dat's de new public school—little mo' it would 'a' been plumb outside o' town. Cunnel say schools an' sidewalks ought to be whar folks kin git at 'em. Dis road jines de park. Lordee, Gen'l, you ain't seed nothin' yit!"

Zack kept gabbling and eying a bunch of cigars in his friend's upper vest pocket. The General's stump was nearly smoked out; presently he'd be reaching for a fresh one—or maybe two—in which case Zack would speedily discover what sort of man he was.

"Now, Gen'l, we's arrivin' to de Jew Graveyard; an' den ——"

"Take this road." His passenger nodded toward the south.

"Hole on, Gen'l; hole on! Don't you aim to go up yonderway an' see de Illinois Monument? Dat's de bigges' tombstone what is. An' Ole Abe, de war eagle what laid eggs—on de Turpentine Road? . . . Thankee, suh; thankee, suh!"

The General produced two cigars, passing one casually to Zack, and went along having his own way. That's the kind of man he was!

Southward they hurried. Zack explained without a listener while his passenger gazed upon the gray men's breastworks, their forts and batteries. Several times Alec halted the car while he examined a tablet; then at a nod sped on again. After crossing Hall's Ferry Road the stranger became even more absorbed in noting the conformation of the ground, smiling at familiar landmarks that years were powerless to alter. Zack's cigar fired up; his conversation mill closed down. Alec ran the car and eyed the clock.

"Ah! Here we are. Stop, please!"

Several hundred yards south of All Saints' College General Nicholls found what he had traveled far to see—a block of granite surmounted by a portrait bust in bronze. He looked at it, first from one side, then from the other—walked round to look, stepped back to look, moved closer to look. Then he took out a diagram from his pocket, made a lot of figures, and looked some more.

Zack sat disgustedly on the running board.

"Alec, you can't never prophesy 'bout a white man. He had plenty chance to hear me splain Gen'l Grant's headquarters—an' de war eagle what laid egga. Now he ain't seed nothin'! Huh! Wastin' all dis time on one li'l' ole runty tombstone!"

Neither of them glanced at the monument that so engrossed their passenger's attention or read its bronze inscription:

EVERETT ROBB NICHOLLS
COMMANDING BRIGADE
LORING'S DIVISION
MARCH 29—JULY 4, 1863

Nor did the negroes notice a resemblance between that boyish face in bronze and the world-worn features of the living man. For Alec had suddenly thought of something that knocked tombstones out of his head.

"Here, Zack; I mighty nigh fergot dis telegram."

"Tellygram! Who fer?"

"For you; here 'tis on de back—'Zack Foster, in care o' Cunnel Spottiswoode.'"

Together they puzzled it out:

"Take Alec to National Park Hotel immediately and place car at disposal of Everett R. Nicholls.

"BEVERLY SPOTTISWOODE."

Alec stared at Zack; Zack stared at Alec. United, combined and simultaneously they turned to stare at their passenger, who was seated on the grass and lost in reverie. They would have saved a lot of worriment if they had compared the name on the tablet with the name in the telegram.

"Disposal? Alec, what do Cunnel mean by disposal?"

"Disposal means go to dat hotel. Zack, you caught dis white man; now turn him loose. I'm goin'!"

"Wait, Alec; wait! Us can't leave nary High Gen'l out here by hisse'f."

"Den rush 'im back to de Carroll an' c'lect."

"All right. Go tell him to come on."

"Tell 'im yo'se'f."

Alec balked and grumbled until General Nicholls looked at his watch, rose, and drifted back to the car.

"I'm ready, boys—hotel."

He climbed in at the rear door and shut it, leaving Zack to sit beside Alec and grab his cap. Alec burned the wind. Start! Whirl—whirl—whirl! Stop—and Zack faced Wad Grimes again.

Old Reliable was lavishly consuming trouble; he might have spread it thinner and made it last longer. With plenty of worries already, Grimes flopped down on the middle of his mind. Zack sprang out before the ex-blacksmith could cross the street and hustled round to open the car door.

"Well, Gen'l, here we is, Gen'l!"—laying emphatic stress on the "Gen'l" to discourage Grimes from laying hands on him.

Alec fidgeted at the wheel, anxious to see his passenger pay two dollars and let him get away. But Zack wasn't so anxious for Alec to see five dollars paid instead of two. He planned to lure the producer inside.

"Dis way, Gen'l; dis way!"—opening the hotel door; and the General followed.

"Yas, suh; it's jes' five dollars. Dat's all, Gen'l; onless, suh ——"

General Nicholls felt in his pocket. Out came two dollars, two more, and fifty cents. Zack extended his itching palm and craned his long neck to be sure Alec couldn't see, when a bell boy ran up:

"Telegram, suh—telegram."

The general tore open and read his message, considered a moment, turned back to the car, opened the door for himself and stepped in. Grimes stood too handy for Zack to risk the front seat, so he got in at the rear.

"National Park Hotel!"

Alec obeyed; he was going there anyhow.

"Old Reliable," the General inquired, "possibly you know Colonel Spottiswoode?"

"Who? Me? De Cunnel ——"

"Yes; Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode?"

The car swerved as Alec's fingers slipped and he glanced back to hear Zack's answer:

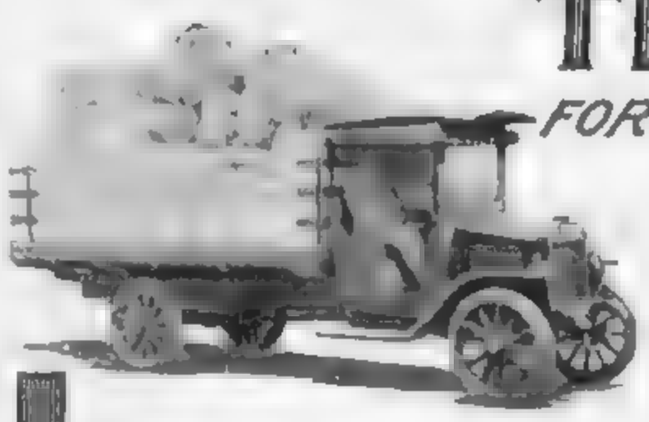
"Mebbe so, suh. 'Pears to me dere is a Cunnel by some sech name used to live here."

"Watch for him as we go along."

Michaels-Stern Clothes

Send for the illustrated Calendar — Michaels, Stern & Co.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing — Rochester, N. Y.

DENBY
TRUCKS
FOR TRAIL OR PAVEMENT



1-ton	$1020
1½-ton	1575
2-ton	1790
2½-ton	2090

Denby standards permit only the highest quality of workmanship from every employé. Denby prices are lower because of Denby superiority in design and manufacturing methods

DENBY MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Put this Rain-Vision Shield on your 1915-16 Ford

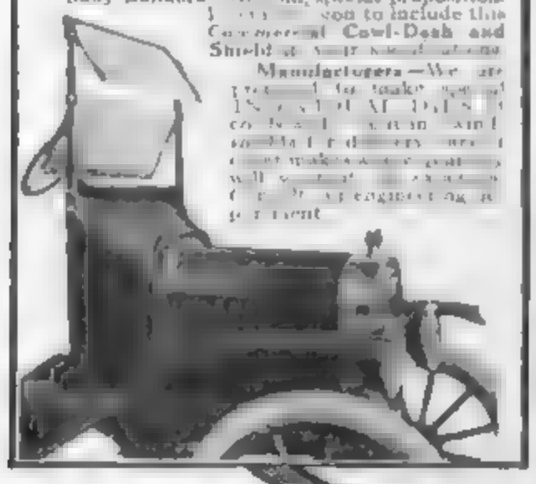
Replace the plain folding windshield furnished on New Ford cars with this handsome, up-to-the-minute **Universal Shield**, and you get real windshield beauty in addition to comfort and convenience in fair weather, and safety when it storms.

Cowl-Dash and Shield for Ford Delivery Cars

Fits early models by cutting down dash. Fits 1915-16 models without cutting. Makes your [illegible] a 1916 Commercial Cowl-Dash and Shield [illegible] **$20.00**

Body Builders—Get our special proposition. [illegible] son to include this Commercial Cowl-Dash and Shield [illegible]

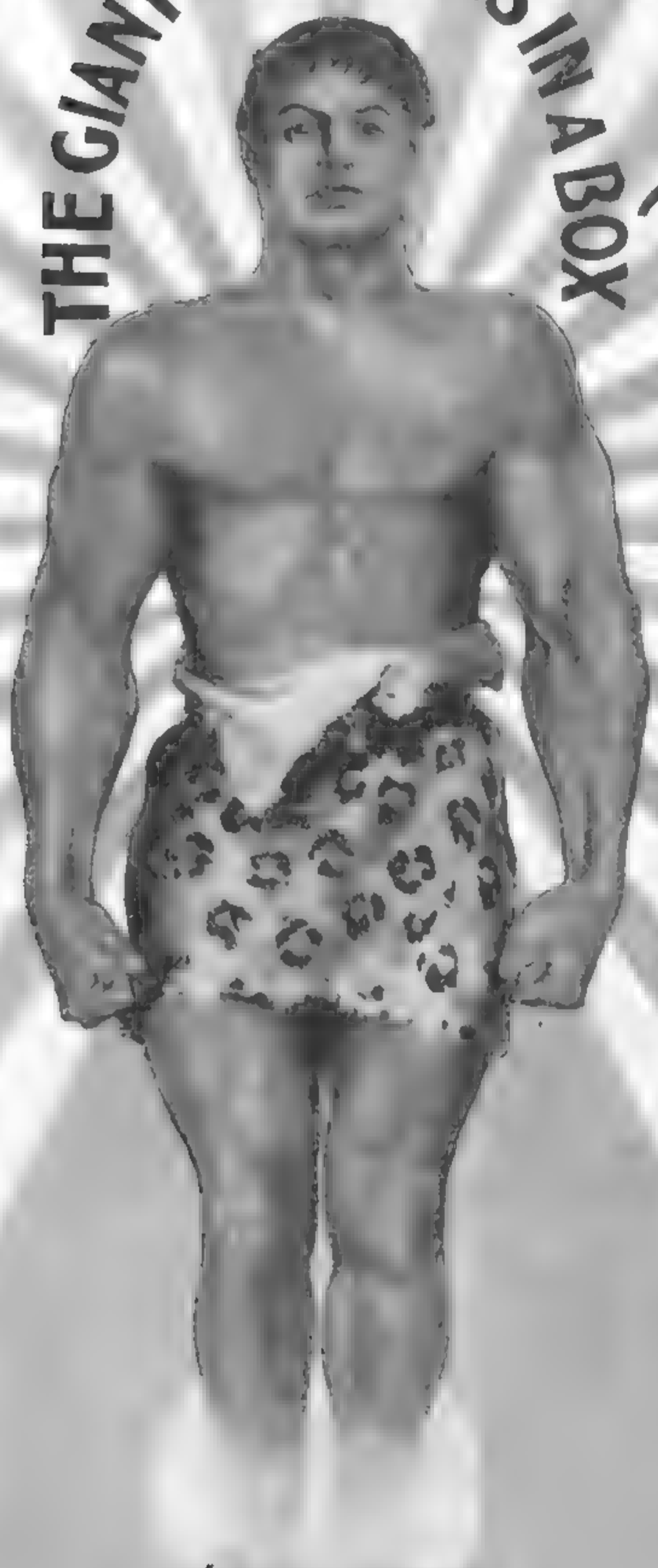
Manufacturers—We are [illegible] to make special [illegible] Cowl-Dash and Shield [illegible] complete [illegible] will [illegible] Ford delivery cars [illegible] equipment



Conover Universal Windshield for 1915-16 Cowl-Dash Fords

This shield is equal in every way to shields found on high-priced cars. Rain-vision, ventilating [illegible] and durable construction with best [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE GIANT THAT LIVES IN A BOX



The "Exide"

Starting & Lighting Battery for Automobiles

THE "Exide" Starting and Lighting Battery is a real giant.

Power, reliability and long life reside in this sturdy wooden box and express themselves in unfailing starting and lighting service.

The "Exide" is the original and only Unit-seal battery—a battery without bulky sealing compound, with all available space filled with battery plates—the source of power. The battery with non-flooding filling plugs and tough, semi-flexible jars.

It's the highest priced battery on the market—costs most to make—least to use.

A half million American motorists are today utilizing and applauding the "Exide" Giant's work.

And behind this giant, guaranteeing his performance, stands the oldest and largest battery manufacturer in this country.

Send for your copy of that valuable little battery biography, "A Sure Start Assured." It's free.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

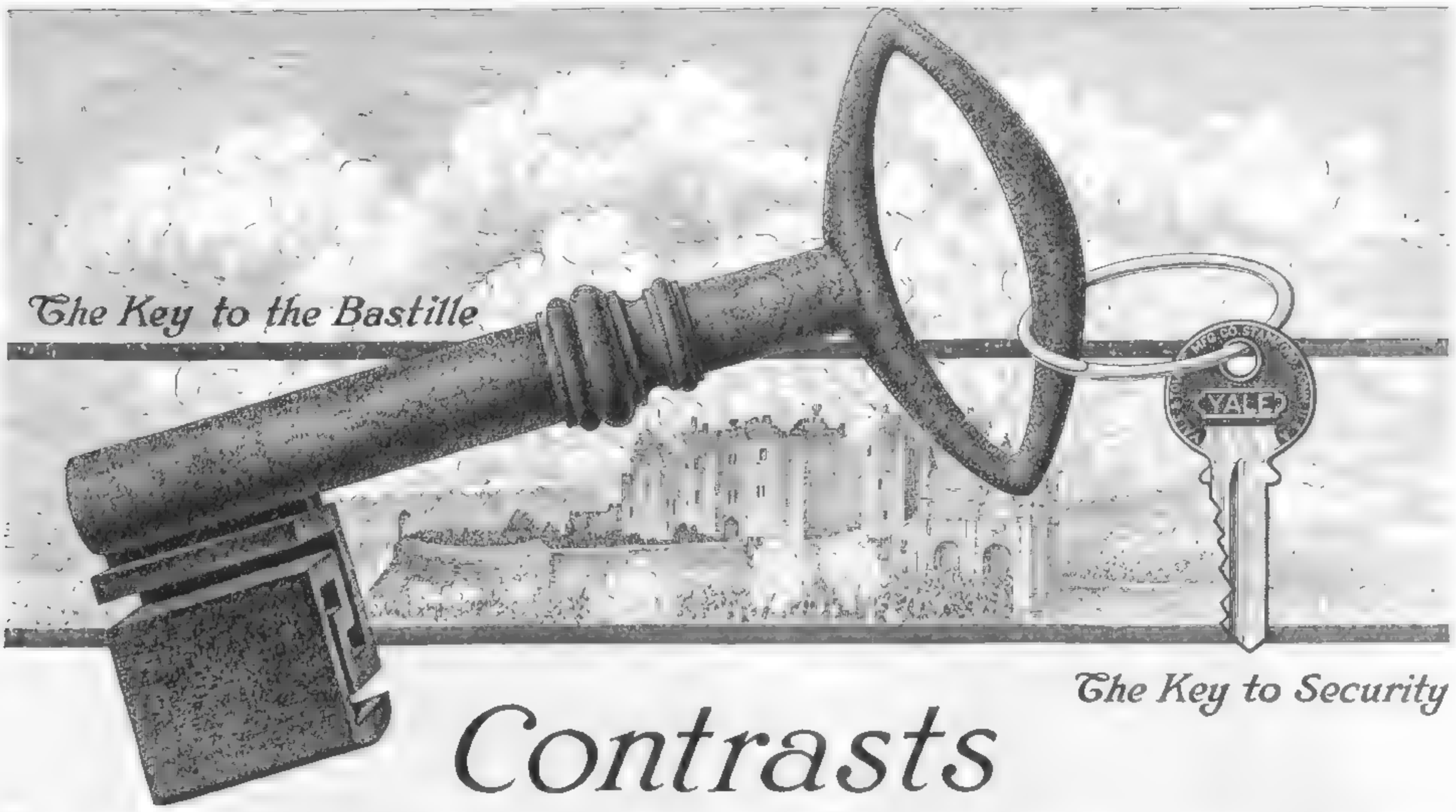
"Exide" Depots and Service Stations throughout the country. Let us send you a list of them.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

The oldest and largest manufacturer in this country of Storage Batteries for every purpose

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1916

New York Boston Chicago Washington Denver San Francisco St. Louis Cleveland
Atlanta Pittsburgh Detroit Rochester Toronto



The Key to Security

Contrasts

The Old: Used chiefly to confine the victims of injustice. **The New:** Which safeguards the property of the people.

The contrast typifies the Changes of Time and the Progress of the Industrial Arts

But many ancient forms still persist, some of which have their uses, and you must choose, when buying, between the old and the new, better, and sometimes more expensive; between a needle and a sewing machine; between a horse-wagon and an auto-truck; between an old-fashioned lock and the latest and best product of the modern lock-maker, the Yale Cylinder Lock.

For some uses common locks are good enough, but where real *security* is desired, the best is none too good, and this implies that you want a Yale Lock. They are made in endless variety of sizes and styles, adapted for every use, and of various grades and prices, but each designed to be *the best of its kind* and for its intended purpose. Of course they are imitated, but no imitation has the mechanical perfection of the genuine Yale Product. That product always bears the familiar Panel trademark shown below. If you are offered any lock which does not bear it, you may know thereby that you are offered a substitute.

Yale Hardware, like Yale Locks, is the best of its kind; in design, material, workmanship and finish.

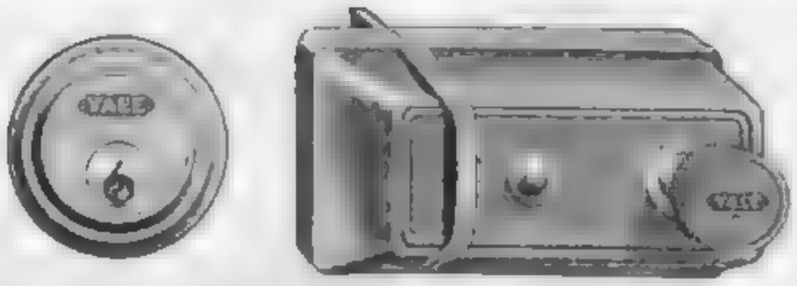
Three of our leaders are shown below.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co. Works, Stamford, Conn. General Offices, No. 9 East 40th Street, New York City

YALE

One of the many Yale Padlocks

The "Yale Standard" line; sizes from ¾ inch to 3½ inches. A leader for 30 years. Used throughout the world.



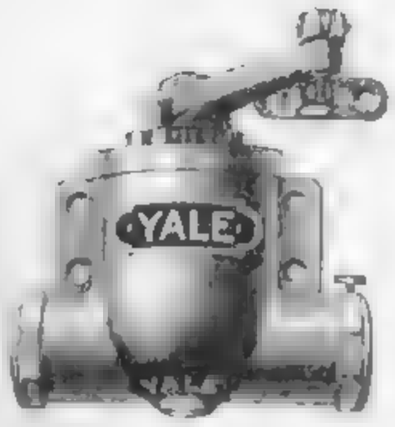
The Yale Rim Night Latch No. 42

More widely known and used in every civilized country than any other lock ever made. For entrance and other doors wherever security is demanded. The most popular lock on the market.

The Yale Door-Closer

(Blount Patents)

Ensures silence, safety and comfort. The original and always the best Door-Closer. In use throughout the world.



For sale by all first-class hardware dealers

This is Your Kind of Invention, Mr. Mechanic

CONSIDER first the design and workmanship of this garment. Every part of it is perfectly fashioned and fitted with the accuracy that mechanical men like. The ONE button on

The
Hatch
ONE-Button
UNION SUIT

actually does the work of a dozen and does it better by eliminating uneven edges and making a neat, trim job. Then remember that through the hours of a day's work, there's solid comfort in it for you—the comfort you get from the way any good assistant helps you in your work.

You can get this garment in nainsook, in knit goods, or in the famous Keep-Kool mesh, at the best haberdashers' and department stores everywhere, but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers *at Albany, N. Y.*, and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

(Ten ways to gauge this garment)

1. Perfect comfort
2. Perfect fit
3. Time saved
4. Temper kept
5. No gapping
6. Quality fabrics
7. No bunching
8. No lost buttons
9. No torn buttonholes
10. Splendid workmanship

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT

PATENTED JUNE 18, 1914

PRICES

Men's — Knitted or Nainsook, $1, $1.50, $2
Boys' Knitted only, 50 cents

A catalogue illustrating the complete line of summer and winter weights will be sent free on request.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany *Manufacturers* New York

BARNES KNITTING CORPORATION
Sole distributor to dealers
303 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 23.)

at any woman at all. I reckon I don't want to get married if I can't marry her. Maybe it ain't fair for a man at my time of life and way of life to think of marrying a girl like her. I reckon I been selfish. I reckon maybe you set me right."

"Where did you come from?" says Old Man Wright.

"The South," says he.

"I know that; but what state?"

"Kentucky," says he. "I been living here a great many years."

"You're a gentleman, Mr. Henderson," says Old Man Wright. "I wish things wasn't just the way they are. But now, on the level, do you think we'd better say anything to Bonnie Bell at all about this here?"

Henderson must of thought it over quite a while. Then I heard him take a step or so. Maybe he picked up his hat. Maybe his cane knocked against a chair. He was so rattled, he had went in right the way he was, spite of William.

"I don't want to do anything that isn't best for her," says he at last. "I reckon maybe I ain't a good-enough man to marry her. I reckon maybe you're right, sir," says he.

Old Man Wright he don't talk no more for a little while. I heard them walk toward the door. Maybe they shook hands.

"No," says he at length. "Mr. Henderson, I don't reckon we'll say anything about this to Bonnie Bell after all. Good-by, sir. I wish I could ask you to come here often."

"Good-by," says he.

I seen him go down the walk after a while. He forgot all about his car waiting by the sidewalk and walked half a block before he woke up. Of course he couldn't come to see us no more after that.

As for me, I didn't have no friends either. Jimmie the hired man was about the only friend around there I cared much for, and now he was gone—fired, I supposed. Times got even lonesomer than ever.

Bonnie Bell come in the room where I was setting one day, and she set down on the lounge and put her chin in her hand and taken a look out the window. I ast her what was up.

"Well," says she, "I was just wondering about the seeds for them big flower beds we've been making," says she. "I'll be wanting to plant them next spring, at least. If I had some experienced man that knew about flowers now ——"

"Why don't you go down to the park," says I, "and talk to some of them Dutch gardeners that raises the flower beds down there? They'll know all about them things."

"Curly," says she, "you're only a cowpuncher, ain't you?"

"That's all," says I.

"Well, that accounts for you not having no sense at all," says she.

"Who, me?" says I. But she had riz up and went out mad—I couldn't see why.

*

REALLY, that fence must of hurt the Wisners as bad as it done anybody else. Us having plenty of ground, our house wasn't built so close to the line as theirs was. The fence must of cut off more light for them than it did for us. Besides, when you looked at it from the street, unless you lived around there and knew about it, you'd of thought it was us built that fence to spite them and not them to spite us—it looked like part of our yard.

Old Man Wright was running on what they called the Independent ticket that fall; there was three parties and the town was all tore up. Of course everybody knows there oughtn't to be but just two parties—Republicans and Democrats. Me being from Texas, original, I don't see why anybody should be anything but a Democrat; but Old Man Wright he had a way of picking out things.

Well, they held the election along in November. I might of knew how it would come out. They ain't done counting all the Wright votes yet over in that ward of ours. At about half past six they'd had time enough to count all the sufferedges that Old Man Wisner taken down in the silk-stocking part of that ward. At about half past three in the afternoon the papers come out with bulletins and says the ward was "conceded to Wright." I should say it was conceded! I conceded it, anyways, as soon as I knew he wanted to run.

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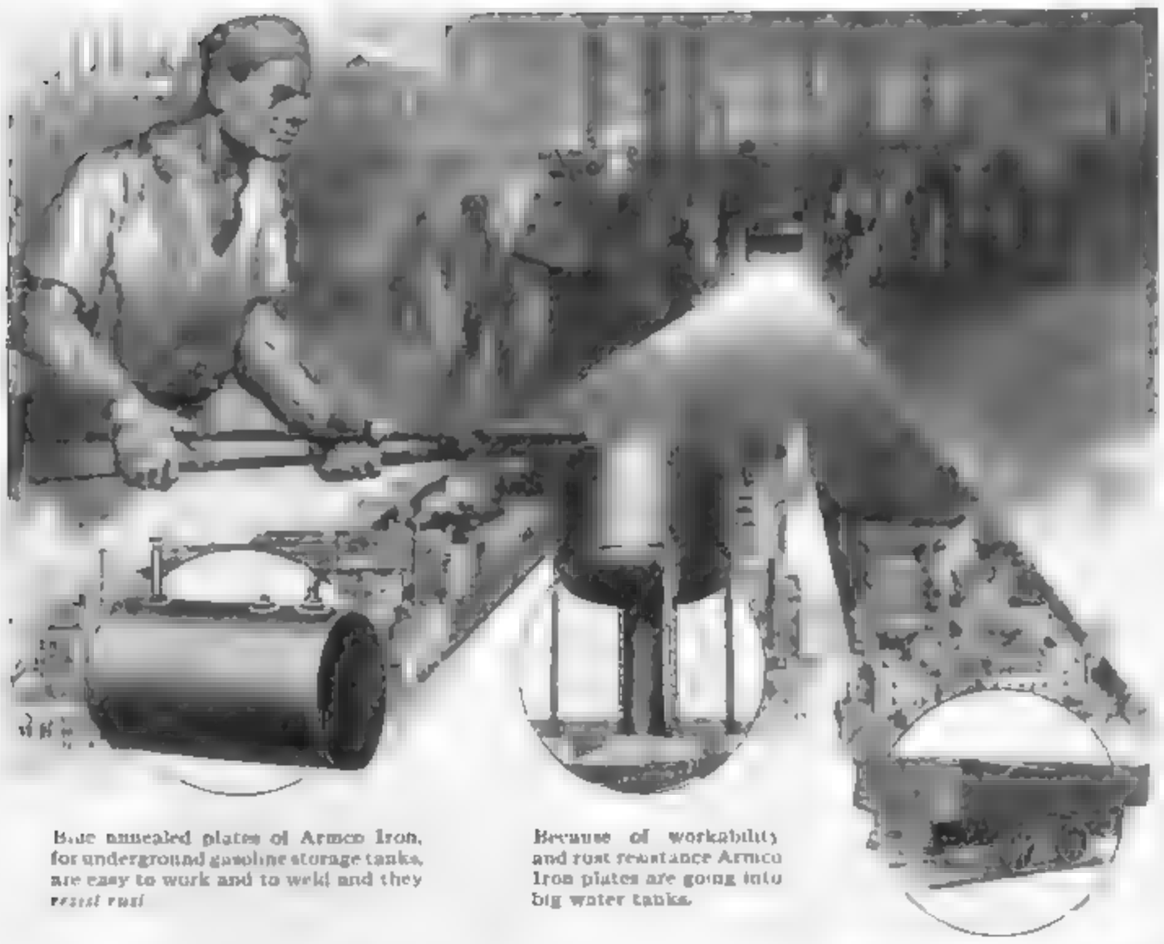

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Well, sir, it was more like old times then than we'd seen since we moved in there—like the times when he was sher'f in the Yellow Bull country. The old man he come in a-laughing along about suppertime and under his own steam, and says he:

"Bonnie Bell, your pa is going to be high in the nation's councils right soon, because he is going to be alderman in one of the most important wards in this here town. I may be mayor some day; and when you're mayor you're due to chirk up and think of being president—if you are a humorist. Also, your pa is hungry. Please get Curly and me all the ham shank and greens they is in the house.

"And besides," says he when Bonnie Bell was going out, "pull the front door wide open to-night. Take the lock out and hide William where they can't any of my horny-handed friends find him. They'll be in here to-night, a bunch of them, to sort of celebrate our glorious victory. There may be several bands along in here—I hope and trust so. I shorely am fond of music and I like bands. Whenever I get elected sher'f or anything I want the band to play—all the bands they is."

Well, that was some night! I was glad for once we had came to Chicago, for there is more bands in a town that size than there is in Cody.

Old Man Wright he was more natural than I'd ever saw him for a long while. I don't know if it was quite fair the way he done, because it ain't held Christian to set on a man when he's down. But what he done was to get that Dutch band with five pieces that played in front of our house every morning—they come in first. He stationed them at the side of the road right square in front of Old Man Wisner's house, and he tells them to play everything they knew and then play it all over again, and keep on playing. We was setting eating dinner, enjoying their music as much as we could, when the leader of the band comes in; and says he:

"*Mein Herr, wir sind schon ausgeblasen.*"

"Is that so?" says Old Man Wright. "Well, have a drink, and go out and begin over again—and don't blow up again."

About now come the rest of the bands, six or eight or so, and back of them was the merry villagers. They filled up the whole street in front of our steps and in front of the Wisners, and up and down the row; and some of 'em stepped on Bonnie Bell's new tulip beds in the yard south of us.

"'Unto them that hath is gave,'" says Old Man Wright, looking peaceful. "Like enough, most all the bands in this part of town'll be here before long. Pore old Dave Wisner, he don't seem to have no band; so I'll fix him up—he don't seem cheerful, with his blinds down that way. Round up our bands, Curly," says he, "and line some of 'em up in front of his house on the other side of the street. Get some of 'em and stand 'em up on our side of his fence. Make a line of 'em back to the boathouse. Tell 'em to play on. I ain't particular what they play. They won't even need to play the same piece unless they want to; but keep 'em busy—play everything they have and then repeat softly, and if they get tired feed 'em and give 'em something to drink. And tell Johnson, the precinct captain, when he comes about eight o'clock, to come on in with his friends, the whole gang—the door is open and there's no strings on it, and no strings on the new alderman."

Old Man Wisner must of been enjoying his life that evening while we was celebrating our being alderman. Bonnie Bell she didn't approve of this none, but she knew that when her pa was in one sort of mood she'd better leave him alone and let him have his way—there wasn't no stopping him.

After a while Johnson, the precinct captain that had had this election in charge, he come in to have a talk with the new alderman—him and a lot more. There was a good many hyphens up in his ward, and plenty of these folks was blue-eyed and had yellow hair, and some of 'em had long whiskers. On the whole they carried their liquor pretty well, and they had plenty. Old Man Wright was in his shirt sleeves rolled up so that his freckles would show—and he had two or three cases of red liquor, and not a cork in the room!

"So far as Sunday closing is concerned," says he, "it ain't Sunday yet."

They taken something with the new alderman and hollered for a speech.

"Men," says he, "we licked 'em like I said we would—only more. I don't ask any of you to show me how to make any

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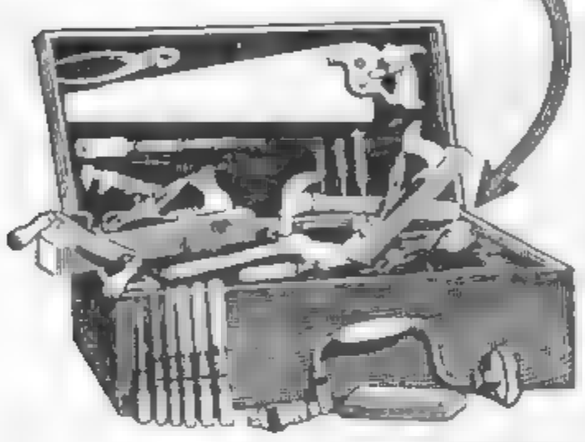

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more money, for I've got enough. We made this fight on the Lake Electric Ordinance. The intention of the other gang was to hold up all you people that has homes of your own. Every one of you has to use electric light. It's only right you ought to pay a fair price, but nothing more. Let me tell you that's all you're going to pay. I've bought into that company, and me and my bank crowd can run it. Let me tell you the prices will be right; don't you worry about that none at all. For once you'll get a square deal here; or if you don't, then elect some other man the next time."

"Hooray for our new alderman!" says Johnson, jumping up then.

They all jumps up too. They had their glasses in their hands—plenty of men standing there in our ranch room, rather big men with yellow whiskers, a good many.

About then Bonnie Bell she comes down the front stairs. She was all dressed up in silk, in a low-necked dress and a good many jewels on. You wouldn't hardly of thought it was her pa standing in his shirt sleeves in the room.

"Gentlemen," says Old Man Wright, "this is my daughter."

What them men did was not to compare them two at all. They just stood in line and every one of 'em raised his glass like she was a real queen; and they give her three cheers. Bonnie Bell she drops them a curtsy.

At breakfast Old Man Wright was hungry, though he hadn't been to bed. He set, with his hands in his pockets, and looked out at Wisner's brick wall; and says he to me:

"This here is going to be a changed ward. I ain't in no man's vest pocket. I ain't done yet. This is just the beginning. But where's the kid, Curly?"

I went and found her. William was still hid somewhere—the night's doings had grieved him plenty. She come in and set down by her pa.

"Well, sis," says he, "you see, your dad is getting some of them Better Things we come to Chicago after."

"Dad," says she, pushing back a little way from him and looking into his face, "tell me something."

"What is it, Honey?"

"The truth now—the truth."

"Yes, Honey."

"Did you sell out the Circle Arrow and come to town on account of me?"

He didn't speak at first.

"Yes, I did, Honey," says he at last. "I said I'd tell you the truth. That was why we sold the old ranch—so as you could come here. I wanted you to go as high as any American woman could go. We educated you for that—we brought you up for it, Curly and me."

"We didn't win, did we, dad?" says she, slowlike. "How is it done, dad?"

"Gawd knows," he says. "Tell me, sis, if we pulled out of here and went to some other town, would you be better? How about Kansas City?"

"No," says she. "Our feet ain't headed that way. I won't quit, dad."

"You'll break your heart first, and your dad's?"

"Yes, if necessary."

"All to break into them sepulchers?" He nods toward the Row.

"No," says she; "there's a lot of things more worth while than that. These brick-and-stone houses are the trenches. They may be hard to take. But back of them lies the country, and it's the country that's worth while.

"Ain't you happy, sis?" says he.

"No," says she, quietlike; "I'm not."

"Get out-of-doors," says he. "Do something—work at something! Look upwards and outside, and don't get to looking inwards," says he. "That ain't the way. Think what's in the fields beyond."

"Life, dad," says she, slow; and it seemed to me like she was sad. "Life!"

"Life?" says he. "Sis, what do you mean? Tell your old dad, can't you?"

She told him, then. She put her haid down on his neck.

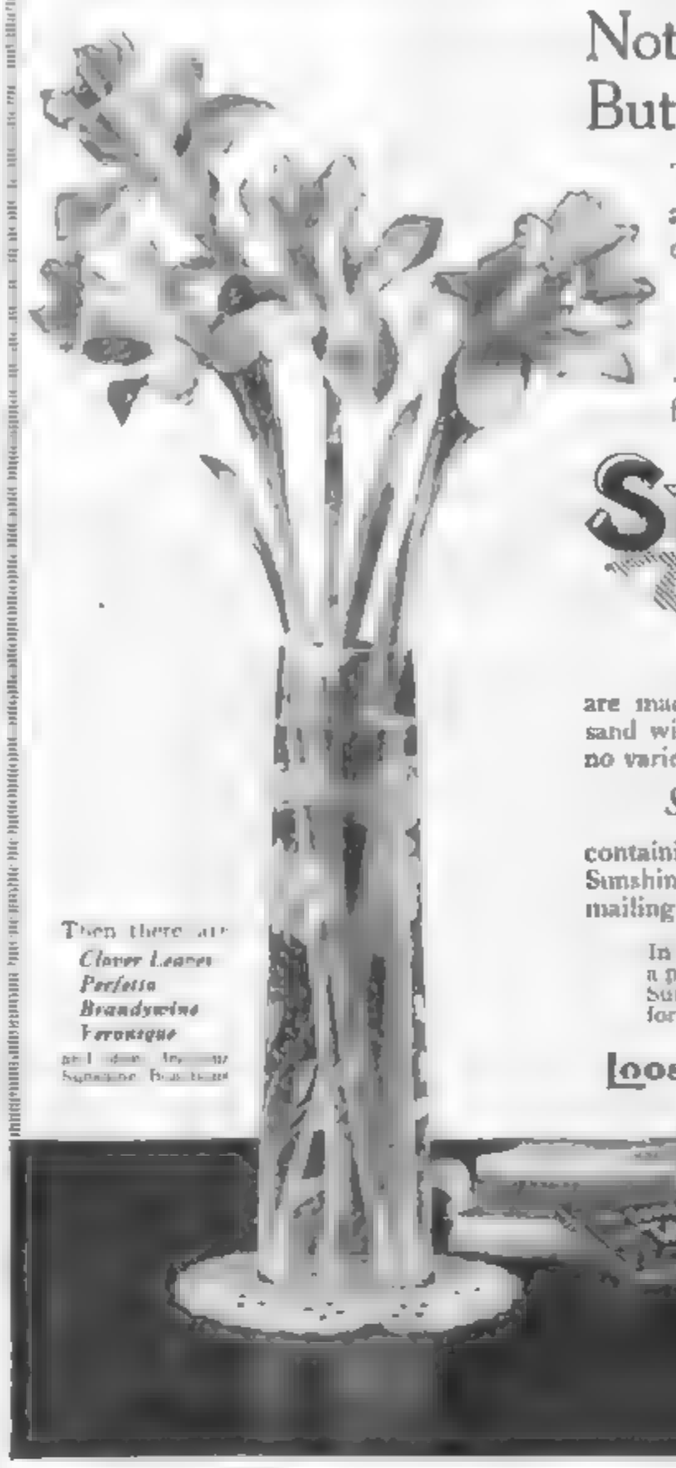
"Oh," says she, "it's all right for you two—you've got something to do—you can work and fight; but what can I do? What is there for me to do in all the world? And you tried so hard to make me happy!"

"And you ain't happy?" says her pa.

"Dad!" says she. "Dad!" And she went on crying down his neck.

Ain't women hell? I went on away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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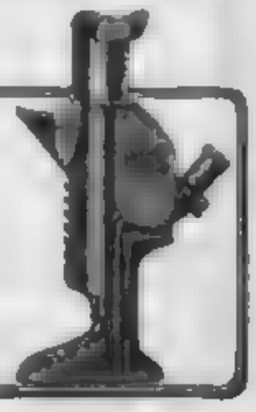

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Agency Division Box 355 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

OUR PET BANDIT—VILLA

(Concluded from Page 4)

the strength of Villa with the people in most commendatory terms, and said that it was the unanimous opinion of those present, including Villa, that the only way to save Mexico from the tyrant, and to revenge Villa and all others for the insults heaped on them by the United States and the accursed gringos that inhabit that cowardly and decadent country, was to declare war on the United States at some future period. To that end Zapata was besought to join with the all-conquering Villa and invade the United States. It was pointed out in the letter that this would be a simple procedure, as the white-livered gringos wouldn't fight and were in abject fear of Mexico, anyhow, and especially in abject fear of Villa and his brave soldiers, and what did Zapata think of it?

The letter was dated January 8, 1916, and besought Zapata to consider this project well and favorably. It named June eighth, six months from that time, as a suitable moment for Zapata to come north with his troops, meantime recruiting them to full strength for this patriotic and absurdly simple and easy enterprise. Villa would also recruit his troops and prepare them, and together Villa and Zapata would sweep right up to Washington, seize the capital, imprison the President, and Mexicanize the whole business.

Now that letter was dated January eighth. A few days later sixteen American citizens—mining men, engineers, fine representative chaps—were taken off a train at Santa Isabel by soldiers of Villa and massacred, murdered brutally without a chance to defend themselves. This naturally excited America, especially as some previous murders of American citizens had been charged to Villa. There was some talk of sending our soldiers after Villa, or the Villa men who murdered these Americans at Santa Isabel, but Carranza gave assurances that they would be punished and, later, that they had been punished, and it was not definitely established, it was said, that Villa actually had anything to do with the affair.

In one of the two portfolios found at Columbus there was a leather pocketbook marked with the name of Evans. Evans was the name of one of the men killed at Santa Isabel. Still that didn't clinch it entirely. The proof that Villa was there was found on the body of a Mexican officer killed at Columbus. It was a diary, and it was kept either by Francisco Prado or Alfredo Amezena. Both names appear in the book. This diary begins on January 1, 1916, and gives the places visited by the Villa troops until the tenth.

The Diary of a Bandit

The entry on the tenth is: "This morning at about eleven A. M. we assaulted two trains at Santa Isabel, killing seventeen gringos, leaving shortly afterwards to sleep at Lagos."

It continues: "Eleventh, we left for the Cienega. Twelfth, we left for Lajoya. February fifteenth, Santa Ana ranch, we defeated the enemy, having taken one hundred and fourteen prisoners; more than eighty killed and their horses and arms captured."

There are various entries of places stopped at until March third, when the diarist says: "We left Colonio Pacheco without any provisions for ourselves. March fourth, we traveled about ten leagues, where we encountered cattle. We had nothing to eat but meat. March fifth: To-day we started out and traveled eight leagues, killing plenty of cattle to provision ourselves. Sixth, we left the cañon in the afternoon. March seventh, this morning finds us without anything new, having traveled all of last night and a part of to-day."

That ends the diary, and in the early morning of March ninth the attack was made on Columbus.

Thus two things are made certain: The first is that Villa instigated the killing of the Watson party at Santa Isabel. The second is that he determined not to wait for his colleague Zapata to join him in his scheme for declaring war on the United States, but determined to force the issue and make war himself individually. It has been said, by those who know Villa, that he invaded Columbus because he felt that invasion would force the United States to intervene, and would make him the national hero again, to whom all classes of Mexicans would rally in order to repel the gringos who had entered their sacred confines and thus given all a common cause.

It is claimed by many who know of the Mexican situation that Villa, obsessed of himself to the verge of insanity, and seeing no hope for further successes against Carranza in Mexico, first killed the Americans on the Hearst ranch, hoping that this would stir the United States to action. Nothing was done. Then he killed the Americans at Santa Isabel. The United States took no aggressive action. Then he played his last card, and invaded American territory, killed American soldiers and civilians and ran back to see what would happen.

It is held that out of his enormous self-conceit he felt that this action would put Mexico behind him, in case the United States did act, or would enable him to make stronger his anti-American propaganda, in case the United States did nothing more than protest to Carranza. He is not without his friends. It is undoubtedly true that he has known definitely every movement the United States has made. He has not attained his desired result, up to the time this was written, for, to all public appearances, Carranza is acting in good faith and coöperating with the American soldiers in the attempt to capture him. However, a lot of things may happen before this article, written on March twenty-first, is printed, and those will be written about as they occur.

The Poultice or the Knife?

The raid at Columbus was in the early hours of the morning. Villa came in, with four or five hundred men, from the south, using a big ditch to conceal his men, and attacked the town and the camp of soldiers. The real story of that attack is not to be written yet. There are a lot of features about it that have not been investigated. It is sufficient to say here that, as best I can get it, Villa lost about a hundred men, and in a few days some of our soldiers went after him. The American forces have been increased, day by day, since the first entry.

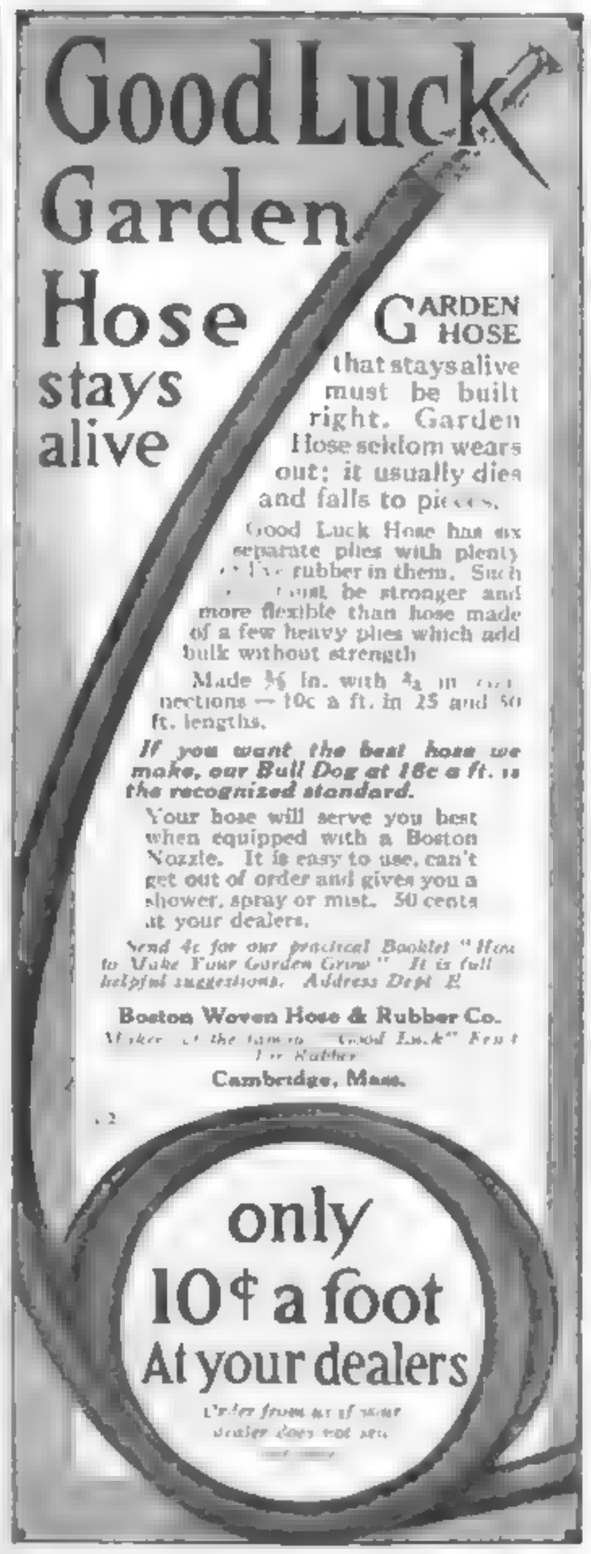
The point of the whole situation is that, finally stirred to action, the American Government has set out to get Villa, and, as officially proclaimed, has no other idea. What the result will be cannot be predicted. There are many, familiar with Mexico and the Mexicans, who say that a clash with the Carranza authorities and troops is inevitable, and that Carranza will not go beyond a certain point in his permissions and coöperations. That is of the future. If our soldiers get Villa and kill him, as everybody hopes they will, and withdraw, then Mexico will remain a problem still. But if this chase of Villa results, as it is a widespread border opinion that it will, in intervention and the restoration of good government in that harassed and stricken land, the problem will be in process of the only solution, as many Americans think, that is possible.

The Villa assault and the Villa chase are merely incidents, lamentable as the killing of American citizens may be. They have served their purpose of putting Mexico in such a position in our statecraft and politics that Mexico cannot be shunted aside or ignored any longer. Something must be done in, for, or about Mexico. The mere capture of this bandit will not settle anything. His assault is a concrete evidence of the temper of the Mexican people toward the United States. In his insanely egotistic way he typifies the feeling of nearly all Mexico toward the United States. His murdering and marauding are the result of a long-growing contempt for us and our institutions and our army. If we catch Villa we will abolish that contempt, so far as he is personally concerned, but not nationally.

Therefore Mexico, for five years a sore spot, is now sorer than ever, and there is nothing academic about that inflammation so far as the United States is concerned. It is a specific ulceration. If it is true we do not understand the Mexicans, it is ten times truer that the Mexicans do not understand us, and the time seems to be at hand for the use of either a poultice or a knife on the offending inflammation.

Meantime, it is quite likely that it will be a long time before the United States makes a pet of another bandit.

Good Luck Garden Hose stays alive



GARDEN HOSE that stays alive must be built right. Garden Hose seldom wears out; it usually dies and falls to pieces.

Good Luck Hose has six separate plies with plenty of live rubber in them. Such hose must be stronger and more flexible than hose made of a few heavy plies which add bulk without strength.

Made ½ in. with ¾ in. connections — 10c a ft. in 25 and 50 ft. lengths.

If you want the best hose we make, our Bull Dog at 15c a ft. is the recognized standard.

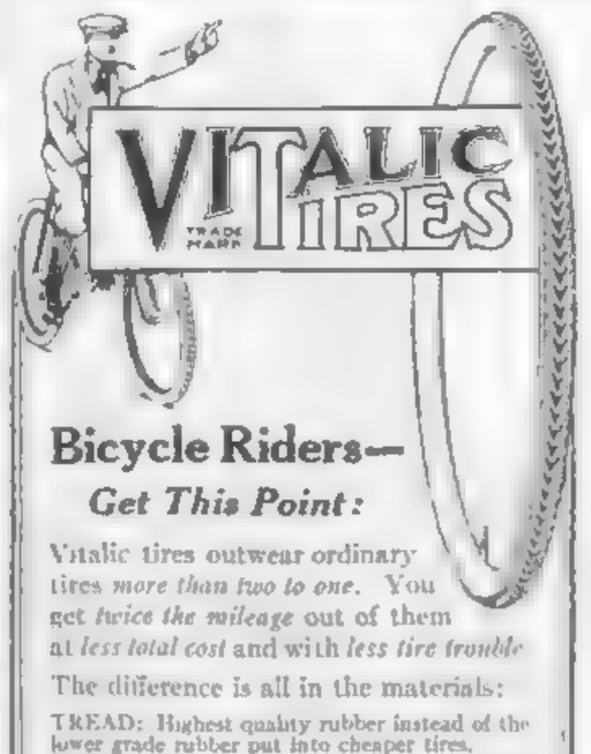
Your hose will serve you best when equipped with a Boston Nozzle. It is easy to use, can't get out of order and gives you a shower, spray or mist. 50 cents at your dealers.

Send 4c for our practical Booklet "How to Make Your Garden Grow." It is full of helpful suggestions. Address Dept. E.

Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co.
Makers of the famous "Good Luck" Brand Fine Rubber
Cambridge, Mass.

only 10¢ a foot
At your dealers

Order from us if your dealer does not sell you



VITALIC TIRES
TRADE MARK

Bicycle Riders—
Get This Point:

Vitalic tires outwear ordinary tires *more than two to one.* You get *twice the mileage* out of them at *less total cost* and with *less tire trouble.*

The difference is all in the materials:

TREAD: Highest quality rubber instead of the lower grade rubber put into cheaper tires.

FABRIC: Two plies, exactly the same as is used in *motorcycle* tires—not ordinary bicycle fabric and it is frictioned with *pure rubber.*

INNER TUBE: Pure white rubber, extra heavy in thickness, absolutely LEAKPROOF.

We *know* that no cheaper bicycle tire can give anywhere near Vitalic mileage; the best way for you to find it out is to put a Vitalic on your rear wheel and watch it outwear your front tire.

Why put up with the inferior service of two cheaper tires when they give less mileage [illegible] than one Vitalic.

[illegible] writes, "From Boston [illegible] the main wire [illegible] the [illegible]

Continental Rubber Works
1904 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

DON'T LOSE YOUR MONEY

50c [illegible]

U. S. Leather Goods Co. 1 N. Chicago

THE MAN HUNTERS

(Concluded from Page 13)

examination. He was not hampered by the legal restrictions of English or American courts. He was a skilled official and he put the person before him through the ordeal of a grilling third degree. When he had finished he called in the official having charge of the scientific branch of the criminal-investigation department.

"I have obtained a confession with respect to this affair," he said; "but before I make it known to anybody I wish to compare it with your report. I desire you to examine this broken secretary, the tools with which it was accomplished, and report to me how many persons were engaged in the act, and their trade if that fact is disclosed by the evidence."

The scientific branch of the criminal-investigation department at once undertook the solution of this problem. Here were three tools, which seemed to indicate the joint labor of three persons. The experts at once pronounced these tools a carpenter's chisel, a locksmith's chisel and the chisel of a joiner. It would seem, then, as the simplest deduction, that a carpenter, a locksmith and a joiner had broken open the secretary. But this theory was at once rejected. The carpenter's chisel was an old, abandoned tool and not such an implement as one of that class would carry about with him as a working tool. It was evident that it had been picked up somewhere by some person not in possession of the ordinary tools of a workman of this guild. Moreover, they discovered that this tool had been simply used as a wedge because of its exceedingly thin blade. It had been driven in close to the lock in order to force up the roll-top sufficiently to permit the use of the two other tools.

The scientific branch of the criminal-investigation department reported to the examining magistrate that the secretary had been forced open by two persons working respectively on each side of the desk with the locksmith's chisel and the joiner's chisel, using the old carpenter's chisel as a wedge; that the force applied on each side with the respective tools had been exerted in such a manner as to indicate the work could not have been done by one person; that the first person must have held the desk firmly in one corner with the joiner's tool while the second applied sufficient force with the other tool to break the lock.

The fracture was unskillfully performed. Though the tools of the joiner and locksmith were used, the persons making use of them were not workmen of those classes. The scientific branch could not inform the magistrate to what vocation in life the persons accomplishing this work belonged. But it could assure him that they were not carpenters, locksmiths or joiners; they were not professional cracksmen of any kind. The two persons engaged were amateurs.

Information for Judge and Jury

The magistrate in charge of this affair then pointed out that this report confirmed a confession which he had obtained from the young valet of the banker. He had assisted the old valet, not only in the assassination but also in the subsequent robbery. The two of them had broken open the secretary with the chisels of a joiner and a locksmith, which he had stolen for the purpose, assisted by a carpenter's old chisel which they had picked up about the premises. The magistrate explained that he wished to verify this statement before he made it known, because the old valet, in spite of all pressure, had stoutly denied every detail of the confession.

Almost ten years ago the Italian authority, Niceforo, pointed out that the method, common to English and American courts, of undertaking to present the scene of a criminal act to a jury by the verbal testimony of witnesses belonged to the Stone Age of criminal investigation.

The Anglo-Saxon is notoriously against progress in legal procedure. He adheres to methods adapted only to conditions that have ceased to exist, and he resists every new device.

It was early evident to the Italian authorities that a jury or a judge could never get more than a confused idea of the theater of a crime out of the mere examination of witnesses who had inspected it. They discovered almost fifty years ago, in the celebrated assassination of the Duchess of Praslin, that two-thirds of the time of the court was taken up in trying to get precise facts out of the testimony of witnesses, and to settle contested questions over the position of furniture or articles in the room at the place of the assassination, bloodstains, evidences of struggle, and all the indicatory aspect of the chamber in which the famous crime had been enacted. Besides, witnesses could not remember certain details. Was a chair here on the floor or at another point? Was a certain drawer of the secretary open or closed? And the like. It became evident to the Italian authorities that some method must be adopted to present to the trial court an exact, unquestioned conception of the theater of a crime in all of its details, precisely as it appeared when discovered by the police.

They first undertook to get along with a drawing. This method was almost immediately followed by a system of photography. They worked out a plan by making careful photographs of the place of a crime. If the crime had been committed in a house they began by photographing the approaches to the house. If it was the work of a burglar or cracksman the photographs included the door or window forced, the halls or corridors followed by the criminal in his entry or exit.

Advanced Continental Methods

This application of photography worked out by the Italian authorities and various European detective centers enabled all prosecutions presented to a court to be accompanied with an exact view of the whole theater of crime precisely as it was found by the police inspectors. From these photographs, properly arranged, the trial court or examining magistrate had an accurate view of the whole course traversed by the criminal, together with an exact picture of the actual theater of the crime, with all the indicatory evidences directly shown.

Thus, at one stroke, the Italian authorities removed all the interminable, confused inquiry with respect to the indicatory evidence at the theater of a crime that so clutters an English criminal trial.

In addition to this, in order that there might be no question about distances they adopted a plan of photographing a tape measure in the picture; so there was disclosed in the photograph itself its own accurate scale of distance.

The detective centers of Europe have perfected this application of photography. It is now a thing extraordinarily efficient. They have worked out what is called the *Photographie judiciaire métrique.*

Nothing like this tremendous advance is known to the average English-speaking criminal investigator.

The criminal courts still blunder along with the methods of the Stone Age, blatantly asserting that our devices are the best in the world, ignorant of the advance of other peoples, refusing to define the word foreign except by the term inferior! For the most part, our minor courts do not even know that advanced methods of criminal investigation exist. In some measure they make use of finger prints and photographs. Occasionally the film of a camera or the plate of a local photographer is brought in and offered as evidence in a criminal trial. Sometimes the court permits this exhibit to be introduced and sometimes it rejects it. But it is nearly always a crude affair, subject to attack.

For many years the great Italian authorities, the centers at Vienna, Berlin and Paris, have been at work to reduce criminal investigation to an exact science. The learned universities have given their attention to the questions involved. Able men have devoted their lives to perfecting methods and devices for the preservation and translation of evidential signs at the place of a crime. All these data are practically unknown to the American people. Not even Scotland Yard seems conscious of the exact devices used every day by the service of the Sûreté, across the channel in Paris.

On this smug, complacent egotism of the Anglo-Saxon the advance of other nations impresses itself not at all.

"The earth has her boundaries," Flaubert used to say, speaking of the criminal tribunal at Etampes, "but human stupidity extends to the stars!"

Author's Note—See the original works of Reiss, Niceforo, and other authorities heretofore cited in this series.

DETROIT VAPOR STOVES
Work Like Gas

BURN OIL AND GASOLINE

IN thousands of homes every year men and women are finding that Detroit Vapor Stoves give the convenience of city gas without piping or pressure tanks.

The secret is all in our wonderful giant burners. They burn with a steady flame directly under the cooking utensils. No fussing. Simply light the burners and put the cooking on at once—just like a city gas stove. No waiting for burners to generate. No asbestos rings or wicks of any kind to burn or replace. Detroit Vapor Stoves are built to last for years. They are sparing in fuel consumption and absolutely safe.

Avoid sweltering over a hot cook stove this summer by using a clean, safe, reliable Detroit Vapor Stove—one that comes to you complete ready to place in any part of your kitchen. The entire cost of running is less than one cent per hour per burner. Cheaper than coal or wood. You can use *this* stove the year round.

Some dealer near you sells Detroit Vapor Stoves. See him today. Also send for our free stove book J 7 showing the latest styles and sizes selling from $10.00 up.

The Detroit Vapor Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.

BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATORS

Have Gone Into the Best Homes In This Country For Many Years

THEY have proven their worth in perfect preservation of foods, in cleanliness, in low ice consumption and in durability. You can buy a "Bohn" with a feeling of security, a feeling that you are not experimenting. The Bohn Syphon System is used by the Pullman Company in their buffet cars and by the great railroads in their dining and refrigerator cars. The recommendation of such big users should warrant you in choosing the same system without further consideration.

The Only Strictly One-Piece, Seamless, Porcelain Enamel Lining With Rounded Corners

As a matter of cleanliness all good housewives will appreciate this lining. It can be perfectly cleaned by wiping with a moist cloth—no joints or square corners to catch and hold food particles. Learn more about it in our book on Home Refrigerators. If you cannot locate the Bohn dealer in your city, please let us try to arrange a demonstration for you.

Housewives' Favorite Recipe Book

From several thousand entries in our 1915 Prize Contest, a well known food expert has selected nearly 1000 recipes of salads, ices, beverages, candies, etc., foods which require cooking before serving. We have had these printed on 112 large pages and beautifully bound in white cloth. Price by mail, 50c.

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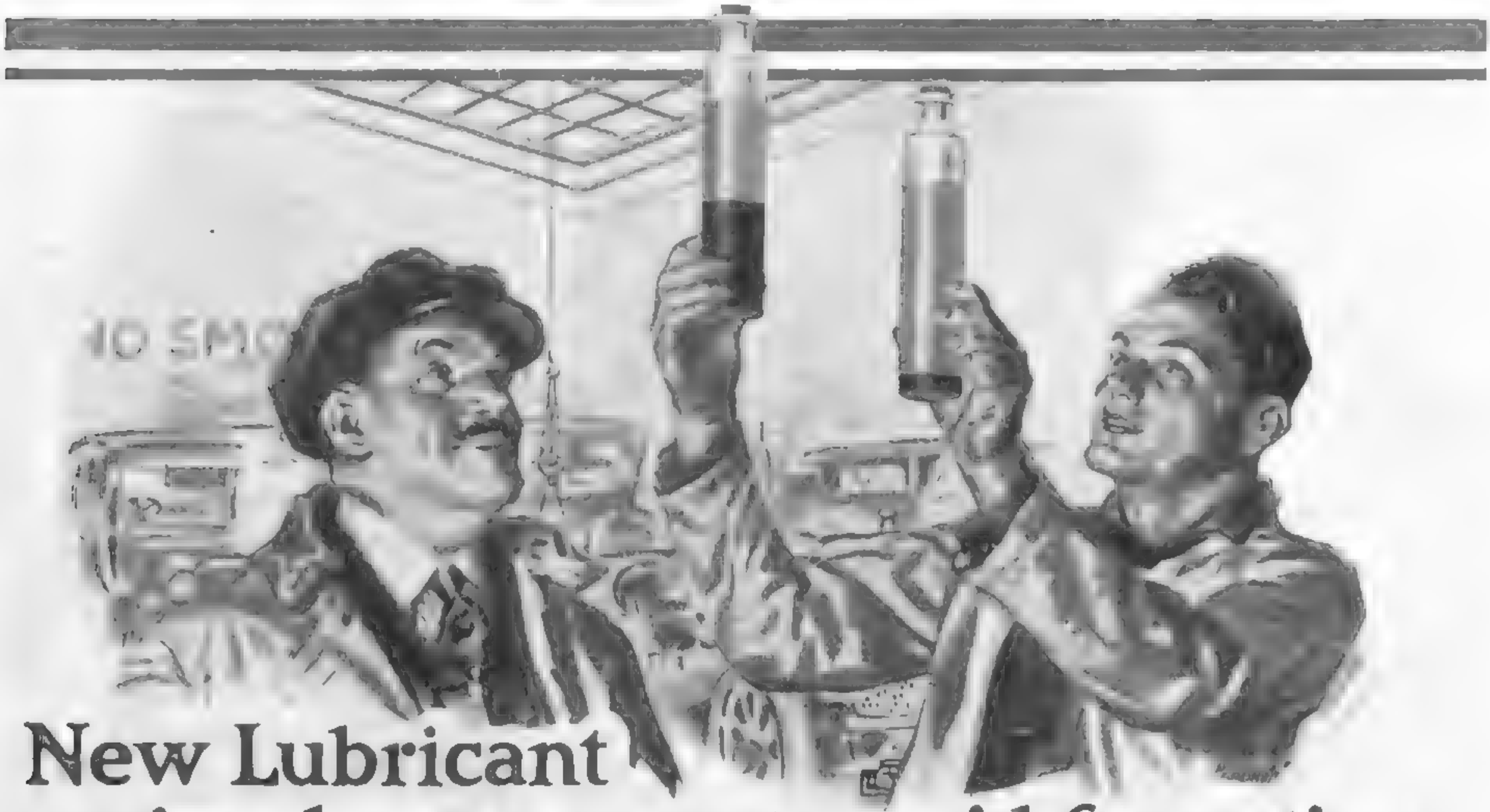


New Lubricant resists heat-prevents rapid formation of solid matter in your crank case

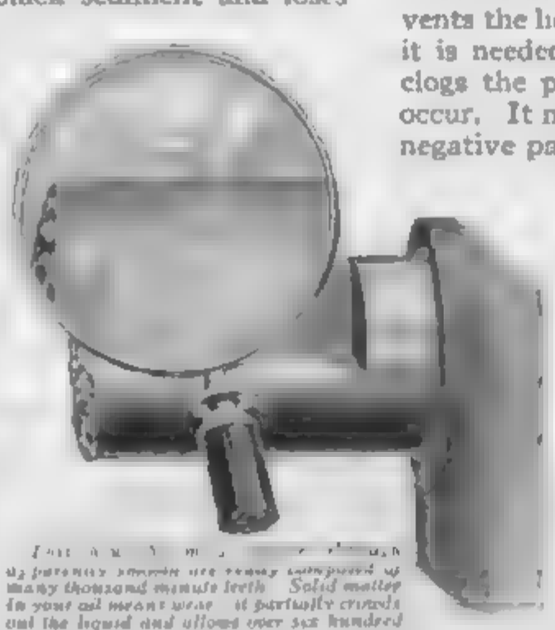
High temperatures in your automobile engine turn a large part of ordinary oil into black solid matter—your car's greatest enemy. This new lubricant prevents rapid sedimentation, protects metal surfaces, reduces expense.

Ordinary oils break down under the terrific heat of an automobile engine after a few hours' use. A large part of the oil forms black sediment and loses lubricating value. The sediment is destroyed oil—heat has killed all lubricating value in it.

Solid matter in your oil means wear in your engine.

The polished surfaces of bearings and cylinder walls appear smooth to the naked eye, but a magnifying glass will show you that even the finest surfaces are rough and consist of sharp points and depressions.

In the Ford engine, for example, there are over 600 square inches of metal-to-metal surface—an area more than five times as large as this page.



Each gear wheel in the pump is composed of many thousand minute teeth. Solid matter in your oil means wear. It partially crowds out the liquid and allows over six hundred square inches of metal surfaces to grind together.

When the microscopic teeth of these surfaces are rubbed together they are broken off—worn down. The thin film of oil which forms a nearly frictionless cushion between metal surfaces—such as in the bearings, or between cylinder walls and pistons—is all that prevents your motor from seizing and destruction. As long as the film of oil thoroughly covers the metal-to-metal surfaces, the motor will run without excessive wear, but as soon as the oil is turned into solid matter the microscopic teeth begin to grind and friction, the greatest enemy of your engine, does its deadly work.

How solid matter damages your car

The black solid matter formed by ordinary oils prevents the liquid from reaching the friction points where it is needed. This does not mean that the sediment clogs the pump or pipes, although that trouble may occur. It means that the sediment which is inactive or negative partially crowds out the remaining liquid oil

This under-supply of oil causes friction—heat—seizing—wear—loss of power and expensive repairs.

Automobile engineers state that from 50% to 75% of repairs and fully 50% of depreciation are due to improper lubrication.

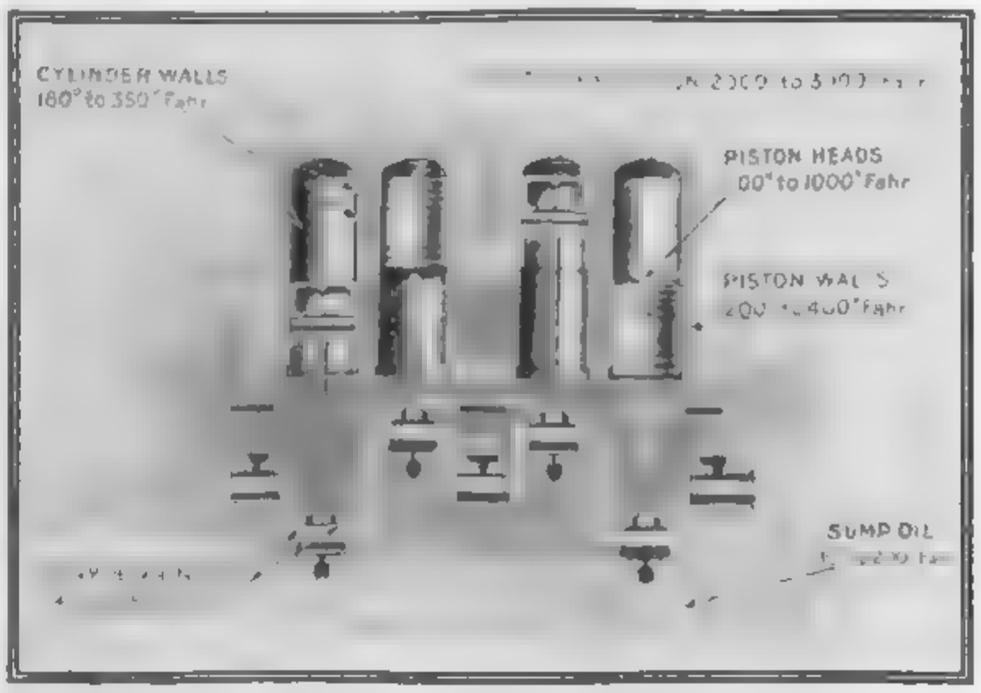
Furthermore, there is a marked tendency for oils which sedimentize rapidly to form voluminous carbon deposits.

Within the explosion chambers and on the piston-heads heavy deposits of carbon frequently accumulate from ordinary oils. This carbon retains the intense heat of the explosion and the projecting particles become white hot and ignite the gas too soon. The preignited explosion smashes down upon the piston before the upstroke is complete—power is delivered in the reverse direction. This evil, indicated by knocking, causes wear and tear on your entire engine.

The new lubricant that resists heat prevents rapid sedimentation, insures generous lubrication and, except where mechanical faults exist, prevents troublesome carbon deposits.

Relative oil destruction

When tests are run with the same motor under precisely the same operating conditions, using lubricants of different chemical structure and suitability, a remarkable variation will be found in the amount of oil destroyed by heat. This is shown by the amount of



These High Operating Temperatures Cause Rapid Destruction of Ordinary Oils

black sediment which settles out of each after standing.

The contents of the three bottles shown illustrate clearly the relative durability of ordinary oil and of Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat. Veedol deposits only a small fraction as much sediment as ordinary oil.

The rapidity with which the oil is destroyed and the volume of sediment formed depend upon its chemical structure.

Structurally, there is a fundamental difference between ordinary oils and Veedol.

Ordinary oils are unstable and therefore unserviceable because of weak, non-heat-resisting chemical structure. Oils of this kind are unfit for use in any type of automobile or other internal combustion motor.

Such oils make trouble and increase maintenance cost in direct proportion to their rate of destruction when exposed to heat. Consequently the amount of oil used and the cost of lubrication per mile depend not on the price per gallon but on ability to resist heat.

The new lubricant, Veedol, is very different. Special processes of manufacture developed by this company and the use of Pennsylvania paraffine-base crude oil give Veedol its unusual chemical structure, and its remarkable heat-resisting ability.

Make this test

Remove the drain plug from the lowest part of your motor crank case and allow all old oil to run out. Replace the plug, fill the sump up to correct oil level with kerosene and run the motor slowly under its own power for about thirty seconds to cleanse the interior. Then draw out all kerosene. Replace the drain plug and refill with Veedol.

The exact amount of fuel and oil in the car should be recorded and a reading of the speedometer taken before

BEFORE USE — ORDINARY OIL AFTER USE — VEEDOL AFTER USE

Showing Finely Divided Solid Matter in Suspension

starting. Then let a test be run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches, for any distance up to five hundred miles or more.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability, due to the maximum mechanical efficiency made possible through Veedol.

You will find your mileage on both gasoline and oil increases. You will reduce your carbon trouble. Your motor will have more power.

First scientific facts

Years of experiment preceded the production of Veedol. For the first time in the history of the industry, a laboratory was equipped for the sole purpose of testing motor oils in all types of motors.

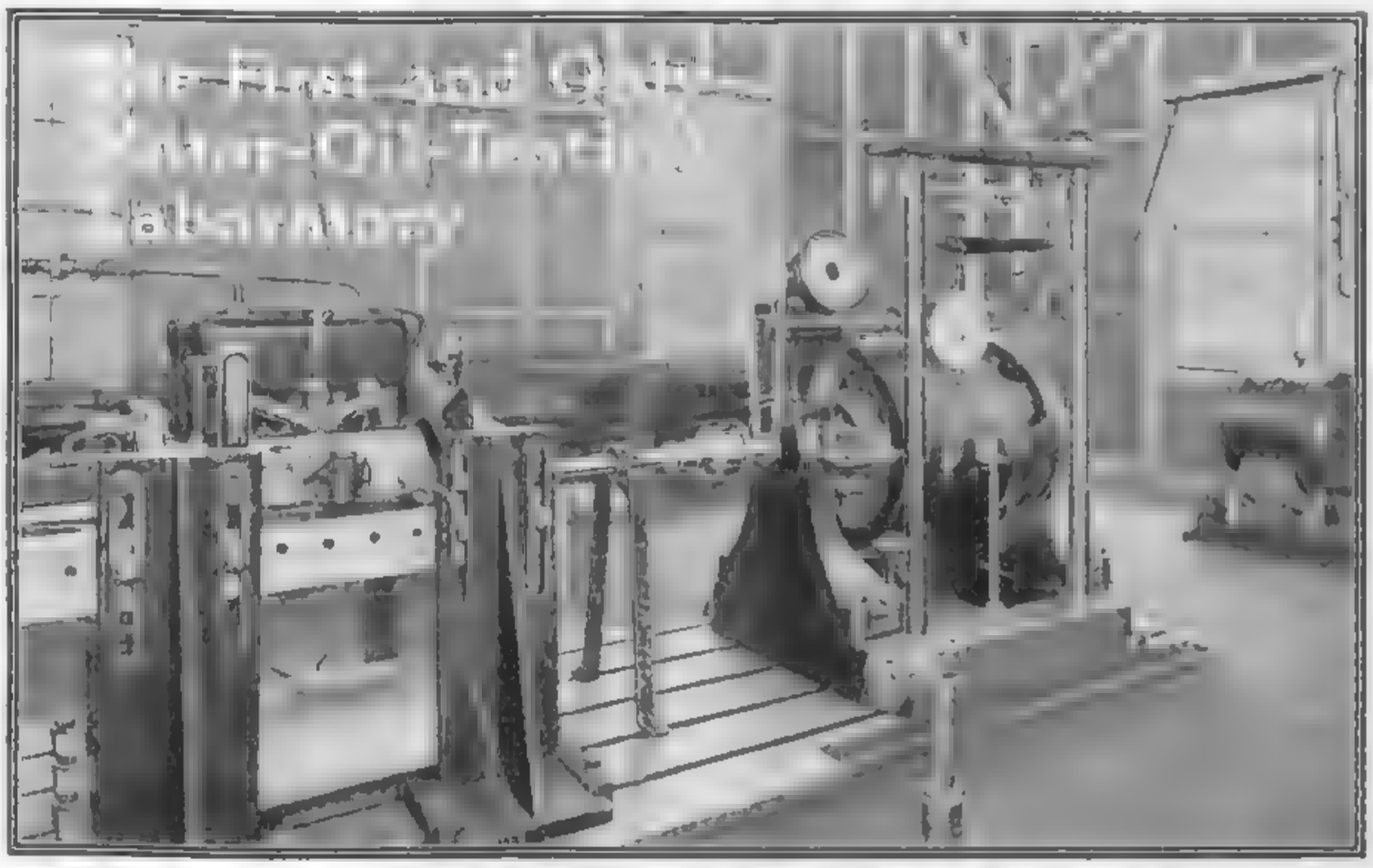
A corps of chemists and mechanical engineers was employed and an exhaustive series of new experiments was made.

The first problem was to produce a lubricant of such chemical properties that it would resist the high temperatures of internal combustion motors.

The second problem was to determine for each lubricating system, the oil of proper viscosity, or body, for efficient lubrication. This was done for each of the ten systems now in use in all the various makes of automobiles.

On the basis of these exclusive experiments, this new lubricant is made now in grades or bodies best suited to each motor.

There is no guess-work about the quality of Veedol; its properties are based upon 37 years' experience in scientifically manufacturing and testing the highest grade petroleum products. Constant research is carried on in this laboratory. No results are considered final. Improvements are continually sought for day by day. New standards, new processes are always being developed. This is the first and only motor-oil-testing laboratory in the world.



The Veedol laboratory. It was in this physical laboratory and in the chemical laboratory that engineers and chemists worked out the new lubricant that resists heat. New chemical properties and special processes of manufacture developed by this company give Veedol its peculiar heat resisting ability

What it means in actual saving

The average mileage of all cars is conceded to be 6000 miles per year and the annual cost of operating the typical or average car is estimated by an expert statistician to be about $416 per year.

Depreciation, repairs and gasoline come to about $268.

Solid matter in your oil means friction and wear; friction and wear mean expense; expense varies in direct proportion to the amount of black solid matter formed by the oil. For this reason, ordinary oil runs up your repair bills, subtracts from your gasoline mileage and by shortening the life of your car, materially increases your depreciation costs.

Veedol prevents rapid sedimentation and saves you real money on these items of expense.

The records of taxi-cab companies, bus lines and large corporations that use cost accounting show that Veedol should save you from $50 to $115 per year on gasoline, repairs and depreciation.

Veedol wears several times longer than ordinary oil. Therefore, with Veedol, in addition to the saving in wear, your lubrication bill itself will actually be smaller.

If you are interested in saving money you will be interested in making your own tests of this remarkable new lubricant.

Where you can buy Veedol

Progressive dealers everywhere have secured Veedol and can supply you. Look for the *orange and black Veedol sign.*

Each dealer is supplied with a large chart specifying the right body of Veedol for each automobile, motor-boat or motor-cycle.

If, for any reason, you cannot get Veedol at once write direct to the Platt & Washburn Refining Co. By return mail you will receive a copy of the book free, and the name of the dealer who will supply you.

Platt & Washburn Refining Company
1811 Bowling Green Bldg. New York

New 88-Page Veedol Book Free

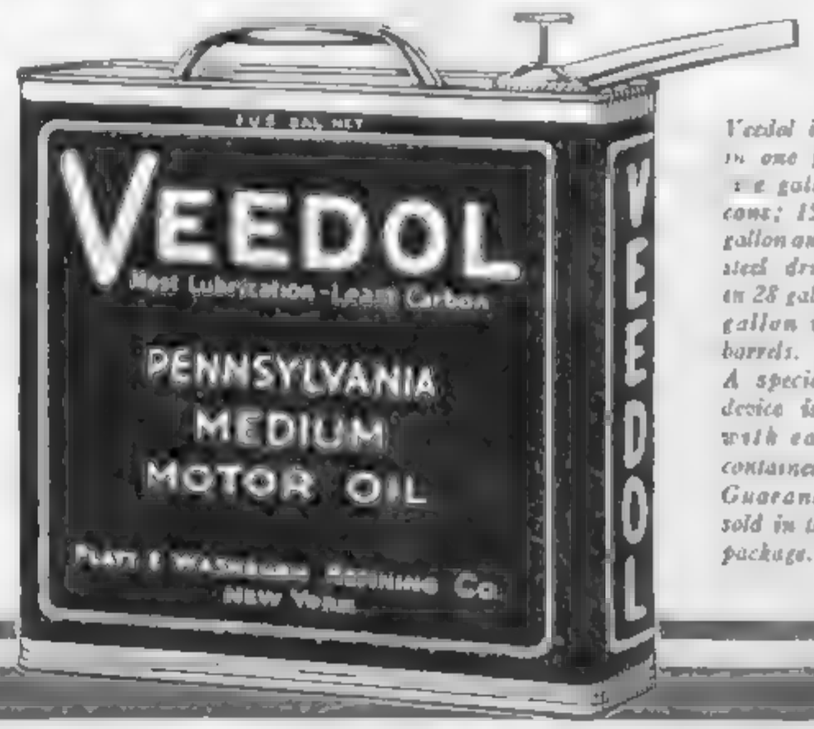
Write for the new Veedol book, "The Lubrication of Internal Combustion Motors."

This book explains the A B C's of oil refining and finishing. It gives full information regarding the laboratory and practical service tests to which lubricants are subjected before final approval and shipment.

It describes and illustrates all types of lubricating systems used in automobiles, motor-cycles, motor-boats, tractors, etc. It contains a fund of useful information and scientific facts discussing lubricants and lubrication from many angles.

This book also shows how the Veedol Engineering Department, which is at your service, is helping car owners. 88 pages profusely illustrated in colors.

WRITE TODAY



Veedol is supplied in one gallon and ½ gallon sealed cans; 15 gallon, 28 gallon and 53 gallon steel drums; and in 28 gallon and 50 gallon white oak barrels.

A special pouring device is supplied with each metal container.

Guaranteed when sold in the original package.

IF you have the young man's natural inclination for a sack suit so new in style that the designer's chalk, figuratively speaking, still lingers upon it, glance at this—

THE KIRSCHBAUM
"VOGUE"

Note the narrow lapels: the two closely spaced buttons: the high-waist effect—and then consider how it would look in the new gray plaids, banjo stripes or color-flecked mixtures

$15, $20, $25 and up to $40

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.
PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

"Look for the fixed price
and Guarantee Ticket on the sleeve"

THE MAKING OF MIKE

Concluded from Page 8)

His will to sleep came strong and cunning as a wolf in sight of its prey. Desperately he fought against it. The enemy would overcome and drag him into slumber, and then he would drive it away. For hours this lonely struggle of life against death continued.

By and by he began to creep out of the straw. Thank God, he could see light! What? Yes. The sun was shining. The storm had passed. Deep snow glistened in the light. There was the house not a hundred feet from where he lay and smoke was coming out of its chimney. The smoke had a friendly look. No, he was not dreaming now. It was real sunlight, real smoke! He got to his feet and fell sideways. His legs felt like a pair of stilts. He rose and fell again. He couldn't stand. He began to creep toward the house on his hands and knees. He imagined that the snow felt warm on his wrists. Near the door he felt something hard under one of his knees. It had hurt a little. He stopped and looked. It was one of the sticks of wood that he had thrown into the darkness. He tried to pick it up and toss it aside, but his hand would not obey him. His thumb and fingers refused to work. He got to the door and struck it with the back of his hand. The sound was like that of a stone striking the timber. He looked at his hand. It was as stiff as if it had been stuck full of needles. He heard footsteps and voices, and then the door opened. He felt the warm air of the room and saw a man standing in the doorway.

"Heavens and earth! What's the matter?" said the man.

"Been out all night in the storm," said Mike as he knelt on the doorstep.

The man leaned over and looked into his face.

"Don't you know you're froze, boy?" he exclaimed.

"I know it. I'm just a chunk of ice," said Mike.

The man and his wife lifted the boy to his feet and helped him into the door, and sat him down.

Then they ran out of the room like a pair of scared rabbits. One brought a wash boiler full of snow, the other a pail of water from the well. The woman poured the water upon the snow while the man tried to remove Mike's boots.

"He's shot full of frost and the leather is nailed to his legs!" said he. "We'll have to cut 'em off, Mary."

He slit boots and stockings from top to toe with his knife and stripped them off, and put Mike's legs in the icy water. Meanwhile the woman had pulled off his mittens and immersed his hands. Then she began to rub his face and ears with the wet snow. Mike writhed and groaned as the frost coming out formed a sheath of ice on his feet, legs and hands. It was like pulling needles. Then Nature had its struggle in trying to reconnect its countless nerves and channels so long clogged and cut off. The boy bore it bravely, and all that day the man and woman worked upon him. They succeeded in drawing the frost, but his hands and feet were swollen and powerless. The blizzard had begun again and they couldn't go for the doctor, who lived nine miles away. So they put Mike to bed. It was all they could do for him.

Mike's Novel Proposal

Three days passed before they could get the doctor. They were days of great agony for poor Mike. The doctor said that he was beyond help. His hands and the lower ends of his legs were already dead. There was a chance that an operation would save the rest of him. That, however, depended on his vitality. The doctor had brought his instruments and all the ether and chloroform that he had been able to buy in the little town where he practiced. He had not enough, however, for the big job ahead of him. It was hard on Mike, and it exhausted the doctor and the man and woman who helped him. The boy went through it bravely and clung to his life, and passed the danger point and waxed strong.

His father was poor and Mike would not permit himself to be thrown upon him. He insisted that the state should take care of him. Both feet and one hand were gone, but the doctor had saved the thumb and the main part of his left hand. He could get about somewhat in the fashion of a monkey. The charity commissioner arranged for his keep at a farmhouse.

Now the whips of pain and loss and pride had had a remarkable effect on the boy. His brain was awake. His spirit began to feel its strength. He made a plan and then a proposition to the commissioner. If the state would give him a set of artificial limbs and a year in school he would release it from all further liability. The proposition was accepted. They took him to Chicago, where he was fitted with new feet and a right hand. Soon he was able to walk as upright and as steadily as ever.

A Study in Minutes

His schooling began. With his one thumb he could hold a pen or a pencil and turn the leaves of his books. Mike had been stripped pretty bare. He had his brain and one year in which to make it a useful possession. He sat one night thinking of these two assets. He took his pencil and began to make figures. His brain was as good as ever; the year had only three hundred and sixty-five days but there would be more than half a million minutes in it. Most boys of his age would need at least five years for an education—that meant, say, two and a half millions of minutes. There were fourteen hundred and forty minutes in a day. He figured out how boys generally spent their time. It was about as follows:

540 minutes in bed
180 minutes in eating, bathing, dressing and undressing
180 minutes in play
120 minutes in sheer idleness
210 minutes in school attendance
210 minutes in study
1440

Mike decided to spend

420 minutes in bed
50 minutes in eating, bathing, dressing and undressing
970 minutes in study in and out of school
1440

This schedule would enable him to put five years of the average boy's effort into the one year ahead of him. Thereafter that year became in his view a collection of minutes. Of course he would need exercise, but he could be going over his lessons while he walked to and from school and did the chores.

The teacher, seeing the boy's eagerness to learn, spent many evenings helping him in his arithmetic and algebra. Mike strode ahead of his classes. He was the wonder and the talk of the neighborhood. He began to enjoy one by-product of which he had never thought—the fruit of good advertising. The intensive method of study that he had adopted had advertised him as a unit of power in the community. That puts it in rather plain, commercial terms, but they clearly express the fact. Mike didn't pose as a born phenomenon. He laid it all to hard work.

At the end of the year the value of that advertising began to show itself, and he got a license to teach. He taught seven years, the last three as head of the Renville High School.

He was elected to the lower house of the state legislature in 1900 and served for two sessions as its speaker. In his political work he won the friendship of William McKinley, who sent him to the Philippines as a special commissioner.

Soon after his work began there he went to see the sultan of Sulu to engage his interest in the cause of education. The sultan was bored. He wouldn't listen. Something had to be done to catch the attention of the barbarian monarch. Mike removed his right hand and threw it on the floor between them. In half a moment he had taken off both his feet and tossed them before the astonished sultan. He caught his head between his elbow and left hand and began to turn it as if intending to add that to the pile. The sultan ran to his side with a look of delight, saying:

"Keep your head on! I want to talk with you and learn the secret of your magic."

Mike held up his one thumb and told his story to the sultan, who learned what a man may accomplish in America with one thumb and a brain and the will to make the most of them.

"—The Roads Were Terrible"

Imagine running over cracked stone for miles and miles and hitting fifty an hour most of the time.

Imagine 24 hours of it and never a puncture. That is what

United States 'Chain' Tread Motorcycle Tires

accomplished for one user.

What they did for him they will do for you—

Give you certain, sure, reliable service.

Service of the kind you want and rarely get.

Use them this Summer and you, too, will say:

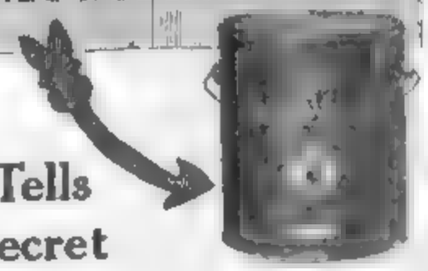
"—no one could want better motorcycling tires."

United States Tire Company

'Chain' 'Nobby' 'Studded' 'Corrugated'

MOTORCYCLE TIRES

Artistic Decorations At Moderate Cost



Our Book Tells The Secret

Send for the *free Liquid Velvet Book*, and learn how you can decorate with a beautiful velvet toned finish, that is at once *artistic, beautiful and durable;* can be kept clean by washing; will not mar nor scratch. Looks "expensive" although cost of application is moderate.

O'BRIEN'S Liquid Velvet comes in 24 *velvet* shades, capable of innumerable combinations. Especially adapted to stencil work.

Master Varnish is the "Master" wood finish, the most satisfactory and durable you can use. You should know about *Flexico Enamel* if you think of finishing your woodwork in white enamel. *Book free.*

Write for the *Liquid Velvet Book* giving your dealer's name. Most good decorators and dealers carry *Liquid Velvet* in stock. Address

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Liquid Velvet

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

THE SAVING SENSE

(Continued from Page 21)

"It isn't a laughing matter," the watch officer said acridly.

The Frenchman nodded.

"It is of a magnificence, however," he murmured. Then he seemed to indicate an invisible presence in the mist about them. "Fallon!" he said dryly.

The other drew the hood over the useless compass with a bitter:

"Of course, when the investigation comes up they'll say I was on watch. I'd ought to 'a' known better than to 'a' stayed with this man. I knew he was a fool!"

De Querouaille smiled, brushing his neat mustache.

"By the way, Captain Ramsey handed me a paper some time ago with a position marked on it. Land was reported near here, he said. Would it—ah—help you at the investigation?"

"He knew, then!" the mate snarled. "He was warned—and—why ——" He snatched the proffered paper from the lieutenant's fingers and held it under the bridge lamp, devoured the figures noted thereon, and looked up gravely. "Thank you, sir. His write of hand. That's enough to square me—that and the trick he played on you about the sounding machine."

"It doesn't—it cannot be actuated?" suggested De Querouaille.

"Right, sir. But"—he cast a quick seamanlike glance about him—"I'd best be hustling. He won't know what to do."

"Boats?" the lieutenant whispered, lighting a cigarette.

"Everything, sir," was the reply; and the man dropped down the ladder, his earnest, composed countenance upturned an instant before he disappeared, as if in brief farewell.

Alone on the bridge, De Querouaille composed himself to study the scene. His experienced eye took in the half-hearted endeavors of the crew to swing out the boats, the apparent indifference of the engineers and stokers gathered under a far-away deck light; then he turned his attention to the steamer and carefully figured on her chances.

His ears told him that there was an area hidden in the mist where there were neither breaking swells nor moving water. The crackling seas about the Marathon's bows were harmless. She lay immobile, as if bedded firmly down. A sudden thought struck him and he traveled aft by way of the upper bridge deck.

A glance at the sounding machine told him it had been impossible to use it. He peered round and picked up a small tub of line with a lead lying in the midst of it. This he tested and then let it go over the rail, measuring the light, strong cable ell by ell as it was drawn over and into the water. His face bore an expression of extreme solicitude the while. Now and then he leaned far out and scanned the slant of the line quivering out astern.

When the lead line was at last slack in his hands the lieutenant pursed his lips.

"The bows are deeply imbedded in the reef," he thought to himself; "but there is a hundred feet of water under the stern—and a five-knot current making out. This steamer will either break in two or slip off and sink."

With this knowledge concealed in his own bosom, De Querouaille proceeded to his cabin and relaxed on the lounge and smoked cigarette after cigarette, occasionally glancing at his watch. He was wholly undisturbed by the tramp of feet above him, the slamming room doors in far-away passages, or the rarely heard call of an anxious woman. The dark opening of his port was graying when he roused himself at last and went on deck. The mist still infolded the stricken steamer, dripped from every stanchion, and draped the outswung boats in steamy wreaths. The members of the crew, standing at their stations, stared at the neat uniform and murmured among themselves with relief.

De Querouaille overheard one man say plainly to his mate:

"Lucky for us there's a gov'ment chap aboard! He'll see that things go right."

He found Ramsey at his desk in his big cabin. There was no outward sign that the master of the Marathon was unusually disturbed. He turned his florid face to his visitor with a brief:

"We'll soon have daylight and haul off into deep water."

(Continued on Page 54)

BEECH-NUT
CRAB-APPLE JELLY

is made of sound, ripe crab-apples, cooked in silver-lined kettles with only white granulated sugar added.

Find out *for yourself* what conservative housewives everywhere are finding out—that Beech-Nut jams, jellies and marmalades are better made than those that *can* be produced with ordinary household facilities. Try

Beech-Nut Jellies:	Beech-Nut Jams:	Beech-Nut Marmalades:
Crab-Apple	Strawberry	Orange
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Red Currant	Damson Plum	And Cherry Preserve.
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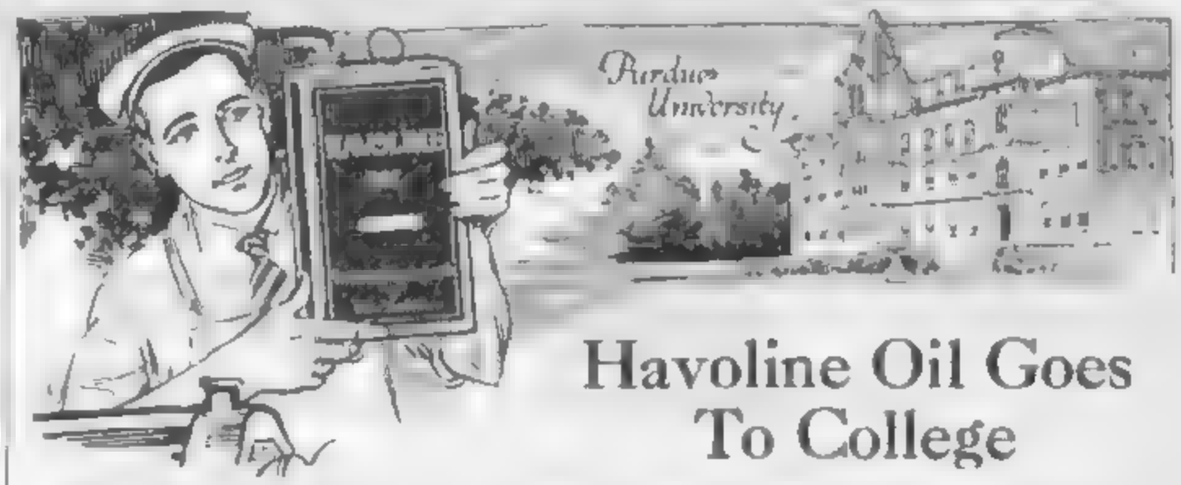

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Havoline Oil went to Purdue University and it graduated *first*.

IN a competitive test with the twelve leading brands of motor oil, Havoline was awarded the highest percentage in every vital element by which lubricant value is measured:—

In wearing qualities. In minimizing frictional loss.
In heat resistance. In uniform quality in all temperatures.

The verdict of Purdue is authoritative and *final.* It gives scientific sanction to the Havoline slogan—

"It Makes A Difference"

The *best* lubricant is the *only* lubricant good enough for your car. You can get Havoline anywhere. Costs the same as the next best.

At Garages—Stores—Supply Stations.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
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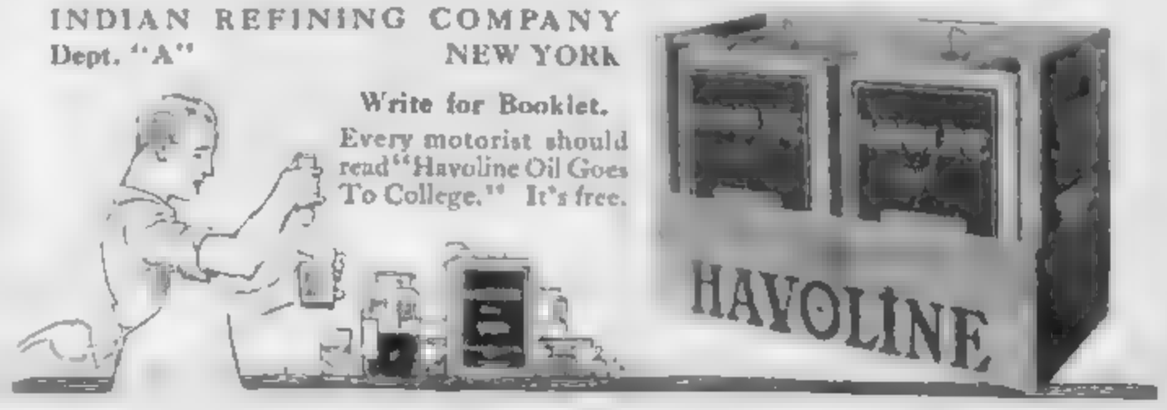
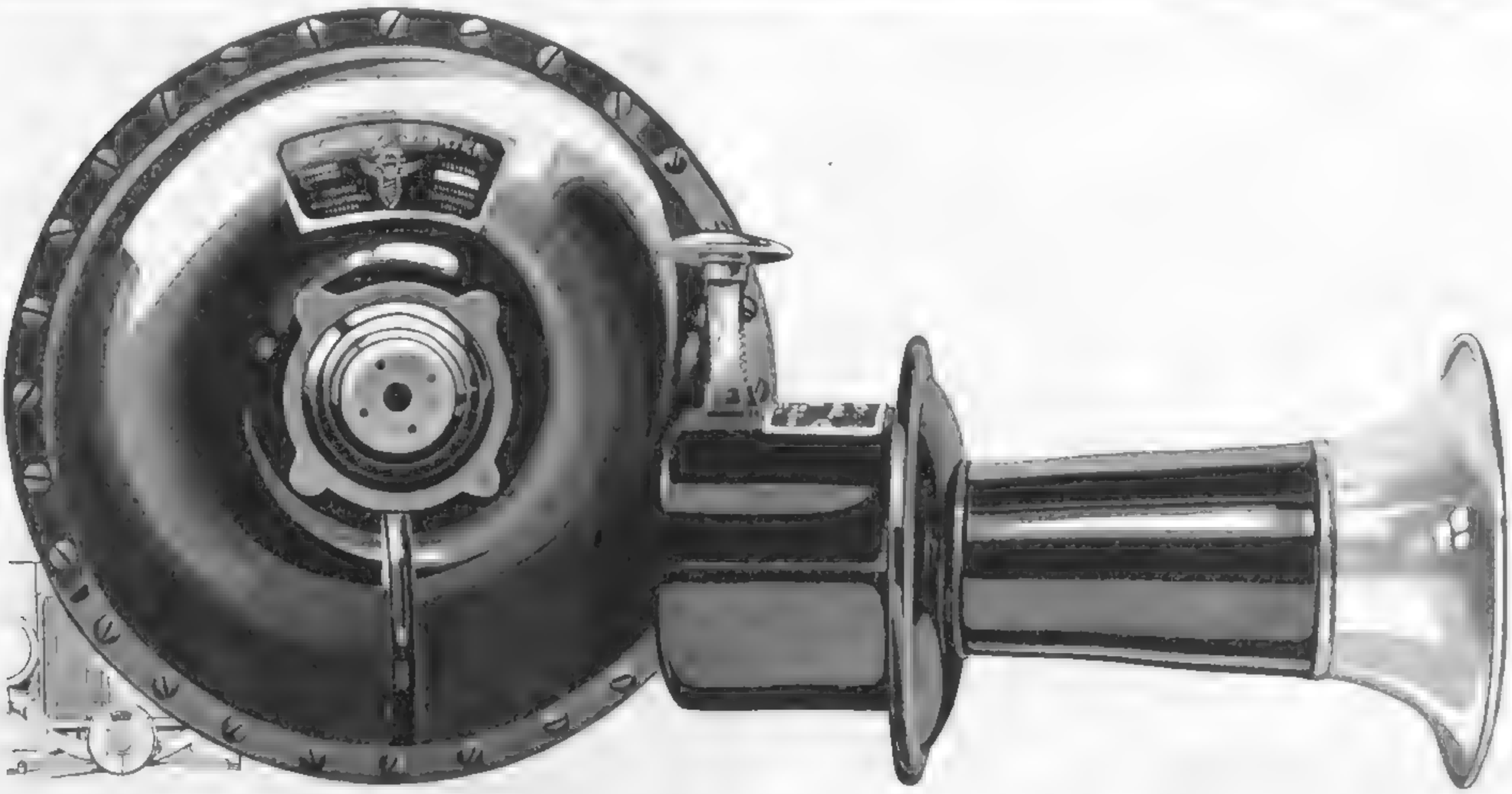
Write for Booklet.
Every motorist should read "Havoline Oil Goes To College." It's free.



Stewart Ford Car



$40
A Special Stewart Starter—for Your Ford

Nothing could add to your Ford's convenience and pleasure-giving value so much as this greatest improvement of the year—the Stewart Ford Starter, for only $40.

It starts your car instantly—every time—never misses. Just as reliable in bitterly cold weather as in July. Just press your foot on a floor pedal and your Ford is in operation.

Do away with your old-time hand cranking. In summer it's hot, mussy work—in winter it is often back breaking—at night or in a storm it's mighty disagreeable work.

At all times it's an inconvenience that should not go with the pleasure you are paying for.

Formerly Ford starters cost about double and weighed about double. The Stewart costs only $40 and weighs only 55 pounds.

This light compact Ford starter is operated by compressed air. Automobile engineers concede compressed-air starters to be the most practical and economical when properly designed.

The supply of air can also be used for filling your tires, saving you the expense of a tire pump.

This starter can be quickly and easily installed on any Ford by any dealer or garage man.

Get one at once.

$3.50
A New Hand Signal for New Traffic Conditions

Long ago the old bulb horn was forced into the discard by a growing congestion of traffic.

Today more people than ever are using their cars every day for utility and convenience in cities and for country touring.

This present day pack and din of traffic has made the signal of yesterday impractical because it has made it unsafe.

This Stewart (hand) Signal insures safety—your family's—yours—and all others—your car's and the other fellow's.

Its tone is snappy, sharp and far reaching. The blast travels to a great distance, warning everyone far and near to stop, look and listen.

It is handsomely proportioned and built of the finest materials on the market.

It will outlive any car and still be as good as new.

The low price is only possible on account of our enormous production.

Just the thing for your car.

Every time you hear a Stewart remember someone is looking out for his own safety and the safety of others.

Many a serious accident has been due to the weak tone of a signal fit only for traffic conditions of long ago. With a Stewart you are always safe.

Get a Stewart Signal at once—$3.50 complete.

Stewart Products For Sale by Accessory Dealers, Automobile Dealers and Garages—Everywhere

Necessities Stewart

$6
A Stewart Motor Signal is Cheap Life Insurance

For those who wish a high grade motor-driven signal we recommend the famous Stewart.

We have designed and built into this signal all of the quality and all of the features it is possible to build in any high grade signal—yet the price is only $6.

Its design is beautiful—the lines are graceful and attractive. Its finish and fineness will dress up any car.

You need this Stewart to make others heed their own safety. You need it even more to make all traffic heed the safety of your car and its occupants.

For city safety press the button a few times lightly. In the country hold the button down a few seconds and the penetrating, commanding Stewart blast will clear the road for you a half a mile ahead.

You discarded the old-time horn as unsafe long ago, yet a good bulb horn is better than a poor, weak unreliable signal.

Unless you have a Stewart on your car your life is not adequately insured against present day conditions.

Get your life insurance—this Stewart—today.

The price of $6—complete—is only possible because of the tremendous quantities we sell. One big car manufacturer alone purchased 75,000 to standard equip his cars.

$10
A Special Magnetic Speedometer—for Your Ford

A speedometer is an absolute necessity to every Ford owner.

It will save you the humiliation and expense of being arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

If your Ford is without one, how can you figure speed, distance and upkeep costs?

How do you know how much gasoline and oil your car is eating up—per mile?

Are you getting your money's worth out of your tires?

Thousands and thousands of dollars have been lost to Ford owners merely because they had no speedometer by which to tell the tire companies how many miles they got out of their tires.

Order a Stewart at once. Don't take any other.

Here is a special one built for Fords, Chevrolets and Saxons. It is made on the famous magnetic principle. Practically every automobile in use today, even the highest priced cars, is equipped with a magnetic Stewart Speedometer.

Your Ford should have one. Get one of these speedometers without further delay. It's as important to you as your watch—and as necessary.

Easily installed on any Ford. Price $10—complete.

Branches and Service Stations in all principal cities

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

This Blue and Yellow Sign

—the emblem of tire service and safety—is displayed everywhere by dealers in Pennsylvania Oilproof

VACUUM CUP TIRES

Tires of such *proved* quality that experienced users willingly pay a little *more* for them at the *start*, knowing they will cost *less* at the *finish*.

Guaranteed not to skid on slippery pavements, else—after reasonable trial—returnable at full purchase price.

Guaranteed immune from oil disintegration.

Guaranteed—per warranty tag on each casing—for 6,000 miles.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
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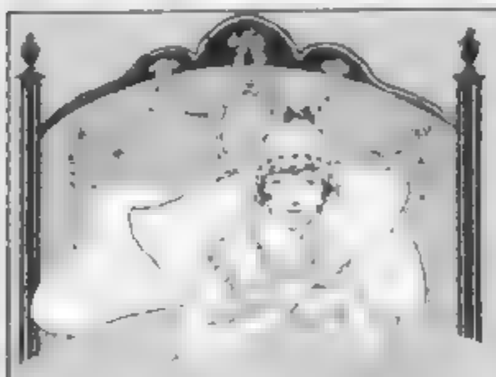
Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

As makers of the famous Vacuum Cup Tires, we confidently place our name and reputation behind the new Pennsylvania Oilproof

EBONY TREAD

A quality casing with black, ribbed tread, at a moderate price.

Guaranteed—per tag attached—for 5,000 miles



The day's tasks become delightful adventures when complete rest arrives on the wings of the morning.

IF your dealer can't supply, do not accept a substitute, but send us $15 for a full-size Ostermoor, express prepaid. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial.

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Mattress $15. up

A postal brings 144-page FREE book of mattresses, springs, cushions, etc., with many samples of ticking.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 116 Elizabeth St., New York

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(Continued from Page 51)

"You have no doubt, then? The ship is unhurt?" the lieutenant inquired.

"Not at all. A mere ridge of coral awash at all times. The ship took the ground easily and we shall proceed on our voyage."

"Then you don't believe that this is the spot Captain Fallon meant?"

Ramsey shook his head.

"You don't see any island, do you? Merely a reef."

"Most unfortunate!" De Querouaille said dryly. Then he went on: "You haven't wirelessed yet?"

Ramsey flushed.

"No need of that. Plenty of time later. Needlessly alarm the passengers."

The lieutenant stared a moment and then took his departure. Outside he peered into the thinning mist, wondering just what grounds the captain had for making little of the disaster.

"If Fallon and De Grasse are not here," he thought coldly, "it will be a catastrophe." He glanced back at the latticed door that concealed Ramsey. "A fool!" he said to himself.

With the quickness of a hand brushing away a veil, a strong shaft of sunlight swept the fog aside and displayed before De Querouaille's eyes the low, colorless contour of a small atoll, the broken circle of which was intercepted by the bows of the Marathon. Evidently the steamer had taken the ground directly in the shallow entrance to the lagoon, and the breakers that had washed about her during the night were mere surf of an ebbing tide.

But, much more engrossing than the plight of the vessel on which he stood, was the apparition across the island. On its farther rim a large ship was careened far over on her bilge, her slender masts thrusting out at an acute angle with the inner water. Beyond this, and a couple of miles distant, on the deepening sapphire of the sea, rode a two-masted schooner, which De Querouaille's keen eyes recognized as the craft in which Fallon and De Grasse had left Papeete.

Instantly the lieutenant forgot the Marathon and Ramsey. Here was an absorbing mystery. He puckered his eyes. A low exclamation parted his compressed lips. He mounted swiftly to the bridge and snatched a pair of glasses from the rack. With these adjusted before his eyes he read the meaning of the scene, occasionally muttering to himself as he studied the complicated symbols in which the sea had written the story of the loss of the Lady of India and the prodigious tragedy of Alois Fallon. Though he was not unobservant that the schooner was slowly making in for the atoll, he seemed impatient of any diversion from the business at hand, which was the interpretation of the catastrophe that had overtaken the great sailing ship lying a wreck on the white coral, and which, he was amazedly sure, was about to be reenacted before his unbelieving eyes in the case of the doomed Marathon.

Once or twice he lowered the binocular and seemed about to rush from his post for some purpose; each time he shook his head petulantly and resumed his steady scrutiny.

The sun was well risen when he lowered his glass at last and knew that the chief engineer was beside him. The two met each other's eyes and De Querouaille asked:

"Much damage done below?"

"Plenty," was the slow reply.

"Then that schooner had better be quick!" the lieutenant went on.

"He's got plenty of time," was the response. "We're hard and fast, all right. I wonder how we ever—oh, well! Accidents will happen."

De Querouaille bent his keen glance on his companion and laughed without any evidence of pleasure.

"Do you see anything extraordinary about that wreck in there?" he demanded.

"Nothing except that it's strange we never sighted it before," the engineer said promptly.

The lieutenant handed him his glass.

"Look!" he urged him; and then: "What do you think?"

"Looks as if she had been sunk for years and then washed up," was the reply.

"Right you are! Every plank and stick in her is knotted with weeds and armored with barnacles," De Querouaille said quietly. "Yards, decks—everything has been submerged for years. Understand?"

"What?" demanded the engineer with sudden intensity.

"We are viewing a resurrection, my friend," the lieutenant answered sharply. "That ship is just up from the bottom of the sea. Look yourself closely, chief. She's dripping brine from that broken topgallant yard."

The engineer stared, his pallid face glistening with sweat.

"You're right," he muttered. "What does it mean? How did she—where did she come from?"

"From where we are going," was the cool response. "It will be interesting to observe the return of the long-lost and newly found to the profundities. You observe, my dear chief? That which rose is sinking again. The ship redescends to the depths!"

It was true. Before their eyes a long, sharp, taut line of lucent water lifted above the farther rim of the atoll, sparkled like a wall of sapphire and then tumbled in a heavy wave, which underran the careened vessel. This wave did not ebb. The slender strand that had shown beyond the bulk was buried; the sea was rising steadily while they gazed entranced, covering the whitened coral with eddying pools, which deepened, joined, suddenly united with the lagoon. The atoll had vanished. The low, sloping masts of the wreck leaned and dipped their tilted yards into the heaving surface of the smoothly running and unbroken sea.

The chief engineer shook.

"Like a tide!" he muttered. "But so high! Not like any tide ever heard of." He started violently. "Our ship—the Marathon ——"

"Yes," the lieutenant assented in a gentle voice. He held up one hand as a shrill yell rose from below. "Captain Fallon will have to hurry."

"Fallon!" repeated the engineer. "You mean Ramsey.. I wish Fallon was here! My boilers ——" He vanished.

Ramsey heaved himself to the bridge, ran to the binnacle and peered at the compass.

"We're slipping off into deep water," he rasped. "Bottom gone—sink . . . like a stone!"

He hurried away with grotesque gestures, like a cramped swimmer. And shortly there arose from the decks the murmur of men afraid and women distraught. De Querouaille listened, but did not move. With steady hands he picked up the binocular again and focused it on the schooner footing it slowly before the mild breeze.

The Marathon, sinking into the sea, was tremorless, giving no sign of resistance to her destiny. Her decks maintained the same angle; the waves flashing over her subsiding bows did not disturb the tranquility of her dissolution. And in spite of the tumult, regardless of the creaking of blocks, the hoarse calls of officers and the wail of women, the schooner, barely half a mile away, neither hastened her maneuvers nor seemed aware of the tragedy that was being enacted.

"Fallon!" yelled Ramsey, returning to the bridge in wild leaps and pawing at the papers in his private drawer in the chart house. "My vessel going down—he never stirs a hand! Come on, lieutenant! Last boat!" He threw a despairing glance about him. "She won't last another five minutes." He ran off.

De Querouaille watched him go and lit another cigarette, leaning on the rail and gazing dispassionately down on the boats, which were pulling away in various directions. He glanced at the three masts just apparent above the sea's surface and smiled to himself. When the schooner ranged quietly within a hundred yards and swung slowly into the wind he nodded down to the elderly man standing on the little poop deck.

"How much farther will the water rise, Captain Fallon?" De Querouaille inquired calmly.

"About enough to reach your bridge," was the equally calm response.

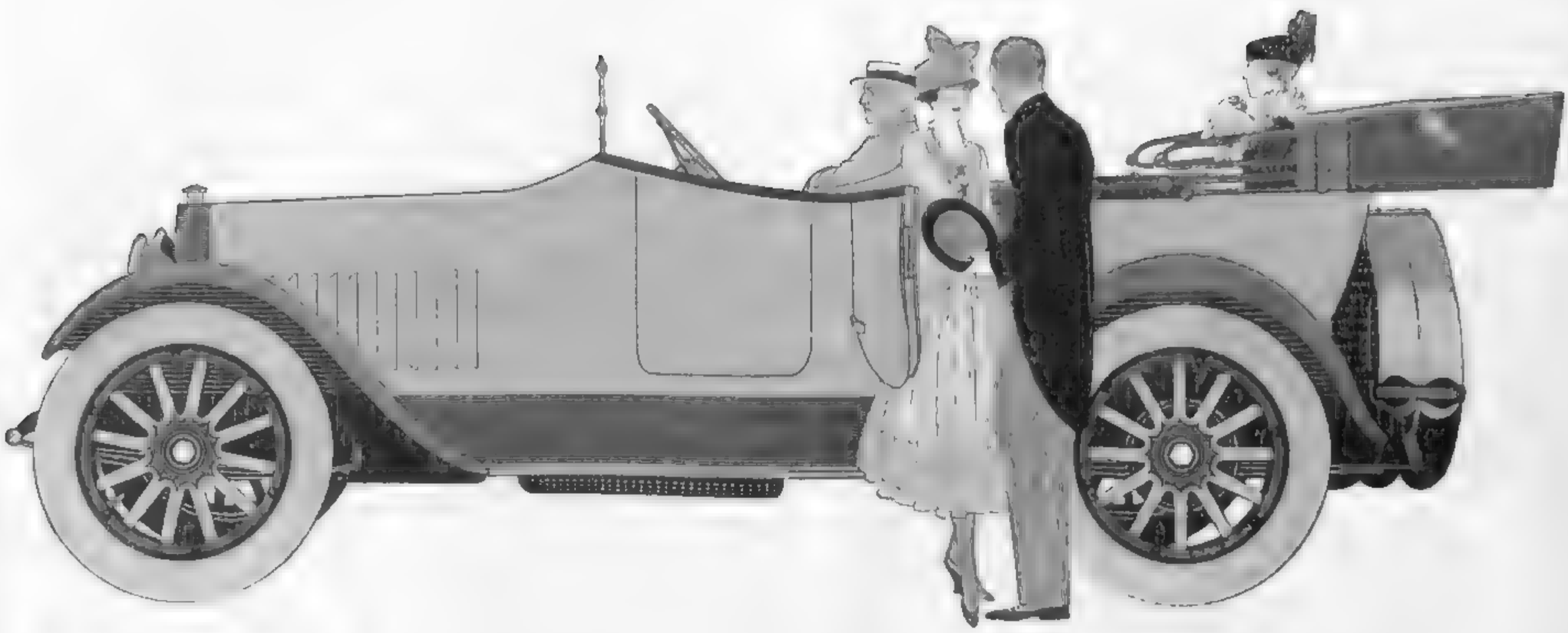
"Then you'd better hurry," De Querouaille answered, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "The Marathon's after bulkheads are closed and intact, I think. I don't believe anyone thought to open them. She'll turn turtle pretty soon."

With a single step Fallon quit the schooner's deck for a small boat and sculled slowly over to the steamer's side. Resting one hand on the great steel flank he felt for a sign. He looked up.

"She's straining," he said briefly.

He caught a swinging fall and came agilely to the bridge.

(Continued on Page 56



There is Glad Going in the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers' Tranquil Stream of Might.

Mere brute might is subordinated to the subtler phases of performance in the new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

Take acceleration.

In the burly beast of a car that sacrifices everything for raw might, acceleration is conspicuous by its absence.

The car that wins races will not give you swift acceleration. It can't be done.

Watch the cars banked at the crossing. Lateral traffic subsides. Look—the racers are the last to get away. Always and invariably.

Hugh Chalmers was unwilling to gratify the mad speed-lust of the few, at the expense of the all-round performance craved by the many.

So his engineers took the superfluous margin of 65, 70, 75, and 80 mile-an-hour speed that this car's 3400 engine revolutions per minute would readily have delivered, and transfigured it into those golden values of performance that have cast a spell over 740 cities.

Until you've set foot on her accelerator, you'll never know pick-up that's as pliant as French chiffon velvet.

The 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers exacts no daily burnt-offering of excessive fuel-consumption on the altar of useless might.

You get 18 miles of lyric going out of every gallon of gas—save $150 to $200 every year in fuel bills—add 1000 miles to the life of your tires.

For bad roads aren't nearly as hard on tires as rough engine work.

There's enduring strength in this marvel of motors.

The inherent treachery of the burlier engine that wears itself out with its own violence, is absent.

The 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers puts at your call and beck a ruly creature that a woman can drive because it's schooled to obey.

Never a tug or jerk as you weave in and out of the gnarl of city traffic.

Never a gasp or roar as you sink your throttle and sweep out over the open, sunny highway.

Always glad going—no fret or squeak or sidesway—always an even, tranquil stream of might at every clip.

Do you wonder that this car has conquered everything from Sea Girt to Seattle?

Touring Car, $1090 Detroit; $1515 in Canada
Three-Passenger Cabriolet, $1440 Detroit; $1940 in Canada
Roadster, $1070 Detroit; $1495 in Canada
Colors: Meteor blue, or Oriford maroon with gold stripe
Three-Passenger Cabriolet also furnished in Valentine green.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

CLEAN·UP·BY·PAINTING·UP

Get in tune with Nature. Those rusty, dusty screens can be rejuvenated with Acme Quality Screen Enamel. Possibly there's a pergola or trellis or lawn swing that does not harmonize with the freshness of spring. Certainly that porch furniture can be improved in appearance. That hose reel, those rose-bush supports and flower-bed fences all need fresh raiment. Picture all the things about the house renewed, then proceed to paint the picture yourself with

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

Acme Quality Enamels make woodwork glisten with new beauty. Acme Quality Varno-Lac varnishes and stains in one operation, reproducing the appearance of expensive woods.

There is an Acme Quality Finish for every painting need—all described in our two books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide," sent upon request. They give full instructions.

Acme Quality Paint restores and preserves the newness of exteriors. Why not call in a painter and figure on painting the whole house?

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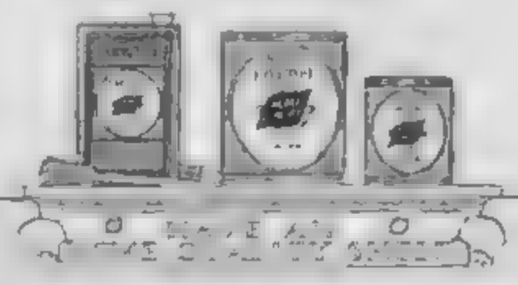
Dept. O Detroit, Michigan

Boston	St. Louis	Toledo	Fort Worth	Lincoln	Portland
Chicago	Pittsburgh	Nashville	Dallas	Salt Lake City	San Francisco
Minneapolis	Cincinnati	Birmingham	Topeka	Spokane	Los Angeles

Keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; Acme Quality Black Iron Enamel for ranges, stovepipes and other metal or wood surfaces. These will cover many of the "touching-up" jobs.



(Continued from Page 54)

"I see you found your ship—the Lady of India," the lieutenant remarked.

"Yes," Fallon answered.

De Querouaille was very still for a little. Then he resumed:

"And you found the lady—your wife?"

"She has not come yet," was the simple response.

"Ah!" breathed the lieutenant. "You await her—is it not?"

The old man bent his gray head in assent, his weary eyes seeming indifferent to the scene about him. The huge steamer heeled over on one side, the boats rising and falling round her to the steady set of the Pacific swell, the three mastheads rising out of the sea.

"You know," he went on, "I promised her I would come back."

With a slight bow De Querouaille removed his gold-laced cap.

"Permit me to revere her memory, sir," he said respectfully.

"It is thirty years," Captain Fallon murmured.

"They—women who love men—do not forget," the lieutenant said briefly.

The elder turned his gray face to his companion.

"It was our bridal voyage," he said. "I could not extricate my ship. I sent my crew off to find land and send help. They did not rejoin us. For three weeks the tide ebbed and flowed but did not overrun the island; but I knew that sooner or later it would."

"That is plain," the lieutenant said politely. "A glance at the configuration of the sea's bottom, a note of the submarine gulf of which this is the head—one comprehends that at certain periods the strong currents, walled in below the surface of the ocean, will inevitably pile up great masses of water here. That goes without speaking, captain."

"That was what I figured," Fallon said, nodding his head. "And there was one boat left, the dinghy; and no one besides myself. You see? The ship lay where there was a tide I couldn't calculate. It rose and fell: sometimes swiftly, sometimes slowly. You see?" Fallon fixed his weary eyes on the lieutenant. "There had been a long time when this atoll was buried very deep. When would the tide reach its final stage? Would it be slowly, inch by inch and foot by foot? Or would a wave come out of the night and overwhelm us? For days and nights I did not sleep. I stayed by her, ready at any sound of roaring water to pick her up and push off in the small boat."

"You did not sleep?" De Querouaille murmured.

Fallon brushed a gnarled hand over his eyes.

"Yet it seems that I did sleep. The wave came in the light, shaking the sea. I could not waken her . . . in time. So I found myself afloat in the dinghy alone."

"In the dinghy—alone!" the lieutenant repeated.

"In the dinghy," Fallon went on. "I had fallen asleep; and it was a dream, I thought. But one does not take photographs in a dream. I reached shore with a photograph in my pocket, taken with her camera. So I know that the things that happened were so."

"It was so," De Querouaille affirmed.

"And as I looked away toward the wreck in the morning—the mastheads only showed above the sea. My wife—who was dead—waved her white hand to me from the main truck. So I returned."

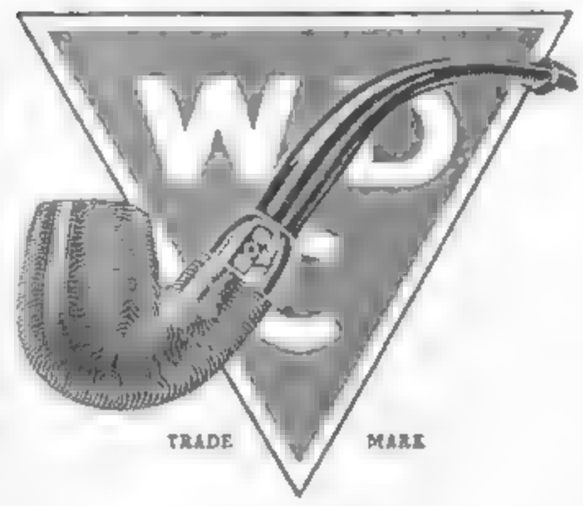
"So you returned," De Querouaille said in a strong voice, bowing his bared head.

"After thirty years," Fallon concluded in a hoarse whisper. "You understand? I was unable to find the island again. No one would have believed me. But I knew."

"You knew," was the assent. "And you speak truth when you state that no one would have believed you. But you promised? Eh, my friend? Therefore you came back—is it not? And it is true, is it not?" De Querouaille laid his thin fingers on the old man's arm. "And she will come!" he said positively. "It goes without speaking—is it not?"

The Marathon surged beneath them and a loud cry rose from the boats riding on the shimmering sea. A moment later the big ship floated free of the reef, rolling slightly, her bows awash. De Querouaille seemed to be listening intently to some sound below, his hand to his ear, his head bent over. When he straightened up he smiled.

"Our friend Ramsey is fortunate," he murmured. "His vessel floats. It is right



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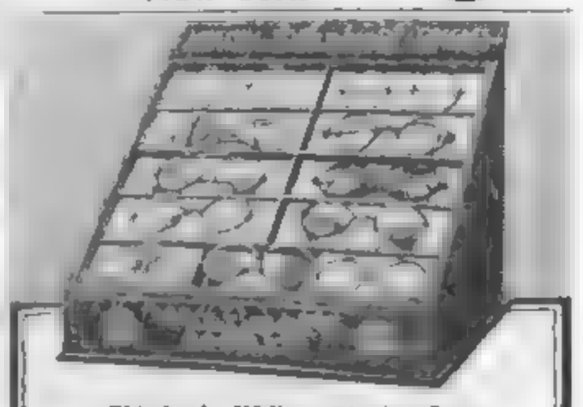

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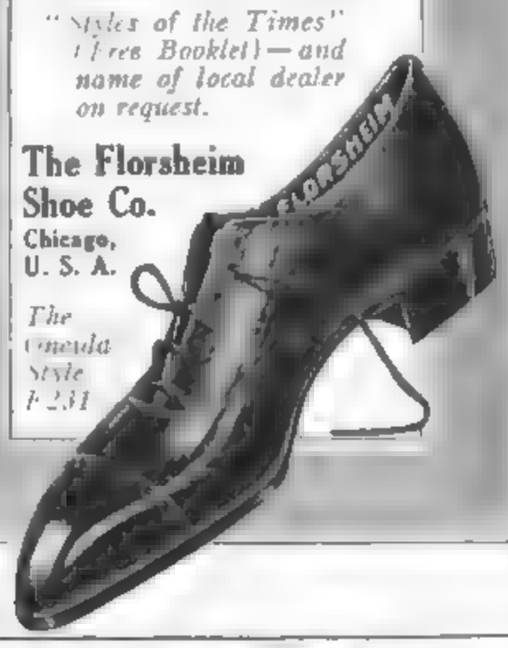

The Oneida style F-231

side up. Another mystery of the sea, captain!"

Fallon nodded absently, then said:

"All right, of course. Ramsey is a fool! He won't understand. He can make it back to the Marquesas. I shall leave the ship here."

The lieutenant made no movement to detain him, but bowed, cap in hand, his eyes following the spare, austere figure as it descended to the next deck and stepped deeply down into the small boat riding underneath the steamer's dripping flank. Fallon sculled off, but not toward the schooner lying to windward. Instead, he thrust his craft's stern toward the thin masthead projecting out of the sea to the south.

"It is all true, this mystery of the deep," De Querouaille said to himself. "But this Captain Ramsey—will he comprehend?"

Fifteen minutes later the boats were back alongside the steamer, the crew were tumbling overside and scattering to their new tasks under the loud, cheerful commands of their officers, and Reginald Ramsey stood on the bridge, giving orders in a firm, confident voice. Presently the chief officer and the engineer joined him and reported that, with a few hours' work, the damage could be temporarily made good.

"We'll go back to Papeete," Ramsey said curtly. "I'll wireless to the office and give them the news."

"What news?" interposed De Querouaille simply.

Ramsey stared at him, seemed about to make a rough response, and then flushed. He realized that this government official would also make a report, and that, unless his own tallied with it, there would be trouble. He constrained himself to reply with a show of civility.

"Tell them we hit a submerged reef not down on the charts and pulled off with some damage for'ard," he said.

De Querouaille swept his hand mockingly toward the three masts visible a mile away.

"And that, captain? What shall you say to that?"

The angry blood flooded the face of the Marathon's commander as he understood the challenge. Before he could master himself he cried:

"Nobody would believe that!"

He stared at the man before him, at the neat, cool face of him, and he seemed to see all his world looking askance at him with incredulous and scornful eyes. He saw the pitying face of the vice president, the contemptuous lips of his fellows, the haughty stare of the woman he aspired to. And it was all true! In full career the sea had enmeshed him in its unbelievable mystery, destroyed his ambitions, and forever bound him in the indissoluble fetters of its untellable magic.

In that moment he knew that he might go up and down the world telling his story, and those who did not laugh would shun him. Though the Marathon still floated, though he still trod her bridge and was clad in authority, he might as well have perished in the catastrophe.

The keen, shining eyes of the lieutenant, inquisitor and judge, danced before his gaze, blinding him with their mocking light. But he struggled.

"The passengers will witness to ——"

"Eh?" De Querouaille still smiled. "To a ship ashore; to your own steamer temporarily abandoned; to their own fears and terrors. But to the position of your vessel? To the fact that in a spot where no chart shows land you took the ground? And saw a vessel rise and be overwhelmed again? Eh?"

"My officers—you ——" Ramsey stammered desperately.

"Who will believe your officers, captain?" the lieutenant demanded.

"But you ——"

"I!" mocked De Querouaille. "What shall I say? That you were given the position of an island, but refused to believe it, and consequently wrecked your ship? And that Captain Fallon, who gave you the report, was on the spot?"

"Fallon!" the captain repeated eagerly. "He'll back me up. He can't help it. Why, he ——"

The lieutenant shook his head.

"He is here on—ah—an affair. Look, my captain!" He threw out his arm in a broad and significant gesture.

Ramsey lifted his eyes and peered out over the gleaming sea toward the three mastheads, barely visible above the smooth swell. Between him and those telltale thin

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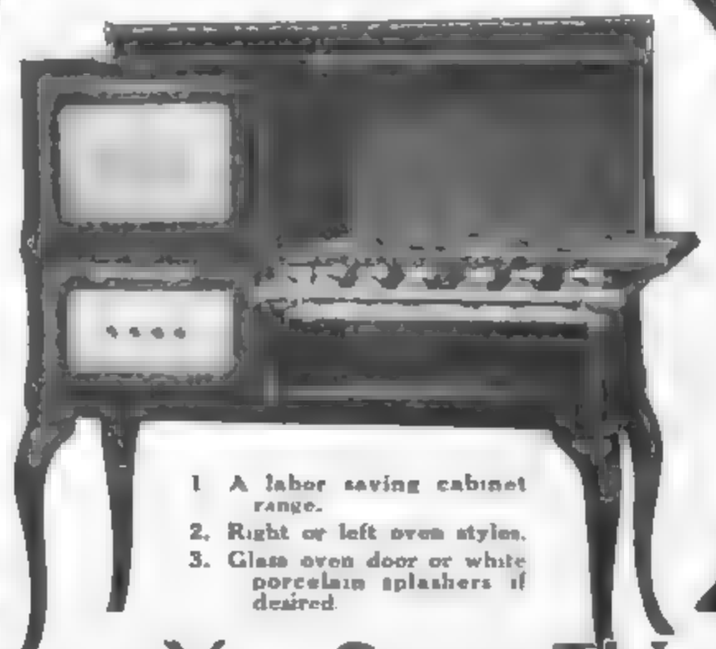

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symbols he saw a small boat making steadily through the interval, Fallon's figure bending and straightening at the loom of his oar.

"He will come back. He must!" Ramsey protested. "What's he going there for?"

There was no answer. It was precisely as if that profound and terrible silence drowned the wretched captain's final struggles to survive his career. A single voice could save him—the voice of his enemy, of the man he had hated, the central figure in this mysterious and inexplicable drama. Fallon sculled steadily away, with definite, strong movements, giving the appearance of a man forever quitting the scene. With him was departing Reginald Ramsey's only hope of salvation.

There is a death of much greater import than physical dissolution—the dying of full-blooded ambition; the decay of the powers that satisfy gross appetite; the withdrawal of vital hope. In this hour the Marathon's commander experienced what is said to confront human beings sentient in the article of death: the events of his life passed swiftly in review before his eyes, each bearing its particular emphasis in due proportion. He saw himself aspiring from a dreary cargo boat to a liner; tasting the pleasures of lofty command; pushing forward to still greater rank and its accompanying joys. And beside the austere, hostile figure of Fallon, silently opposing him, he discerned with astonishment another. What had she, this negligible Mollie Stance, to do with his destiny? Who was she to bulk so large in his life when he had forgotten her?

He turned his dizzy eyes on the still unspeaking lieutenant, who stood there so calm and judicial. Then he looked at the little schooner, riding easily on the swells a quarter of a mile away. Mollie Stance was there. He could see her standing by the low rail and knew that she was gazing at him. Of all the people in his world there was only one to appeal to with any hope of help. It came over him that, after all, the cold woman he had lately aspired to would have none of him thenceforward. She would not believe his incredible story. She would scornfully smile at his tale of miraculous disaster.

But Mollie, who had always warmed him by her sympathy and encouraged him and believed in him, would still honor him. Would she? In the downfall of his world he doubted it.

The quiet voice of De Querouaille broke in on him

"The tide is setting your ship back toward the reef, captain."

Ramsey started. A quick glance told him that this was so. He glanced round for his chief officer and spoke of anchoring.

"No bottom—is it not so?" the lieutenant remarked.

A hasty cast of the lead over the side of the half-waterlogged steamer proved the truth of this statement and Ramsey felt himself more than ever helpless. It was De Querouaille who finally offered a suggestion:

"The schooner has a fair wind and might tow you farther out."

Thus it came about that within a few minutes Ramsey had hailed the other vessel and explained his predicament. The schooner swung her booms and slipped near. De Grasse called across in his reedy voice.

"No!" he shrilled.

For the moment Ramsey's old bluster seemed to serve him, but presently it was evident that the schooner was leaving again.

"That reef will be under your forefoot pretty soon," De Querouaille warned him.

Ramsey looked and his face settled in lines of despair. His ship was being borne steadily back toward the ominous three masts which marked the fatal place. His passengers, now fully alive to this new peril, clamored, calling to the schooner, raising their voices in a chorus of pleading and imprecation. The commander of the doomed Marathon leaned far over the rail and met the eyes of the woman he had despised and cast off. She faced him quietly with a strange expression on her countenance, as if she were listening for the answer to some unspoken query. Ramsey did not know what that question was; Fallon had stated it long before in his office in San Francisco when he told her that some day she would have to determine whether she loved the man enough to save him from himself.

Gradually the clamor was stilled as every one got the hint that the destiny of the great ship and of all she carried lay in the hands of the woman on the schooner's deck. No one guessed the relation between these two—the master of the Marathon and the unknown figure so motionless in the moment of decision; but the subtle sense that sometimes pervades a watching throng made her the object of every intent look. She appeared to be waiting. De Querouaille, alert, immobile, calm, held a cigarette between his fingers and seemed ready for the unforeseen event. Suddenly Ramsey broke the silence.

"It's to save the ship, Mollie!" he croaked.

Her eyes warmed, glowed with light. Was it the first unselfish speech she had heard from those full lips? And did she know in that hour that she indeed loved the man? Was that fine, almost imperceptible gesture one of triumph or of abnegation? She turned to De Grasse imperiously. The schooner edged toward the heaving flanks of the liner and the brisk Kanakas of her crew jumped to pass the hawser. A few moments later the Marathon was held, yielded slowly to the pull of the line, and foot by foot gave backward from the reef, shining like a cloud beneath the sapphire sea

Ramsey drew a choked breath when he knew his steamer was safe again.

"The engines will soon be ——" he commenced.

De Querouaille touched him on the arm and pointed southward toward the three mastheads. Together they looked. Whither was Fallon steering? And what was this lifting out of the depths, shadowy and terrible?

"What?" muttered Ramsey, his husky voice trailing off into silence.

"The sea!" De Querouaille whispered.

Before their eyes the long, smooth, unhesitating wave, heaving in from the horizon, lifted its crest, flashed above the little boat, with its solitary gallant figure, and held it an instant in the shining hollow of its tremendous arch. Then it broke, burying in thunderous foam the spot where the atoll had been.

"The boat—Fallon gone!" Ramsey's appalling whisper threaded the stillness that marked the finale. "Didn't he see it?"

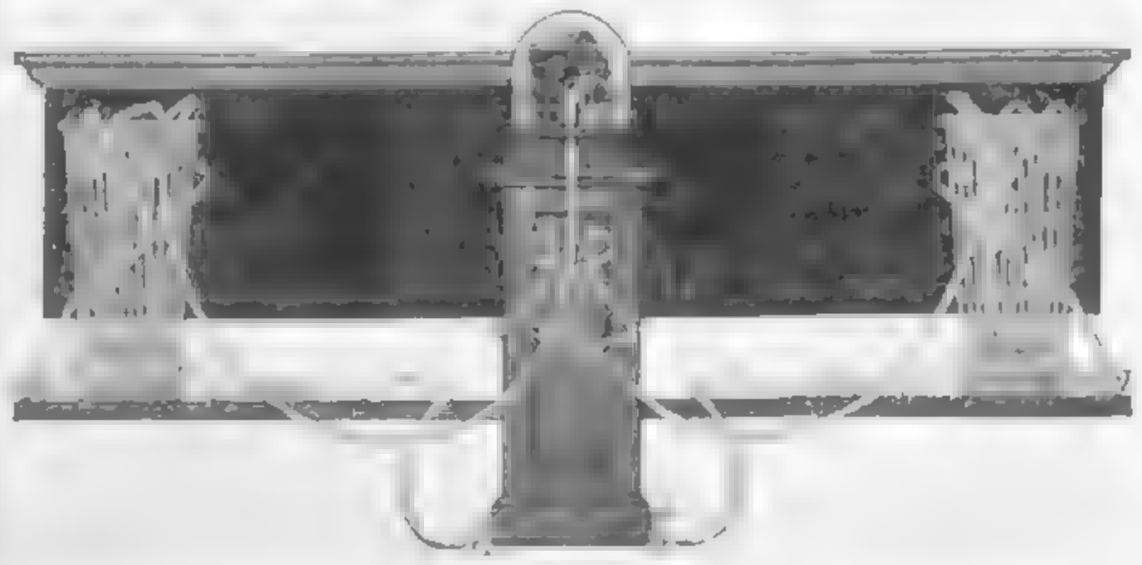
De Querouaille bent his bared head, muttering:

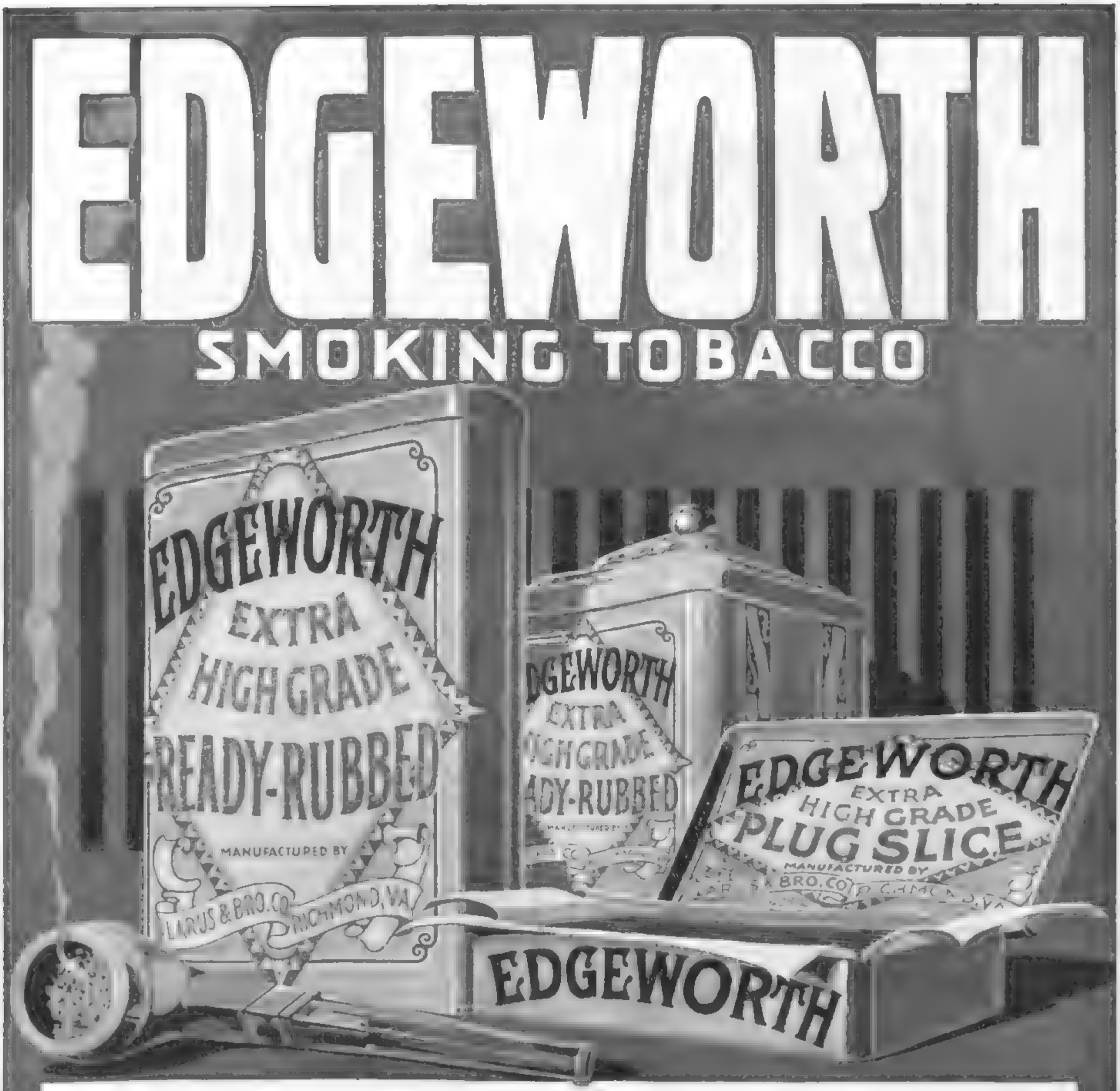
"He saw it!"

Before his closed eyes, he imagined, a bit of white fluttered against the pellucid sky, even as it had signaled for thirty years in the dreams of Alois Fallon.

When the lieutenant raised his head and looked again over the scene he perceived that this last tidal flow had covered the three mastheads of the Lady of India.

(THE END)





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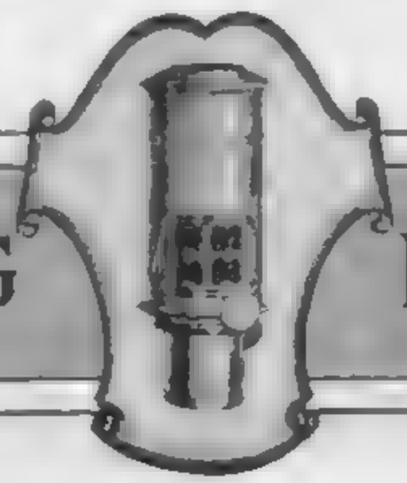


"IT'S THE LONG BLUE CHIMNEY"

GRAFT

(Continued from Page 7)

He took on a likeness to an extremely ugly and untrustworthy pet dog that spends most of its time dozing in its kennel. After dinner he would sit in an easy-chair and doze over a paper until the clock struck ten and it was time for him to go to bed. What was the use of going out, he said—you only met grafters and bums and people who were trying to do you. Theaters were con games where they stung you for two dollars. And if you went to see anyone else you were under an obligation to them and you would have to kick in sooner or later—so what was the use of going out?

He was very drowsy and very comfortable as he sat that night in his comfortable armchair, dreaming of the future. Dinner was over and his wife was in some portion of the house, where he didn't know. He sat back with a shipping periodical on his knees and a short, obese cigar between his lips. If he could only get his hands on some stock of the company's; if he could only get an interest, a wedge in ——

His wife came into the room. There was something curiously deliberate about her movements. Her mouth was set firmly and there was a queer, determined look in her orange-flecked eyes.

"John," she said, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes?" he said. The sound of her voice waked him and he began turning over the pages of the review on his knees.

"I want to ask you again about your business," she said a trifle nervously. "I want to ask you—do you think everything is all right?"

"Yes," he drawled lazily. "Everything's all right."

"John," she began deliberately. There was a little uncertainty in her voice and the suspicion of panting, as if she were laboring under a great strain. "You know how I look at things—at these commissions of yours. I don't think they're straight—not honest."

He gave a mock groan. "Are you beginning again!"

"It's not honest," she went on as if she didn't hear him. Her deliberate words had the ring of one who is stating a case. "If everything is right, as you say, there is no need for these commissions. If men are selling you things at a fair price they can't afford to give you commissions. It seems to me that the loser is the line; that the line is taken advantage of. John, these commissions are—are—dishonest bribes."

"For God's sake, leave it alone," he snarled.

"I am right, John, am I not?" she said with great simplicity. "These are bribes, dishonest bribes?"

"It's business," he snapped; "it's done everywhere. Mind your house and let me run my business."

"It's not, John," she said again. "Be honest. There are thousands of business men in your position who would knock a man down if he offered the thing you're taking. It's not business."

He said nothing. He began reading his periodical nonchalantly, because he had a theory that it was the best thing to do with a woman, to take no notice of her little brainstorms. Women were not logical, he said. When they got on to a subject the best thing to do was to let them run their gamut and to pay no attention.

"John," she began again appealingly, and she looked at him with that queer straight look of hers. "Forget everything until now. Put it all aside. Come to me and begin anew. Be straight about things. If I can help I am here to do it. Straight, John! Honest!"

"I am honest," he growled suddenly, with a touch of a snarl. He was beginning to lose his temper. He caught himself with an effort.

"Oh, John, you're not." She wreathed her fingers nervously. "Lately, for some time past, there's—there's—there's a mean look in your face, John. Put it out of your eyes."

He felt like boiling over with rage. He felt cut to the quick as by a whip. But he remembered in time his philosophy, that she was only a woman and must not be answered back. Say nothing. In the morning she would be sorry for this. Women were not the same as men. They had queer crises, queer viewpoints and no logic. It was the way of a big man to let things go by, to forget. In the morning she would make a pretty, shamefaced apology, and he would chuck her under the chin as she handed him his hat and coat, and she would admire him all the more.

"Listen to me, John Trainor!" Her voice rang out suddenly.

She had drawn herself up, he saw as his eyes lifted from the pages before him at the imperial tone of her voice, her head raised, her hands behind her, and even his clodded heart thrilled a little as he looked at her. The red-shaded electric lights struck iridescent gleams in her great mass of hair and brought out strangely the orange flashes in her eyes. It brought out every line of her strong, supple figure as she stood there, big, heroically big, unconsciously poised, like the Winged Victory of Samothrace, or like a bird preparing to ascend in the clear air. One could imagine a great background behind, such as the depth of a Roman temple, or the delicate fleece of a cloud, or a wall of high black rocks. Her voice rang out, muscular though musical and very tense, like a staccato ringing on a bronze bell.

"John," she said, "I am young and handsome and alive—so much alive! And I want love. No, stay where you are. I want the love of a clean man, of a man who is not afraid to look the world in the face—the love of a big, honest man."

He looked at her a little askance. This was a new turn things were taking. She had never spoken like this before.

"John," she began again, "I want you to choose and to choose now. Will you give me that, and give it to me from an honest and clean spirit—will you make yourself honest and clean—or must I look for it somewhere else; for"—her voice trembled suddenly and her hands trembled and her cheeks grew red to the color of rowan berries—"so help me God, I will have it from another man!"

He laughed low to himself in relief, for now he understood that it was merely a touch of hysterics. Another man! The thing was ridiculous. She must be stirred up very much to say a thing like that. The best thing was to take no notice. To be gentle, that was the part to play. In the morning she would be ashamed of herself. He rose with a smile and placed his plump hands on her shoulders and smiled with self-possessed assurance into her eyes.

"You are all wrought up, darling," he said pleasantly, "and you don't know what you're saying. You're nervous and tired. You had better go to bed now. We'll talk about it to-morrow. Don't mind to-night." He kissed her on the cheek and smiled again. "There now, good night. Sleep well."

She looked at him intently. Her lips made a motion as though she were about to speak again, but she was silent for a minute.

"Faugh!" she said suddenly, and disgust rang out in her voice, cold and ugly and bare. Her hands struck her sides in token of defeat, and turning on her heel slowly she walked out of the room with long, swinging, Artemisian strides.

v

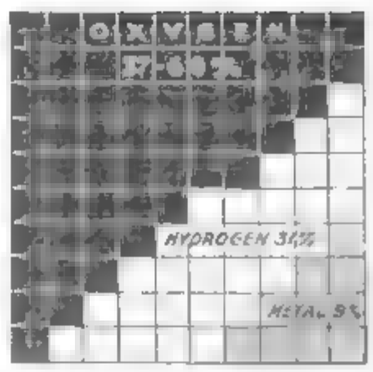
HE FELT well that morning. His face, clean-shaven and pink, radiated pleasantness and affability. His well-manicured hand tapped the desk in front and showed up shining and delicate against the green of the office blotter. The little salesman, with the intent gray eyes and short-cropped mustache, radiated, too, for he felt that business was in the offing. And he smiled back in grateful appreciation of the purchasing agent's affability. Through the window of the office building the breadth and bridges of the East River, the lines of steamers and sailing ships at the piers, the bulk of skyscrapers, and across the way the drab outline of Brooklyn showed up with the distinctness of a fine etching, and the June sunshine crept through in a splendid golden mellow warmth.

"Your oil, you say," Trainor smiled, "is not quite up to the standards set by the Albany people, but it's good enough for any marine engine. Well, there's a good deal to that, Mr. ——"

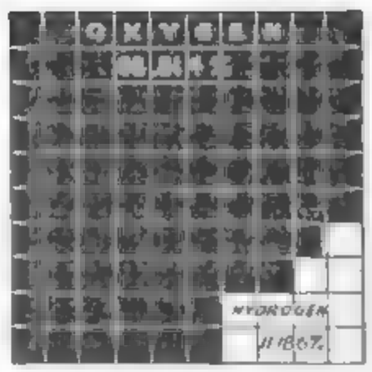
"Mr. Raines," the little salesman prompted. It was his first visit to the Azure Star Line and the prospects were bright.

"—— Mr. Raines," Trainor nodded. "Well, we may be able to do business. Now, let's see ——"

Air contains 21% of oxygen



Mud, even dust contains a varying but large proportion



Water measured by weight contains over 88% of oxygen.

Why the lustre on your motor car goes "dead"

HOW the motor car suffers rapid deterioration of finish is a story that needs no elaboration.

Every car owner is only too familiar with this impairment, knows only too well how helpless he has been against it. Ordinary polishes and preparations, he has found, have done nothing really to *preserve* the finish on his automobile.

And so the motorist, forced to assume that this deterioration is entirely a normal process of wear that must be expected and put up with, has resigned himself to the apparently inevitable.

Science has proved this a mistaken idea. There is a direct and specific cause for "dead" lustre, for cracking, crazing and peeling of automobile finish, and that cause may be summed up in a single word—*oxidation!*

What oxidation is

For a clear understanding of the action of oxidation, it is necessary first to understand a few fundamental facts about the composition of paint. The ingredients of paint may be classed, for the sake of simplicity, as "moist" and "dry"—linseed and other oils, the *moist;* lead, pigments and other solids, the *dry.*

When any painted or enameled surface comes in contact with *oxygen*, a chemical change known technically as oxidation begins immediately.

Oxygen absorbs, or dries out, the "moisture" in the paint. The process progresses gradually, but steadily, until eventually the film of paint becomes exceedingly dry, brittle and inelastic.

The first effect of this is loss of lustre. Superficial oxidation deadens or tarnishes the smooth, glossy, delicate surface. The final result is actual disintegration of the body of the paint film. Expansion and contraction (due to sudden changes in temperature); constant vibration of the engine; and accidental jars and jolts are more than the brittle coating of paint and enamel can resist—and it cracks, checks, peels, crazes.

What is the remedy?

The remedy—or rather what the remedy must do—is obvious: it must prevent the contact of oxygen with automobile finish.

But that is by no means simple. Oxygen is omnipresent. Air contains 21% of oxygen; water, measured by weight, over 88%; mud, even dust, a certain large proportion. Heavy rain, air, mud and dust are unavoidable; the car is always exposed to these oxygen-bearing agencies.

To escape, therefore, extraordinary measures are plainly required. In some way the body, hood and fenders of the car must be covered with a "suit of armor" that is air-tight, water-tight, and impenetrable to oxygen.

Just as science discovered the real cause of deterioration of automobile finish, so she discovered the remedy. It is offered you now in OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES.

Over the hood, body and fenders of the car this preparation imparts a thin, transparent wax film as smooth and hard as glass. This film is air-tight, water-tight, mud-proof and impervious to the sharpest blasts of gritty dust—in short, a protective shield through which oxygen-bearing elements cannot penetrate. In addition, it is a non-conductor, thus minimizing the effects of expansion and contraction.

No longer need you accept resignedly rapid deterioration of the finish on your car, a steady impairment of its "good looks" day by day. Here, at last, is real "beauty insurance" for the automobile!

The matchless polish!

No matter how dulled and soiled the surface, with OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES you can impart a super-lustre, a mirror-like finish of great depth and brilliancy.

A little brisk rubbing with a soft cloth, and in a jiffy the trick is turned! Spatterings of mud and dirt rub off the smooth wax film like magic. After a run through rain and mud, or dust, a dry "rub down" is usually all that is necessary to get a clean, bright finish, necessitating only one washing to every four or five necessary now. Moreover, OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES *cannot collect dust.*

But the time and labor saved you is by no means the greatest saving. By preserving the original finish on your car, it saves you money. Thirty per cent of the selling price of the used car is based on *appearance*, and appearance for the most part means *finish.*

Get Prof. Pratt's book on automobile finish—and large sample can

David S. Pratt, Ph. D., Head of Department, Organic, Sanitary and Micro Chemistry, School of Chemistry, University of Pittsburgh, has written a scientific treatise on automobile finish which every car owner should read. On receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin, we will send you this book, together with a large sample of the wax—enough for the largest car. Write today, mentioning your auto supply dealer. THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1952 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Old English Wax for Automobiles can be obtained at most automobile supply shops, or from paint, hardware, drug and department stores. If you are unable to obtain it from any of these sources, write us, and we will supply it direct.

Old English Wax for Automobiles

Protects, Preserves, Polishes.

The Victor Collar Button
Lets the Tie Slide

Takes all the "Cus" out of "Custom" when it comes to tying the tie

Stop **this very day,** at your Dry Goods, Men's Furnishing or Jewelry Store, spend 15c and then you can

Smile With the Hosts of Victor Users

Costs 15¢

Saves Dollars Worth of Ties

Your Tie *Can't* Stick

With the Victor Collar Button

HERE IT IS—Man's "Little Comfort," The Double-Duty Collar Button. **One end** catches **under** the shirt-band (**not** through its buttonhole) to fasten the collar to the shirt, while the **other end** holds the bands of the collar apart, allowing **absolute freedom** in the movement of the tie.

The ***Victor*** **locks itself** in the collar and **cannot** fall out to roll around on the floor, under the bed, the dresser or "whatnot," like the ordinary collar button. It is much easier to adjust and **cannot** irritate the neck.

Saves Ties, Time and Temper

If your dealer doesn't carry the ***Victor Collar Button*** we will send one prepaid on receipt of 15c, coins or stamps, mailed at our risk.

Victor Kost, 412 First National Bank Building, Chicago

(Patentee Kost Gas Jet Heater Victor Kost Manufacturer)

The Wood Core Wall Board

YOU owe it to yourself to get the new Compo-Board booklet, *from all other wall boards* the reason for its great strength and great durability—why it requires no plaster and no lath—why it is the best board for walls and ceilings—why it can be painted or decorated by any method with or without priming—why it can be used for all other purposes to which a structural wood is put—why it is ideal for homes—why it is used in battleships as protection to steel or wood panels.

You ought to know that it is the only wall board with a wood core.

Write for sample and illustrated book.

Sold by dealers in strips four feet by one to eighteen feet long.

The Compo-Board Company
4303 Lyndale Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

Our free book fully explains the new Kahn Steel Build[illegible] material and [illegible] structures economically and quickly erected. Invulnerable to fire, lightning, storms and [illegible] Kahn Steel Buildings are [illegible] garages, storehouses, schools, hospitals, cottages, residences, poultry houses, etc.

Kahn Steel Buildings

Made with interlocking steel panels at factory. Easily erected. Any unskilled man can put them up. Weatherproof. Fireproof. Sanitary. Permanent. Handsome. Write for free book and full information.

Truscon Concrete Steel Co. Dept. P-1 Youngstown, O

The door opened and a messenger boy entered. He came forward to the desk with the shuffling stride of the broken-arched. He pushed his oilskin-peaked cap on the back of his head and produced a letter and receipt form.

"Trainor?" he asked.

"Here." The buyer looked up, puzzled.

"Sign here." The boy pushed the letter and blank toward him.

He looked at the letter for a moment in amazement. On its envelope he could see his own name, "John Trainor, Esq., Azure Star Line," written in his wife's big, curving hand. What was she writing to him about? She had never done anything like that before. And sending it by express messenger too? He ripped open the envelope.

"Excuse me," he muttered to the little salesman.

He smiled to himself a little smugly, for he understood at last, he thought. She had not, as he had expected, said anything to him that morning in apology for the outburst of the previous night, but had gone round with an air of curious deliberation. He had been a little offended and hurt, but the letter he held in his hand, he knew, was a plea for forgiveness. It was a pretty thought. He pulled out the folded paper. He read it once. He read it again. His brows gathered together and the pupils of his eyes dilated. He half rose in his chair and he sat down again.

"John," she had written, "I gave you your last chance last night. I told you I wanted the love of a clean, good man. I think I have it. I am leaving for Italy with Joseph Ligatt. By the time you have this letter the liner will be in the bay. I couldn't go ahead with you. This grafting business is too much for me. It has killed you and conquered you. It is in every pore of your mind and body, and it shows in your face like a disease." Just that and no more.

He sat for a moment stunned and mortified. His wife had run away with another man, had put on him the last supreme insult. A vicious, snarling rage filled him. What would he say to people? And graft? This abandoned hussy had spoken to him about graft! By heaven, he'd show her!

The little salesman rose, his kindly gray eyes brimming with sympathy.

"I'm afraid you've had some bad news, Mr. Trainor," he said. "I'll come again."

"No." Trainor's teeth clicked together. He tore up his wife's letter into minute white pieces and glanced out of the window. She was down the bay, and to blazes with her! He'd divorce her and get a new one, not one of the whining, Puritanical kind. He swung round. "I'm going to place an order for twenty-five thousand dollars' worth with you," he said.

"We'll do everything we possibly can," the little salesman beamed, "to justify your confidence in us."

But Trainor wasn't listening to him. He was thinking of that wife of his. He reconstructed a scene in which she was standing in his office looking on now. He would show her something. He wanted to be as brutally vicious as he could. He wanted to shock her, hurt her, horrify her.

"How much?" he said suddenly. His voice was nearly a shout.

"How much?" the little salesman repeated in wonder.

"Yes. Hurry up. Quick! How much do I get out of this?"

"But I don't understand you." The little man's eyes looked abashed and dense.

"Ah, cut that out," Trainor shouted. "You know what I mean all right. If you people want that contract you've got to come across to me. Is that plain? You don't think I'm giving you this because I like you? Now what are you going to do about it? What's the figure?"

The little man pushed back his chair. He snapped his order book to. He rose and looked at Trainor. He was very red and his gray eyes blazed with unexpected fire.

"Well, damn you!" he said quietly, "for a stinking rascal. You low, unprincipled, grafting crook!" He spoke each word clearly and distinctly, and the accents dropped from his lips like globules of acid from the end of a pipette. "You tin horn swindler, jail is too good a place for you!"

"Get out of here!" Trainor bellowed in rage. "Get out of here!"

"I'll get out of here when I've finished saying what I think of you, you rotten cad! 'Come across!' That's not the way we do business. I've got a good mind to swing one at you——"

(Continued on Page 65)

No. 19 of a series

"Best Value" vs Face Value

In one hand I hold a $10 U. S. bank-note. In the other hand I hold a Mexican $20 bill.

Why do you choose the $10 note? Because there is more to *Best Value* than mere *Face Value.*

I offer you 1,000 Baker-Vawter ledger leaves at $12.55. A printer says, "We'll duplicate those 1,000 leaves for $11.55." Why do you give me the order? Because *Best Value* is a better buy than *Face Value.*

Baker-Vawter Company

This trade-mark on a bundle of ledger leaves, box of office record blanks, ledger, binder, holder, steel file, etc., means just as it reads—"Best Value." It's as good a guarantee as "U. S. A." on money.

It symbolizes 3 big modern manufacturing plants with over $1,500,000 invested. Large volume, plus low manufacturing and low selling costs, form the bulwarks of "Best Value."

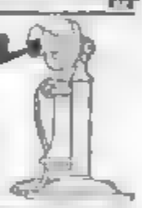
Baker-Vawter Company could readily duplicate the "Face Value" of its products for less money. But efficient office "tools" would not result. *You* would not receive "Best Value."

Tear out this ad, pin to letterhead and mail

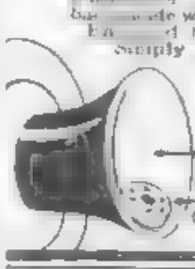
Interested in ( ) Accounting Forms ( ) Business Systems ( ) Ledger Sheets & Binders ( ) Loose Leaf Devices ( ) Steel Filing Cabinets ( ) Duplicate Accounting Methods (Systems Desks)

Baker-Vawter Company
Originators and Manufacturers 4 22
Loose-Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass.

PhoNoGerm MOUTHPIECE AND DISINFECTANT



Keep [illegible] and healthful. Made of mouth [illegible] white enamel. Nickel [illegible] Supplied with [illegible] Destroys all germs [illegible] and medical authorities. Simply screw in Phonogerm Mouthpiece in place of present hard rubber one.



Price, including liberal bottle of disinfectant, $1.00, by mail prepaid in U. S. A. Money back if not satisfactory after 10 days' trial.

Phonogerm Laboratory
554 Monadnock Bldg.
San Francisco, Calif.

Are You a Mason? Get your charms and all emblematic at factory prices. Anything in Masonic jewelry, from a button to a solid gold K. T. or 32 Degree charm. Write for illustrated catalog. RALPH E. COLE, Attleboro, Mass.

Ninety Young People

entered the foremost universities, musical conservatories and business schools last Fall, their expenses for the coming year all paid by us.

We did this in return for having during the preceding spring and summer looked after local renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

A lot of other young people will do the same thing this spring and summer and will enter next September. You can be one of the number.

We will pay your expenses in any school, college or business of the country which you may select.

Write for a booklet telling all about it. "An Education Without Cost."

Box 152 Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

GOODYEARITE

The World's Best Packing

Hardly a mill, mine or factory in America but knows the meaning of Goodyear quality, and the worth of Goodyear service.

Wherever energy is to be conserved, wherever power is transmitted, there is use for Goodyear products.

Now Goodyearite—the world's best packing—is knitting the name of Goodyear more closely than ever into a busy nation's industrial activities.

The recognition Goodyearite Packing has won from engineers compensates our labor in perfecting processes never before used in the manufacture of asbestos sheet packing.

It repays us for the sums we expend to secure the finest long-fibre asbestos; and for the care with which we inspect and sort every pound of it.

For it is the extra quality of the asbestos, its extra quantity, and the Goodyear processes that have enabled Goodyearite to take and hold first place among the world's packings.

In pipe lines where superheated steam quickly chars ordinary packing, and high pressures blow it out—

Where strong acids and alkalis necessitate frequent replacements and run packing costs up—

There Goodyearite—in thousands of power plants and in factories of all kinds—is proving its longer life, its better service and its lower cost.

Test Goodyearite to your own satisfaction, in your own plant.

Let it prove that it is the best packing you have ever had—no matter how severe your plant conditions may be.

In sheets 36 x 36 inches and 36 x 144 inches, and in various thicknesses. Goodyearite can be secured from your Mill Supply Dealer, Steam Fitter and Hardware Dealer or Dealer in Plumbers' Supplies. Or write us and we will see that you get it in any quantity desired.

Belting—Hose—Valves

In Goodyear Blue Streak Belting, Goodyear Hose and Goodyear Valves, engineers have found able adjuncts to Goodyearite Packing in the conservation of energy and the transmission of power.

There is a Goodyear Blue Streak Belt for every belting requirement—main drive, conveyor, auxiliary drive, etc.—all of Goodyear quality. They can be secured from your Mill Supply Dealer.

Goodyear Valves and Hose have established reputations for long life and high efficiency; buy them from your Mill Supply Dealer, or write us.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

7,777 Prizes

First Prize

$1,000

What is the 7th Point?

From Maine to California, from Texas to Hudson Bay, millions of people have been asking: "What is the 7th Point in Sterling Gum?"

In practically every town, city and village in the United States and Canada, the published six points of superiority have brought Sterling Gum fast-growing popularity.

But the seventh point still remains a riddle.

Point ⑦ What?

Now, we are offering liberal prizes to those who send us the best suggestions for the Sterling Gum Point 7.

Before you make your suggestion for the 7th Point, read the following:

The Following Story Unfolds the Secret of the Famous Point 7

To most people chewing gum is a mystery. They may know that different chewing gums are made from different ingredients. But that is about all. Here are facts which we believe you will be glad to know about Sterling Gum:

Your Sterling Gum is made from the following materials:

The basis is the pure sap of the tropical Sapota Tree—a natural gum.

This natural Sapota Tree sap is boiled, sweetened and flavored. The sweetening is simply pure cane sugar and pure corn syrup.

The flavoring is of two kinds—Peppermint (in red wrappers), Cinnamon (in blue wrappers).

There are some twenty varieties of the mint plant. The Sterling Peppermint is a product of the choicest, smoothest-flavored of these many mint varieties.

The spicy Cinnamon flavor is extracted from the Cassia bush, which grows in the tropics.

The sap of the Sapota Tree, the cane sugar, the corn syrup, the Peppermint and Cinnamon flavors, all come from the sap of some plant or tree. Nature herself supplies these delicious materials from which your Sterling Gum is made.

Requirements for Winning Phrase

When you read the above facts on the materials that Sterling Gum is made of, you will know all that it is necessary for you to know in entering this contest.

The first prize will go to the one whose suggestion, based on the above story, most impressively presents the natural purity of Sterling Gum—in the opinion of the judges.

Remember that your suggestion must be in six words or less.

The next best suggestion will win the second prize—and so on down.

It is understood that the Sterling Gum Company will have the right to use the 7 Point suggestions sent in by the prize winners.

The contest is easy to enter. Just think out your way of expressing the 7th Point. Then write it out in six words or less and send it in as directed in the conditions printed on the right. Even if you don't win the first prize of $1,000, you stand a chance to win one of the 7,777 smaller prizes.

Now put on your thinking cap. Get your family to help you. Send in as many suggestions as you want to. All will be considered in awarding these many prizes. Do not write the Sterling Gum Company regarding the contest or its conditions, as all suggestions will be judged by the Prize Committee named at right.

CINNAMON IN BLUE WRAPPER

PEPPERMINT IN RED WRAPPER

The Sterling Gum Co., Inc., New York **The Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto**

Conditions of the Contest

Sterling Gum Company employes cannot enter this contest.

If two answers are entitled to the same prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

All answers must come in on a postal card. On the back of the postal card write *nothing* but your 7 Point suggestion (six words or less) and your name and address. The postal may be mailed in an envelope if you choose.

Mail answers to

Sterling Prize Judges
Room 319, 405 Lexington Ave.
New York City

You may send in as many suggestions for Point 7 as you choose. *But each suggestion must be written on a postal card as directed above.*

First Prize - $1,000
Second Prize - $500
Third Prize . . $250.00
7 Prizes—each . . $25.00
70 Prizes—each . $2.50
700 Prizes—each Box of 20 five-cent packages of Sterling Gum.
7000 Prizes—each Box of 10 five-cent packages of Sterling Gum.

Contest Closes

All answers must be received in New York by midnight of May 15, 1916.

Answers will not be examined by the judges until after that date. The judges, therefore, cannot mail acknowledgments of the suggestions received.

Judges

The prizes will be awarded by the following committee of five well-known men:

John A. Sleicher, Editor of Leslie's Weekly.

Edgar Sisson, Editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Jno. M. Siddall, Editor of The American Magazine.

Frederick L. Collins, Editor of McClure's Magazine.

Robert H. Davis, Editor of Munsey's Magazine.

Announcement of Awards

The winners of the first 80 prizes will be announced in the July first issue of The Saturday Evening Post. Please do not write to the judges They cannot correspond with individual contestants. Just make a note now of the date on which the prize winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post.

Dotted all over the United States you will find the red and gray roofs of

NEPONSET SHINGLES

"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

Spark-proof and weather-proof—can't rust, crack, curl nor blow loose. Handsome and durable, yet cost, laid, no more than good wood shingles.

Send for FREE copy of "Repairing and Building."

BIRD & SON (Est. 1795)
255 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.
Chicago 1434 Monadnock Building
New York Washington
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

BLUE STREAKS

Motorcycle manufacturers *know* which tire is best—in mileage and economy, for the users of their machines.

Don't you think you can be safely guided by the fact that Goodyear Blue Streaks are standard equipment on every leading make?

Easy to get from motorcycle dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR AKRON
Motorcycle Tires

(Continued from Page 62)

"Get out of here," Trainor roared again, "before I have you thrown out! Go on! Get out!"

"I might have known you for a grafter, you sleek hound," the little salesman went on. "I might have seen it in your face. It's there for all to read ——"

The door to the outer office opened and the tall bulk of the owner of the line stood in it like a portrait in a frame. Six feet of knickerbockered tweeds, with round, swelling calves to the legs; a flowing white mustache, glistening like fine carded wool; a plump, well-colored face; two blue eyes like a June sky—old Elias Dyer.

"What is the trouble here?" he asked in his mellow, full voice. The little salesman turned on him with purple rage.

"What's the trouble here?" he raved. "The trouble is that I thought I came into a reputable business office to sell oil, and instead of it I've wandered into the worst crooks and thieves and grafters' den I've ever seen—that's the trouble!"

"What is this? What is this?" the proprietor sputtered.

"This crook of a purchasing agent of yours will give me a contract if I 'come across,' grease his palm, give him a bribe," the little salesman thundered. "Let me get out of this!"

"Wait a moment." The proprietor raised his hand. His face had gone very stern and white. "Wait a moment. Is this true, Mr. Trainor?"

The purchasing agent rose and held on to the edge of his desk. Everything about him was a vapid, tumbling dream the stern, Jehovah-like face of the old sporting proprietor, whose mouth had narrowed suddenly, and whose eyes took on the cold, white glint of hoarfrost; the wild, berserker rage of the little salesman, on whose brow anger had brought out little pearl-like beads of perspiration. And in his fancy, too, his wife was in the room, tall, heroic, with cold contempt showing in her orange-flecked eyes and her nostrils quivering like a blood mare's. A sudden blind rage shook him like an ague.

"Is this true, Mr. Trainor?" Dyer thundered again.

"It is true," Trainor answered back snarlingly. He was like a rat fighting back venomously at the dogs running it to earth. It seemed to him that instead of answering accusations made now he was answering that wife of his who had left him. "It's all right. It's the custom." His eyes were bloodshot and a little froth collected at the corners of his mouth. "Everybody does it. It does no one any harm. It's just like a tip, do you see? Don't you understand? Why shouldn't I, just like everyone else? Why shouldn't ——"

"Has this ever happened before?" Dyer asked calmly. "Is this the first time?"

The purchasing agent caught his reply in time. He was giving himself away in his blind rage. He paused before replying. The owner cut in again.

"This has happened before," he said, and a rage passed over his features in a convulsive spasm. "This is a habitual thing."

"But no one can prove anything," Trainor protested. "No one has anything on me. No one ——"

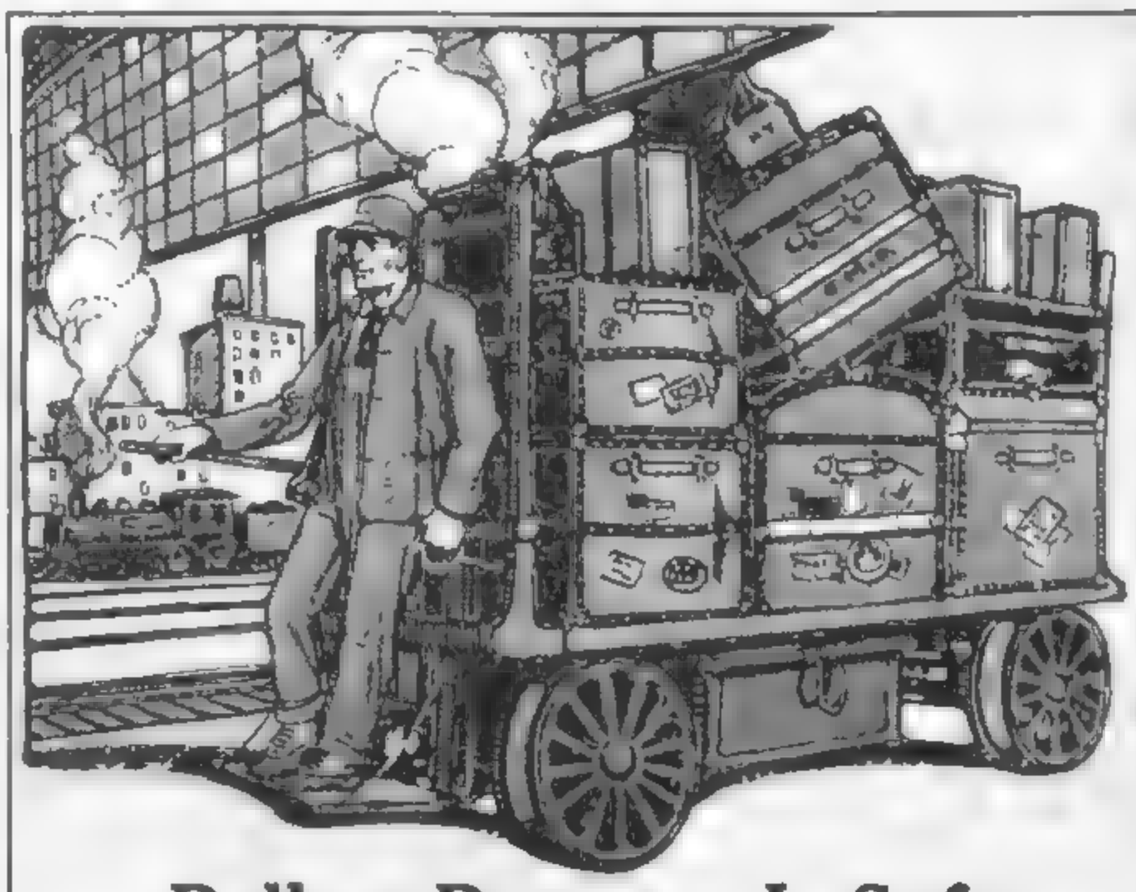
"I don't need any proof," the owner said with a cold contempt that was worse than rage. "My eyes are proof enough. I can see it in your face."

He put his hand on the salesman's shoulder and turned toward the door of the inner office.

"Come with me, young man," he said. He looked at Trainor. "As for you," he continued, "I should put you in jail, but you're in jail already. No one will have anything to do with you. Get out of here within five minutes or I'll have you thrown out." And the door slammed.

He sat still at his desk for a few instants, his mouth open and teeth stripped in that impotent, ugly snarl of his, his eyes staring blankly in consternation. What was wrong? His wife had gone—Ah, well, to blazes with her, he swore savagely. And they had thrown him out of the office. They said he was a grafter. They could see it in his face.

He opened the drawer of his desk quickly and delved there until he found a discolored photograph—a group of ship's officers in white duck on the boat deck of a liner. He picked himself out among them, a thin, bronzed young man with a pleasant smile. He turned to a cupboard on the wall and looked at himself in a mirror there. He watched the snarling mouth, the small eyes, the pendulous and fat chin for a moment.



Belber Baggage Is Safe

BELBER MAKE TRAVELING GOODS
TRADE MARK
"Outwear Travel"

All baggage is *not* safe. BELBER Wardrobes, Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases have been outwearing travel for 27 years, carrying their contents safely through most strenuous handling.

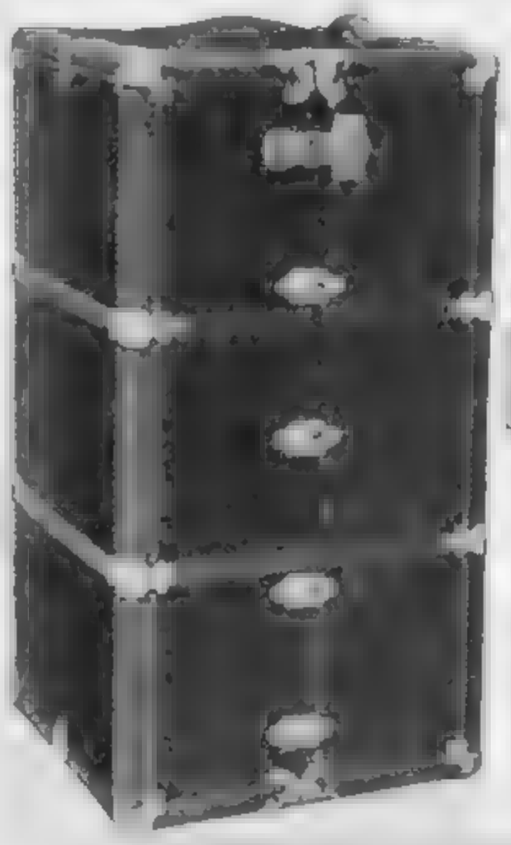
BELBER may be a new name to you, yet BELBER is the world's largest maker of traveling goods. The BELBER name and trade mark are guarantees of utmost service, newest improvements, and greatest variety of styles. And they are further guarantees of honest materials—inside and outside. The dealer who sells

BELBER Traveling Goods

will gladly demonstrate their fitness to carry your things, whether you travel near or far. For your protection insist on seeing the trade mark.

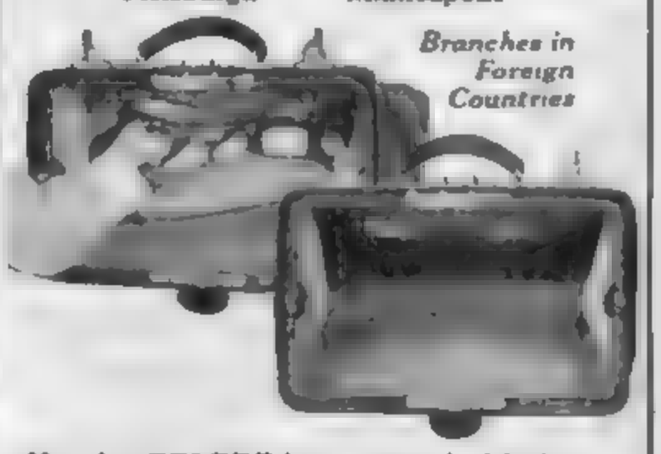
In the meantime, write for the most beautiful traveling goods catalogue ever published, "Outwearing Travel." It shows photographic reproductions of 83 new models of BELBER Wardrobes, Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases—at all prices—together with pictures and descriptions of exclusive BELBER conveniences. We will gladly send you a copy, *free*, on request to our Philadelphia office.

All BELBER Wardrobe Trunks come within the free baggage limit.



THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO.
Philadelphia
New York Boston Chicago
Pittsburgh Minneapolis

Branches in Foreign Countries



Here is a BELBER bag equipped with the patented BELBER "FITALL" Adjustable Holder for toilet requisites. This sliding strap, attached to a removable leather flap, will carry any toilet articles, one or many. Can be had only in BELBER bags and suit cases.

A wise old head on spry young feet

A man is as old as he walks.

There's sprightly youthful walking in

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

An old head is a wise head and insists on Cat's Paw Rubber Heels —

Because the Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip.

No holes to track mud and dirt.

They give freedom and lightness to the body and they grip safely any slippery street, pavement or floor.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind —you can find them at all dealers'—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Put youth on your feet. Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.,
105 Federal Street, - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

Send 10¢ for this handy pocket memorandum. It saves its cost in a week. Write for it today. Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co., 35 Cooper Square, New York City.

Esterbrook Pens

Everlasting

Built of Steel

Always Clean

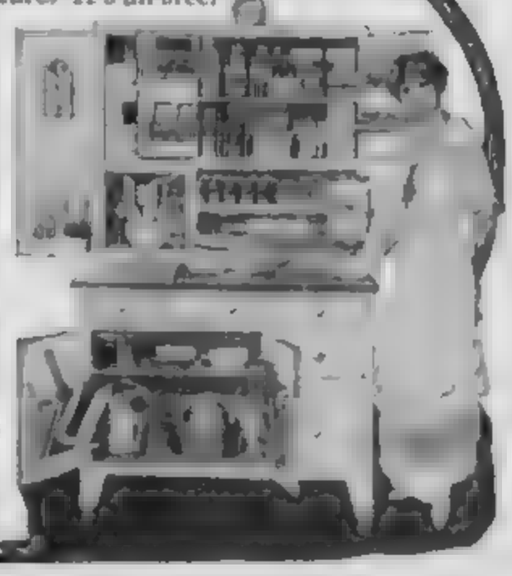
Here is the cabinet of the present and future. It's all steel except the Nickelene, Vitrolite or porcelain work top. Easily cleaned. Proof against dirt, mice, ants or other pests. Cannot warp or shrink. Doors can't bind or stick. The

Royal Oxsco
All Steel-Sanitary
Kitchen Cabinet

contains all the time and labor saving features of the best wooden cabinet plus the sanitary advantage of steel construction. It makes housework almost easy to use the Royal Oxsco.

Ask your Dealer or Write for Catalog

The Ohio State Stove Co.
Metal Products Dept. C Cincinnati, O.



Dealers

[illegible]

"There's no difference," he said. "There's nothing to it."

He threw the picture down and grasped his hat, for the five minutes' warning was pricking him on subconsciously. He tried to walk through the outer office jauntily, but he broke down before a quarter of the space was covered and he finished in a quick shuffle. All eyes were fixed upon him, like mosquitoes tormenting him. He breathed when outside and pressed the elevator button. But somehow he was afraid to meet the elevator boy's eyes, and he tore down the fireproof stairway at a run.

"They never gave me a chance," he whined, in a cry that was more of a sob.

He stopped outside the door for a minute and thought bitterly. His wife had run away from him. She was living in sin, he phrased it, and she gave as excuse that he was a grafter. And his chief had thrown him out of doors because he said he was a grafter. And they would keep him from getting another job anywhere because they said he was a grafter.

The midday rush was on in Broad and Wall Streets. A vast mass of people milled to and fro, like ripples on a whirlpool—stenographers, business men, telegraph messengers, office boys. A great golden sun threw white spaces and black shadows in the maze of streets. The curb brokers chanted in a sudden frenzy. The only calm thing in view was an office boy eating his lunch on the steps of the Mint.

"Never gave me a chance." He shook his head bitterly.

The clergyman called the Bishop of Wall Street mounted his stand. He opened his book. In clear, sonorous tones he gave his text for the day:

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

A spasm of angry contempt passed over Trainor's face.

"That kind of thing makes me sick!" he said. He turned down Wall Street aimlessly and walked toward the docks. At Pearl Street he stopped at the corner and looked at a saloon. He paused for a moment, and then with a shuffling grimace he pushed the swinging doors open and disappeared inside, as something might disappear when tossed overboard into the middle of an ocean.

THE AUNT AND THE SLUGGARD

(Continued from Page 11)

"I didn't speak very loud. I'm much narked."

"You haven't anything on me. Oh, gosh! I'm having a time!"

"Where are you speaking from?"

"The Midnight Revels. We've been here an hour and I think we're a fixture for the night. I've told Aunt Isabel I've gone out to call up a friend to join us. She's glued to a chair, with this-is-the-life written all over her, taking it in through the pores. She loves it, and I'm nearly dippy."

Rummy, how one perks up when one realizes that somebody else is copping it also! I began to feel almost braced.

"Tell me all, old top," I said.

He began to push it out at such a speed that I had to ask him to put the brake on, because all I was getting was a loud buzzing noise. The poor old hound was undoubtedly piqued, and even peeved.

"A little more of this," he said, "and I shall sneak quietly off to the river and end it all. Do you mean to say you go through this sort of thing every night, Bertie, and enjoy it? It's simply infernal! I was snatching a wink of sleep behind the bill of fare just now when about a million yelling girls swooped down, with toy balloons. There are two orchestras here, each trying to see if it can't play louder than the other. I'm a mental and physical wreck. When your telegram arrived I was just lying down for a quiet pipe with a sense of absolute peace stealing over me. I had to get dressed and sprint two miles to make the train. It nearly gave me heart failure; and on top of that I almost got brain fever inventing lies to tell Aunt Isabel. And then I had to cram myself into these damned evening clothes of yours."

I gave a sharp wail of agony. It hadn't struck me till then that Rocky was depending on my wardrobe to see him through.

"You'll ruin them!"

(Continued on Page 69)

Emery Shirts
Won't Fade

Therefore—Look for Emery when you buy shirts. $1.50 up, at leading dealers'. Fit, color and wear GUARANTEED: A New Shirt for One That Fails.

Nek-ban-tab (at back of neckband) easily opens the collar button pocket. Exclusively on Emery shirts.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro. Inc., Philadelphia

This Hose Won't Leak

WHY should you permit yourself to be deprived of a hose that ends cracking, kinking and leaking?

Goodyear-Wingfoot Lawn Hose does all this in a very positive way. A simple comparison of this hose with that hose you are now using, shows why Goodyear-Wingfoot is superior

Four ex heavy rubber ribs that run its full length prevent kinking and twisting, the [illegible] centers. And these ribs also make it wear [illegible] that gives extra strength when pulled over the ground.

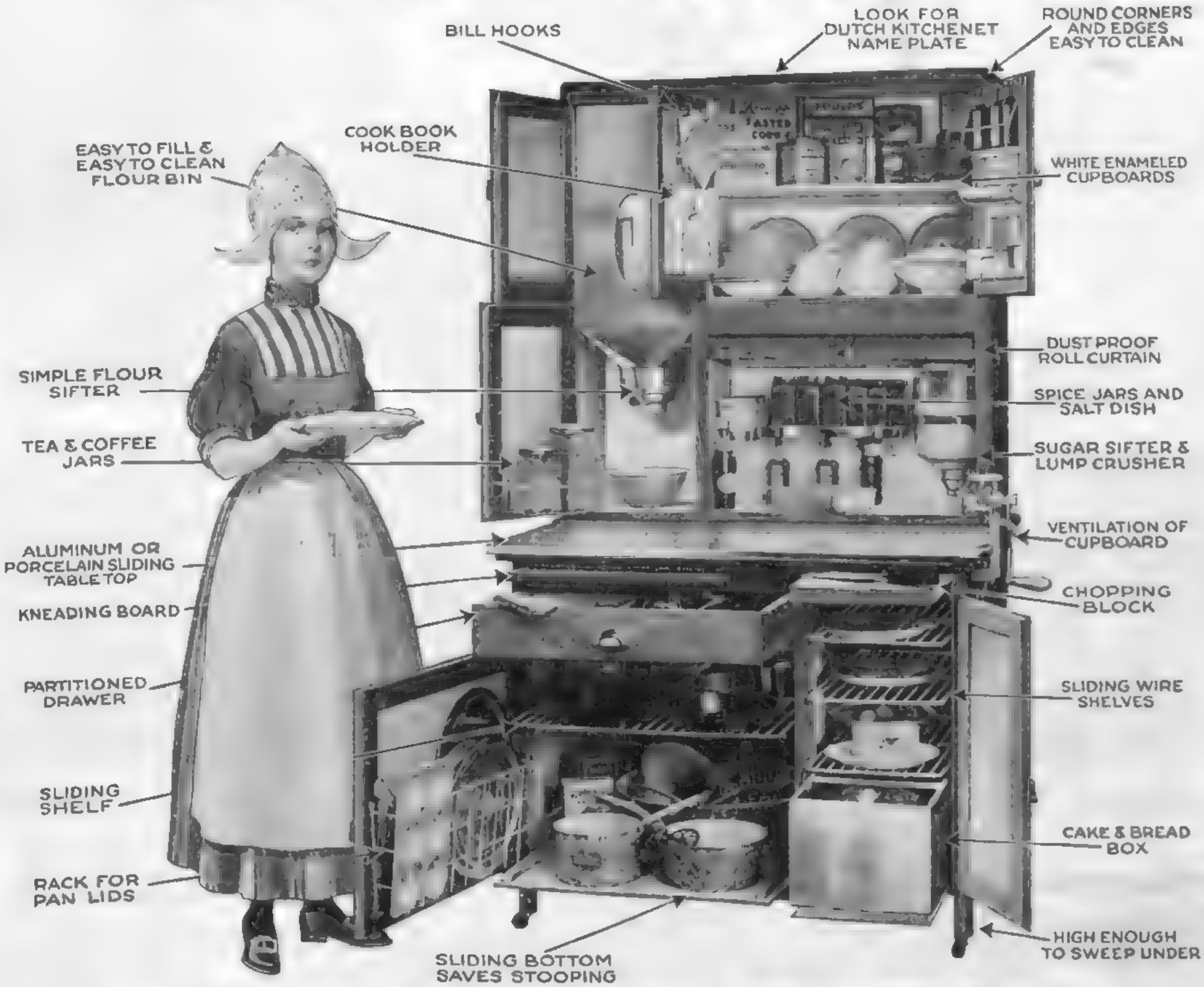
You can buy Goodyear-Wingfoot Lawn Hose—the best hose Goodyear makes—from the most reliable hardware and department stores everywhere. ⅝ inch, 18c per foot ¾ inch 17c; ½ inch, 16c.

Look for the Goodyear Wingfoot plainly branded on every five feet.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Lawn Hose

The Dutch Kitchenet
Makes Kitchen Work Easier


BILL HOOKS
LOOK FOR DUTCH KITCHENET NAME PLATE
ROUND CORNERS AND EDGES EASY TO CLEAN
COOK BOOK HOLDER
EASY TO FILL & EASY TO CLEAN FLOUR BIN
WHITE ENAMELED CUPBOARDS
DUST PROOF ROLL CURTAIN
SIMPLE FLOUR SIFTER
SPICE JARS AND SALT DISH
TEA & COFFEE JARS
SUGAR SIFTER & LUMP CRUSHER
VENTILATION OF CUPBOARD
ALUMINUM OR PORCELAIN SLIDING TABLE TOP
CHOPPING BLOCK
KNEADING BOARD
PARTITIONED DRAWER
SLIDING WIRE SHELVES
SLIDING SHELF
CAKE & BREAD BOX
RACK FOR PAN LIDS
HIGH ENOUGH TO SWEEP UNDER
SLIDING BOTTOM SAVES STOOPING

Every Woman Should Read This FREE Book

It tells how to make kitchen work easy. Did you ever stop to think that a woman uses a larger number and a greater variety of tools in her kitchen than any man uses in his work? Then, too, she uses a great diversity of supplies and—she must clean her tools at least three times every day. Why not make the daily grind of tiresome housework as easy as possible? It is monotonous enough at best. The same old job of cooking—baking—dishwashing—over and over again—365 days every year.

The Dutch Kitchenet is more than an ordinary kitchen cabinet. It is handsomely finished and "Built Like Fine Furniture" by expert cabinet makers. Every detail is perfect and it has many exclusive new features that are very convenient.

Look for NAPANEE DUTCH KITCHENET This Name Plate

This book explains fully the Dutch Kitchenet, a conveniently arranged—systemized—woman's work bench, that is more necessary to a woman than a desk or work bench to a man.

Send Coupon today for this Book, and address of the Dutch Kitchenet Dealer in your city who is authorized to guarantee every Dutch Kitchenet he sells.

Coppes Bros. & Zook 457 Market St. Nappanee, Ind.

Mail Coupon For FREE Book

Coppes Bros. & Zook,
457 Market Street, Nappanee, Ind.

Please send me your Free Book "The Woman's Work Bench."

Pyrene FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

Bang! It sounded like a French 75. George said it was the engine back-firing.

Then she began to miss. And choke. One last gasp—and she died.

Flames burst through the bonnet hinges—and out of the radiator.

In a second the whole front of the car was one sheet of fire.

George jumped. The Mrs. and I threw open the tonneau door and leaped.

We escaped not a moment too soon. Flames shot through the gasoline and oil soaked parts, and the whole body blazed.

We threw handfuls of dirt on it. But it was hopeless.

George ran to a neighboring farm house for water, while we stood by the roadside, my wife in tears—and I watching our prized possession melting away almost like butter over a hot stove.

It was a car we dearly loved. Though I have a new one now I shall always remember and cherish the one that burned.

My new machine carries a Pyrene. I have lost one good car, and now I refuse to take a chance.

Pyrene also reduces my insurance premiums 15% so I save money every year by protecting myself.

Any man who hasn't one on his car is taking a mighty serious risk.

I have also hung a Pyrene on each floor at home to protect my wife and little ones.

900,000 in use—Sold by hardware and auto supply dealers—$7.50 complete with automobile bracket.

Write to the Pyrene Manufacturing Co. for an interesting booklet "Fire Fotos."

Inspected, approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. Automobile insurance reduction originated by Aetna Accident and Liability Co. and the Automobile Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company, 58 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York

Makers of Complete Fire Protection Equipment

(Continued from Page 66)

"I hope so," said Rocky in the most unpleasant way. His troubles seemed to have had the worst effect on his character. "I should like to get back at them somehow; they've given me a bad enough time. They're about three sizes too small, and something's apt to give at any moment. I wish to goodness it would and give me a chance to breathe. I haven't breathed since half past seven. Thank heaven, Jeeves managed to get out and buy me a collar that fitted, or I should be a strangled corpse by now. It was touch and go till the stud broke. Bertie, this is pure Hades! Aunt Isabel keeps on urging me to dance. How on earth can I dance when I don't know a soul to dance with? And how the deuce could I, even if I knew every girl in the place? It's taking big chances even to move in these trousers. I had to tell her I've hurt my ankle. She keeps asking me when Cohan and Stone are going to turn up; and it's simply a question of time before she discovers that Stone is sitting two tables away. Something's got to be done, Bertie! You've got to think up some way of getting me out of this mess. It was you who got me into it."

"Me! What do you mean?"

"Well, Jeeves, then. It's all the same. It was you who suggested leaving it to Jeeves. It was those letters I wrote from his notes that did the mischief. I made them too good! My aunt's just been telling me about it. She says she had resigned herself to ending her life where she was, and then my letters began to arrive, boosting the joys of New York; and they stimulated her to such an extent that she pulled herself together and made the trip. She seems to think she's had some miraculous kind of faith cure. I tell you I can't stand it, Bertie! It's got to end!"

"Can't Jeeves think of anything?"

"No. He just hangs round, saying 'Most disturbing, sir!' A fat lot of help that is!"

"But, Rocky, old top, it's too bally awful! You've no notion of what I'm going through in this beastly hotel, without Jeeves. I must get back to the apartment."

"Don't come near the apartment!"

"But it's my own apartment."

"I can't help that. There's a dead line for you at the other end of the block. Aunt Isabel doesn't like you. She isn't clear in her remarks on the subject, but she says something about tea and a wrist watch. When she mentions you at all she refers to you as 'that guffin.'

"She asked me what you did for a living," Rocky went on. "And when I told her you didn't do anything she said she thought as much, and that you were a typical specimen of a useless and decaying aristocracy. So if you think you have made a hit, forget it. Now I must be going back or she'll be coming out here after me. Good-by."

Next morning Jeeves came round. It was all so homelike when he floated noiselessly into the room that I nearly broke down.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I have brought a few more of your personal belongings."

He began to unstrap the suit case he was carrying.

"Did you have any trouble sneaking them away?"

"It was not easy, sir. I had to watch my chance. Miss Rockmetteller is a remarkably alert lady."

"You know, Jeeves, say what you like—this *is* a bit thick, isn't it?"

"We must hope for the best, sir."

"Can't you think of anything to do?"

"I have been giving the matter considerable thought, sir, but so far without success. I am placing three silk shirts—the dove-colored, the light blue and the mauve—in the first long drawer, sir."

"You don't mean to say you can't think of anything, Jeeves?"

"For the moment, sir, no. You will find a dozen handkerchiefs and the tan socks in the upper drawer on the left." He strapped the suit case and put it on a chair. "A curious lady, Miss Rockmetteller, sir."

"You understate it, Jeeves. By the way, Jeeves, you don't happen to know what a guffin is, do you?"

"I am afraid not, sir." He gazed meditatively out of the window. "In many ways, sir, Miss Rockmetteller reminds me of an aunt of mine who resides in the south-east portion of London. Their temperaments are much alike. My aunt has the same taste for the pleasures of the great city. It is a passion with her to ride in hansom cabs, sir. Whenever the family take their eyes off her she escapes from the house and spends the day riding about in cabs. On several occasions she has broken into the children's savings bank to secure the means to enable her to gratify this desire."

"I love to have these little chats with you about your female relatives, Jeeves," I said coldly, for I felt that the man had let me down and I was fed up with him; "but I don't see what all this has got to do with my trouble."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I am leaving a small assortment of our neckties on the mantelpiece, sir, for you to select according to your preference. I should recommend the blue with the red domino pattern, sir."

Then he streamed imperceptibly toward the door and flowed silently out.

I've often heard that chappies, after some great shock or loss, have a habit, after they've been on the floor for a while wondering what hit them, of picking themselves up and piecing themselves together, and sort of taking a whirl at beginning a new life. Time, the great healer, and Nature, adjusting itself, and so on and so forth. There's a lot in it. I know, because in my own case, after a day or two of what you might call prostration, I began to recover.

New York's a small place when it comes to the part of it that wakes up just as the rest is going to bed; and it wasn't long before my tracks began to cross old Rocky's. I saw him once at Peale's, and again at Frolics on the Roof. There wasn't anybody with him either time except the aunt, and, though he was trying to look as if he had struck the ideal life, it wasn't difficult for me, knowing the circumstances, to see that beneath the mask the poor blighter was suffering.

The next two nights I didn't come across them; but the night after that I was sitting by myself at the Maison Pierre when somebody tapped me on the shoulder blade, and I found Rocky standing beside me with a sort of mixed expression of wistfulness and apoplexy on his face. How the chappie had contrived to wear my evening clothes so many times without disaster was a mystery to me. He confided later that early in the proceedings he had slit the waistcoat up the back and that that had helped a bit.

For a moment I had the idea that he had managed to get away from his aunt for the evening; but, looking past him, I saw that she was in again. She was at a table over by the wall, looking at me as if I were something the management ought to be complained to about.

"Bertie, old scout," said Rocky in a quiet, sort of crushed voice, "we've always been pals, haven't we? I mean, you know I'd do you a good turn if you asked me?"

"My dear old lad!" I said. The man had moved me.

"Then for heaven's sake come over and sit at our table for the rest of the evening!"

Well, you know, there are limits to the sacred claims of friendship.

"My dear chap," I said, "you know I'd do anything in reason; but ——"

"You must come, Bertie! You've got to! Something's got to be done to divert her mind. She's brooding about something. She's been like that for the last two days. I think she's beginning to suspect. She can't understand why we never seem to meet anyone I know at these joints. A few nights ago I happened to run into two newspaper men I used to know fairly well. That kept me going for a while. They were both a good deal more tanked than I could have wished, but I introduced them to Aunt Isabel as David Belasco and Jim Corbett, and it went well. But the effect has worn off now and she's beginning to wonder again."

I went along. One has to rally round a pal in distress. Aunt Isabel was sitting bolt upright, as usual. It certainly did seem as if she had lost a bit of the pep with which she had started out to hit it up along Broadway. She looked as if she had been thinking a good deal about rather unpleasant things.

"You've met Bertie Wooster, Aunt Isabel?" said Rocky.

"I have."

There was something in her eye that seemed to say:

"Out of a city of six million people, why did you pick on me?"

"Take a seat, Bertie. What'll you have?" said Rocky.

And so the merry party began. It was one of those jolly, happy, bread-crumbling parties where you cough twice before you

Pantasote

An Auto-Top Material of Built-in Durability

Most automobile owners know that Pantasote is a material for automobile tops. But a good many people seem to think Pantasote a generic name for any material of leather-like appearance.

The fact is that Pantasote is the registered trade name of a secret composition made exclusively by us for over 25 years. Pantasote for automobile tops is made up with two separate and distinct fabrics and there are two independent waterproofing elements, as shown here:

This is the outer Pantasote composition impregnated into (not spread or gummed onto)
this specially woven strong fabric, which in turn is thoroughly united by
the additional layer of waterproofing compound to
this lining fabric, furnished in a variety of colors and patterns.

Other materials (when new) look like Pantasote, but the resemblance ends there. No other top material can be compared with Pantasote, either in composition or durability. Pantasote has peculiar properties which make it ideal for automobile tops. It is not injured by extremes of temperature or sunlight. It is waterproof, grease-proof and crack-proof, and honestly guaranteed to be so.

It takes longer and costs more to make Pantasote than other top materials. The difference is more than justified in service rendered. That is why such cars as Locomobile, Pierce-Arrow, Marmon, Hudson, Paige, Chandler and Westcott are equipped with the more expensive material, Pantasote.

The purchaser of an automobile who investigates each mechanical feature and overlooks the top material will undoubtedly regret the oversight. A shabby top ruins the appearance of any handsome car, and a leaky top is a source of discomfort and annoyance.

It is not uncommon for ignorant, over-zealous, or unscrupulous salesmen to represent as Pantasote other top materials, invariably cheaper.

To prevent misrepresentation see that one of these labels is on the top. They are sent out with each shipment of Pantasote.

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY
1752 BOWLING GREEN BLDG., NEW YORK

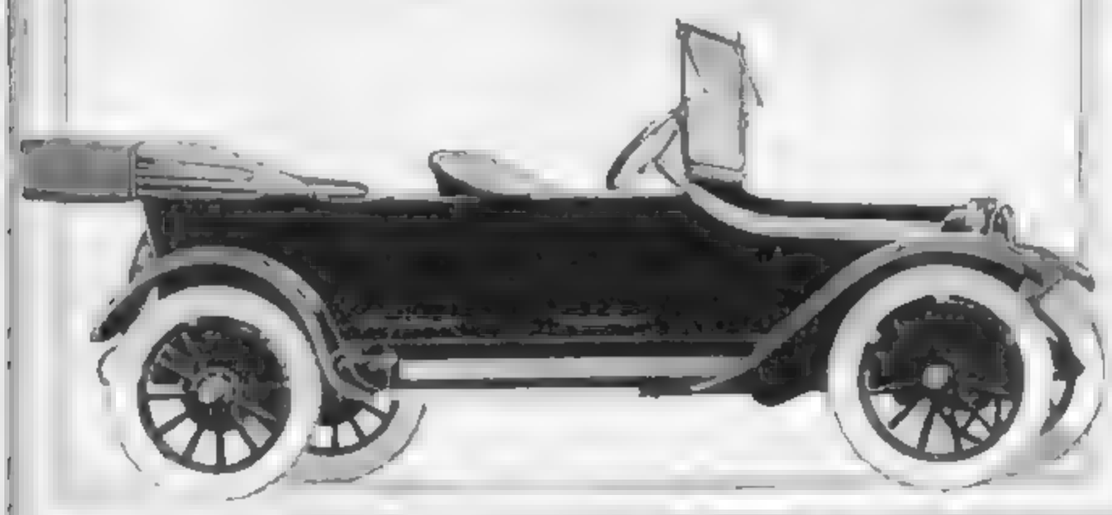
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

What owners are thinking and saying the country over constitutes a higher endorsement of the car than anything we might say about it

The economy of the car, its quality, the remarkable things it does when called upon are comments you hear wherever the car is discussed

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1160 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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No Vibration

Absolutely dependable
Easy to start—Easy to manage
The finest row boat motor made

THE GREAT 2-CYLINDER KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

The original 2 cylinder rowboat motor.

DOES NOT SHAKE THE BOAT

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Safe Milk
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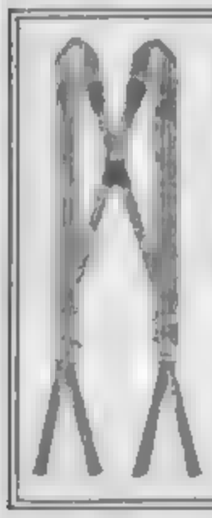
Infants and Invalids
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking.

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price



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SUSPENDERS

WORN by the well-dressed man for comfort and style. They make trousers hang right—adjust to every motion. Never strain or pull.

Buy a pair—wear a week—take them back if not satisfied.

Be sure to get genuine with name KADY on the buckles—at leading dealers

50 cents and 75 cents

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
Mansfield, Ohio

speak, and then decide not to say it after all. After we had had an hour of this wild dissipation Aunt Isabel said she wanted to go home. In the light of what Rocky had been telling me, this struck me as sinister. I had gathered that at the beginning of her visit she had had to be dragged home with ropes.

It must have hit Rocky the same way, for he gave me a pleading look.

"You'll come along, won't you, Bertie, and have a drink at the apartment?"

I had a feeling that this wasn't in the contract, but there wasn't anything to be done. It seemed brutal to leave the poor chap alone with the woman. So I went along.

I had a glimpse of Jeeves as we went into the apartment, sitting in his lair, and I wished I could have called to him to rally round. Something told me that I was about to need him.

The stuff was on the table in the sitting room. Rocky took up the decanter.

"Say when, Bertie."

"Stop!" barked the aunt. He dropped it.

I caught Rocky's eye as he stooped to pick up the ruins. It was the eye of one who sees it coming.

"Leave it there, Rockmetteller!" said Aunt Isabel; and Rocky left it there.

"The time has come to speak," she said. "I cannot stand idly by and see a young man going to perdition!"

Poor old Rocky gave a sort of gurgle, a kind of sound rather like the whisky had made running out of the decanter on to my carpet.

"Eh?" he said, blinking.

The aunt proceeded.

"The fault," she said, "was mine. I had not then seen the light. But now my eyes are open. I see the hideous mistake I have made. I shudder at the thought of the wrong I did you, Rockmetteller, by urging you into contact with this wicked city."

I saw Rocky grope feebly for the table. His fingers touched it and a look of relief came into the poor chappie's face. I understood his feelings. Once or twice after a pretty heavy night I've had to touch something solid myself—a lamp-post or something—just to make sure that the world was still there. There come moments in every fellow's life—after farewell dinners to friends about to marry, and what not—when it is not feasible to trust solely to what one sees.

"But when I wrote you that letter, Rockmetteller, instructing you to go to the city and live its life, I had not had the privilege of hearing Mr. Mundy speak on the subject of New York.

"Jimmy Mundy!" I cried.

You know how it is sometimes when everything seems all mixed up and you suddenly get a clew. When she mentioned Jimmy Mundy I began to understand more or less what had happened. I'd seen it happen before. I remember, back in England, the man I had before Jeeves sneaked off to a revivalist meeting on his evening out and came back, having got religion, and denounced me, in front of a crowd of chappies I was giving a bit of supper to, as a moral leper. All because I wouldn't start off with him that night to be a missionary in the Fiji Islands.

The aunt gave me the withering up and down.

"Yes; Jimmy Mundy!" she said. "I am surprised at a man of your stamp having heard of him. There is no music, there are no drunken, dancing men, no shameless, flaunting women at his meetings; so for you they would have no attraction. But for others, less dead in sin, he has his message. He has come to save New York from itself; to force it—in his picturesque phrase—to hit the trail. It was three days ago, Rockmetteller, that I first heard him. It was an accident that took me to his meeting. How often in this life a mere accident may shape our whole future!

"You had been called away by that telephone message from Mr. Belasco; so you could not take me to the Hippodrome, as we had arranged. I asked your manservant, Jeeves, to take me there. The man has very little intelligence. He seems to have misunderstood me. I am thankful that he did. He took me to what I subsequently learned was Madison Square Garden, where Mr. Mundy is holding his meetings. He escorted me to a seat and then left me. And it was not till the meeting had begun that I discovered the mistake which had been made. My seat was in the middle of a row. I could not leave without inconveniencing a great many people; so I remained." She gulped.

"Rockmetteller, I have never been so thankful for anything else. Mr. Mundy was wonderful! He was like some prophet of old, scourging the sins of the people. He leaped about in a frenzy of inspiration till I feared he would do himself an injury. Sometimes he expressed himself in a somewhat odd manner, but every word carried conviction. Even when he described the people of New York as an aggregation of knock-kneed prunes, something seemed to tell me what he meant and how true it was.

"He said that the tango and the fox trot were devices of the Devil to drag people down into the Bottomless Pit. He said that there was more sin in ten minutes with a negro banjo orchestra than in all the ancient revels of Nineveh and Babylon. And when he stood on one leg and pointed right at where I was sitting, and shouted 'This means you!' I could have sunk through the floor. I came away a changed woman. Surely you must have noticed the change in me, Rockmetteller? You must have seen that I was no longer the careless, thoughtless person who had urged you to dance in those places of wickedness?"

Rocky was holding on to the table as if it was his only friend.

"Y-yes," he yammered; "I—I thought something was wrong."

"Wrong? Something was right! Everything was right! Rockmetteller, it is not too late for you to be saved. You have only sipped of the evil cup. You have not drained it. It will be hard at first, but you will find that you can do it if you fight with a stout heart against the glamour and fascination of this dreadful city. Won't you, for my sake, try, Rockmetteller? Won't you go back to the country to-morrow and begin the struggle? Little by little, if you use your will ——"

I can't help thinking it must have been that word "will" that roused dear old Rocky like a trumpet call. It must have brought home to him the realization that a miracle had come off and saved him from being cut out of Aunt Isabel's. At any rate, as she said it he perked up, let go of the table, and faced her with gleaming eyes.

"Do you want me to go back to the country, Aunt Isabel?"

"Yes."

"Not to live in the country?"

"Yes, Rockmetteller."

"Stay in the country all the time, do you mean? Never come to New York?"

"Yes, Rockmetteller; I mean just that. It is the only way. Only there can you be safe from temptation. Will you do it, Rockmetteller? Will you—for my sake?"

"I will!" he said.

"Jeeves," I said. It was next day, and I was back in the old apartment, lying in the old armchair, with my feet up on the good old table. I had just come from seeing dear old Rocky off to his country cottage, and an hour before he had seen his aunt off to whatever hamlet in Illinois it was that she was the curse of; so we were alone at last. "Jeeves, there's no place like home—what?"

"Very true, sir."

"Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"Do you know, at one point in the business I really thought you were baffled."

"Indeed, sir?"

"When did you get the idea of taking Miss Rockmetteller to the meeting? It was pure genius!"

"Thank you, sir. It came to me a little suddenly, one morning when I was thinking of my aunt, sir."

"Your aunt? The hansom-cab one?"

"Yes, sir. I recollected that, whenever we observed one of her attacks coming on, we used to send for the clergyman of the parish. We always found that if he talked to her a while of higher things it diverted her mind from hansom cabs."

I was stunned by the man's resource.

"It's brain," I said; "pure brain! What do you do to get like that, Jeeves? I believe you must eat a lot of fish, or something. Do you eat a lot of fish, Jeeves?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, well then, it's just a gift, I take it; and if you aren't born that way there's no use worrying."

"Precisely, sir," said Jeeves. "If I might make the suggestion, sir, I should not continue to wear your present tie. The green shade gives you a slightly bilious air. I should strongly advocate the blue with the red domino pattern instead, sir."

"All right, Jeeves," I said humbly. "You know!"

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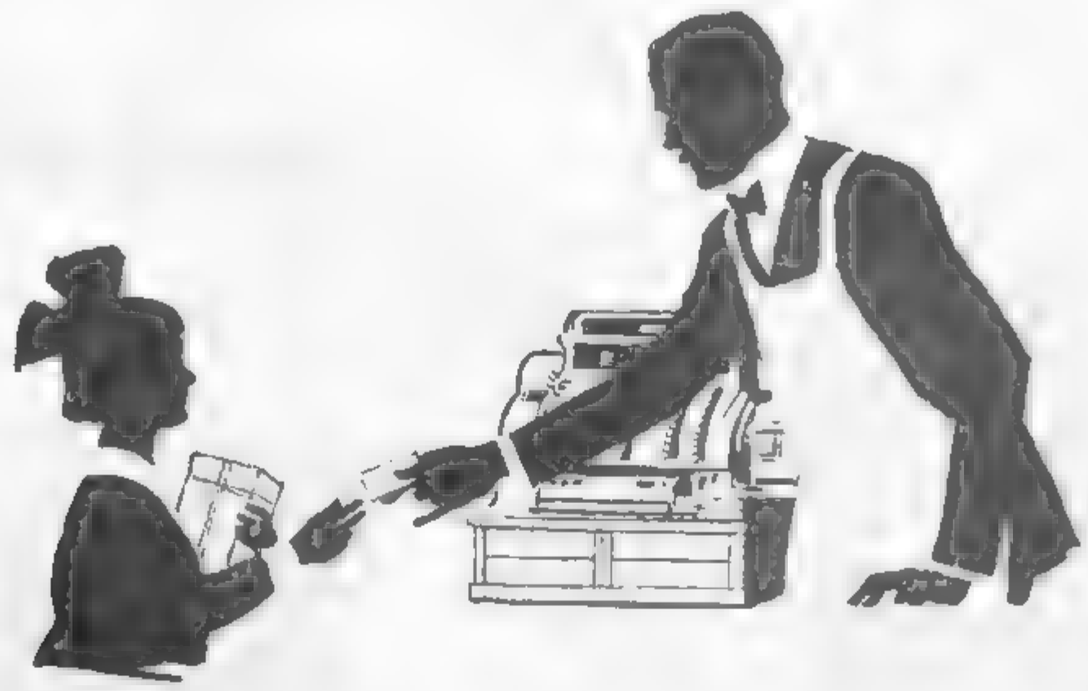

Teach children to get a receipt

IT is often necessary to send children to the store. It is irritating when they bring back the wrong change. Usually it means a trip to the store for father or mother to straighten it out.

Have you had this experience only to find that the clerk couldn't remember the transaction? Or that he insisted it was not his error? Either you got the missing change with an apology, or the proprietor gave it back reluctantly, or he wouldn't give it back at all.

If the clerk feels he is right, he may suspect the child.

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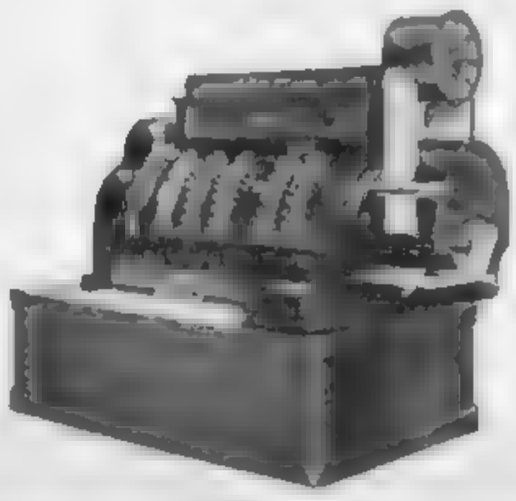


THE BADGE HORSE

(Continued from Page 17)

be, Cusack ain't the only man that'll mortgage his last stick to bet on her."

"The betting arrangements must be left to me," insisted Kennedy. "A single false step would ruin the price. The problem is to place a large sum of money without disturbing a long price. I believe it can be done."

Kelly scratched his head, lost in thought.

"I don't get you, Plunger," said he at length. "I've seen that same stunt tried a million times; but it didn't work. Bookmakers won't leave a long price up there for ye to shoot much money at. . . . But no matter. I'll take your word for it. Shall I bring little Johnny Dugan with me tomorrow? He's not only a good jock but he wears a silent tongue inside his face. The mare knows him too."

"If you can depend on him to keep his mouth shut, yes. . . . What are you laughing at, Kelly?"

"I was just havin' a mental flashlight of Mose Levine's big fat face while he watches old Sailor Girl rollin' home! If we slip this one over on him Mose will have to bury his head in the Alameda marsh, it'll be that full of aches and pains!"

"Let us hope that his strong box will be empty," said the Plunger with the manner of one offering a toast.

"Amen to that!" said Kelly fervently.

III

REFORMERS, and others imperfectly informed, prefer to believe that after the last race of the day the bookmaker devotes himself exclusively to wine, women and song, taking no thought for the morrow. Nothing could be wider of the truth. The bookmaker strives earnestly to remain twenty-four hours ahead of the calendar.

The overnight entry slip is his evening diversion; and a complicated one it is—so many owners, so many jockeys, so many horses, and each man, boy and beast presents a separate problem. Some things the bookmaker knows; some things he suspects; other things he fears. As he studies the overnight entry slip hundreds of other men are studying theirs, with an eye to profit at the bookmaker's expense. It behooves him to leave little or nothing to chance.

In his room at the old Palace Hotel, Mose Levine was warming his fat, stockinged feet at an open fire and chuckling over the card for the next day.

"Look who's with us again!" he wheezed to Cæsar Goldmark, his assistant. "Sailor Girl and the Kennedy Stables! Well, well! Plunger must be afraid they'll take his owner's badge away; so he's starting his cripple!"

"Wonder if there'll be a play on her?" asked Goldmark. "The pikers always used to unbelt every time Kennedy started a horse, you know."

"I hope they unbelt on this one!" grunted Levine. "She was no good when I got rid of her two years ago and it took Kelly all this time to find it out. Young Davis, the vet, told me he'd advised Kelly to have her shot; and he would have done it only Kennedy came along and begged her for a badge horse. Now he's going to start her. She won't get to the half-mile pole!"

"I don't suppose Kennedy has got a nickel," said Goldmark.

"And hasn't had for years," said Levine. "He's a dead bird in the pit. No use paying any attention to him. He's had all the luck that was coming to him. . . . How do you figure that handicap to-morrow, Cæsar? It looks like a close race to me."

While Cæsar was figuring the handicap three men were doing some figuring of their own in Kelly's tackle room across the bay. By the light of a lantern Plunger Kennedy was counting a thick roll of bills and checking a series of totals on the back of an envelope.

"I make it an even thirty-two hundred dollars," he announced. "Too bad we couldn't have raised more!"

"I didn't notice that ye raised any," muttered Mike Kelly.

"I furnish the horse and the long price," said Kennedy, stuffing the money into an inside pocket. "And the brains," he added as an afterthought.

Milt Cusack nodded. He was a tall, ungainly specimen of contrained humanity with mud blue eyes and a receding chin. To Cusack, Plunger Kennedy was still a great man and an oracle.

"They will be watching me like so many hawks to-morrow," continued the little gray man; "but, beginning at daylight, all they will see is that I am working on the mare's feet and legs. I expect to work on them up to the last minute—until she starts for the post."

"Then how can ye be in the bettin' ring," demanded Kelly, "arrangin' for this long price ye speak of so confidently?"

"I am not going near the betting ring," was the quiet answer.

"H'm-m-m-m! Well, as one of the high contractin' parties I'd appreciate a hint as to what ye intend to do."

"That would be breaking our agreement, Kelly. You have seen that the mare is in shape to win on a hard track, and both of you have agreed to leave the financial arrangements in my hands. The placing of this money will be a delicate operation. It calls for finesse ——"

"It calls for more than that," interrupted Kelly. "Listen now: In the first place, it's a race for nonwinners since the Lord knows when—bad horses, all of 'em. There won't be a pronounced favorite—nothin' that sticks up out of the bunch.

"The bookies will wait for the money to show up; an' when they see what's bein' played they will make the odds accordin'ly. Am I right?"

"Absolutely!"

"Well, then," said Kelly, "if ye send bettin' commissioners into the ring with all this dough they'll cut the mare to odds-on, cripple though she may be. It's too much money to bet on a lame horse. A hundred-dollar note could make any dog in the bunch the favorite, an' ye know it; yet ye give us a song an' dance about gettin' it all on—at a price. How do ye figure it?"

"That," said the Plunger, "is my business."

"I'm in favor of letting him alone," said Cusack. "He put it over before. He can do it again. Let him alone."

"I guarantee the horse and I guarantee the price," said Kennedy. "That ought to be enough."

"It's plenty for me," said Cusack.

"But my stable is in hock!" expostulated Kelly.

"So is mine; but it won't be in hock long if we keep our hands off and let him run things."

Kelly subsided, grumbling, and the Plunger rose, buttoned his coat carefully above the bulge caused by the roll of bills, and bade his friends good night. There was something almost jaunty in his manner as he took his departure.

"I must go and make final arrangements with my betting commissioners," said he with a smile.

"He ain't saying much," remarked Cusack after the door closed, "but he's been thinking hard for a month."

"The mare is an absolute cinch, barrin' the breakin' of a leg," replied Kelly. "I wish I felt as sure of the Plunger. He has delusions of grandeur, ye know."

"Leave it to him," said the faithful but none too brilliant Cusack. "When they was giving out the brains he wasn't behind the door. And as for him having what you said, he's been at my place a good deal lately, but he never complained of feeling poorly."

IV

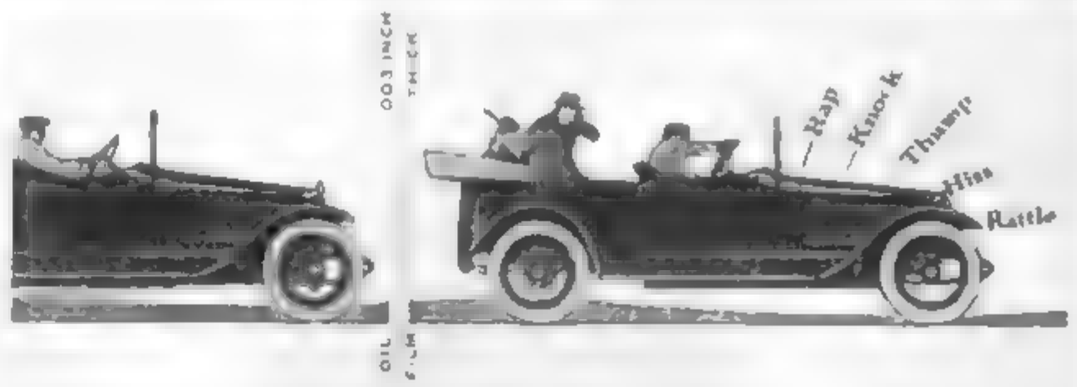
IN EVERY betting ring there is a Big Store; in other words, one bookmaker whose prices serve as a model for the smaller fry. Mose Levine operated the Big Store at the Oakland Track, and his heavy underlip curled in a contemptuous sneer as he tacked up the card of entries for the second race.

"Dogs—every last one of 'em!" said he, reaching for his chalk.

Levine was in no hurry to post the opening odds. He knew that the other block men waited for his figures and that the race-track regulars watched him; it was his moment in the limelight and he always made the most of it. With insulting deliberation he began to chalk up the prices, a pause between each one.

Granada Boy, 4 to 1; Golden Dream, 10 to 1; Baldy Parker, 25 to 1. Here he stopped to receive a whispered report from one of his "outside men"—in this case his paddock expert.

"The stable money will be bet on Granada Boy to-day, there's a hot tip out on Baldy Parker across the board, and Kennedy



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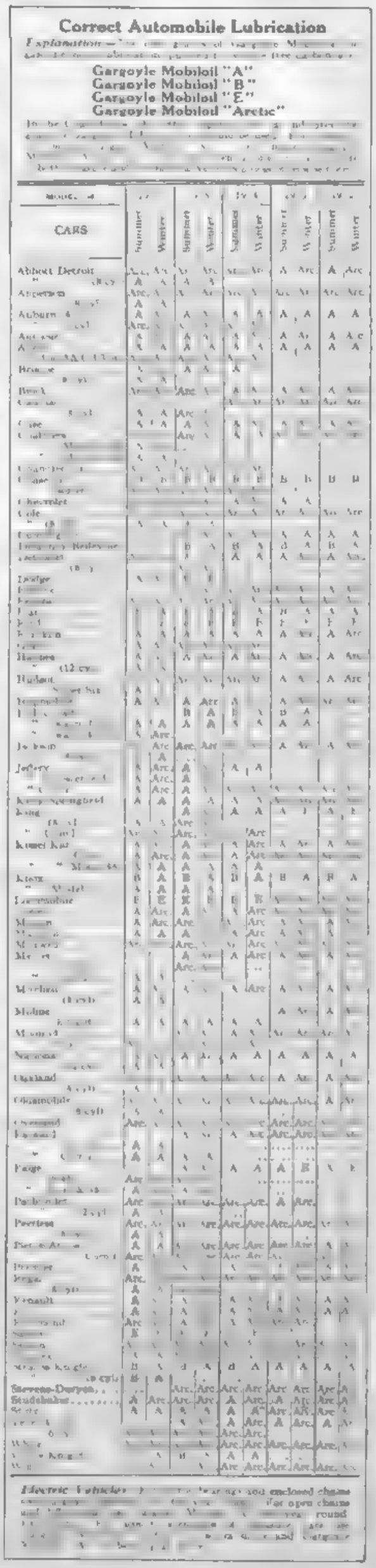
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has got Sailor Girl in the paddock already, working on her feet."

"Working how?"

"Well, when she came in she was all bandaged up, with pads of cotton packed into her hoofs. Kennedy is pickin' out the cotton now."

"Cotton pads, eh? Soaked in dope, most likely. Kelly tried that a couple of times, but it didn't work. Have you found out if they've been working her anywhere?"

"All I know is that they've had her in a barn outside the track."

Levine cut Granada Boy to 6 to 2, and chalked up a price of 15 to 1 on Sailor Girl. While he was filling the rest of his slate there was a wild commotion on the outskirts of the betting ring. Hoarse voices were heard uplifted in song; and Levine, turning, saw a group of sailors lurching through the crowd, their flat blue caps bobbing and their bronzed faces reflecting the high shine of a perfect day ashore. With them was a petty officer, who had evidently not been celebrating so extensively as his fellows.

One tremendous bluejacket acted as pilot—a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, bull-voiced Swede; and as he elbowed his way through the crowd his pale blue eyes fell on Mose Levine's slate. He halted and began to spell out the names:

"Granada Boy; Golden Dream; Baldy Parker—maybe that bane little Yim Parker, on the Charlestown, eh? Sailor Girl—hey, fallers, look! A horse named Sailor Girl bane goin' to run to-day!"

His mates crowded round him and a tremendous hubbub ensued, a dozen strong men shouting at once. Over the tumult rose the bellowing voice of the Swede:

"Ay got a hunch a sailor boy can win if he bet on Sailor Girl!"

He forced his way to Levine's stand, where he paused, swaying slightly.

"Mister, that Sailor Girl—she got a chance?"

"They've all got a chance," answered Levine with a grin at his sheetwriter. "Want to bet on her?"

"Ay have a look-see."

The Swede took off his flat cap and peered into the crown. It contained a package of cigarettes, a corkscrew and a small roll of bills. Removing the currency, the sailor carefully replaced his cap over one eye and began to count his money. Levine noted with itching interest that the bills were of large denominations—twenties and tens.

"We yust got back from a long cruise," said the Swede apologetically, "an' don't draw our pay till we get home. Ay got no small change, mister."

"Bet whatever you like," said Mose Levine. "What do you think this is—a dollar book?"

"Ay bet you twenty on Sailor Girl," smiled the Swede, trying to fix Levine with a vacant stare. He peeled off a note and offered it to the bookmaker.

"Sailor Girl to win, three hundred to twenty!" chanted Levine. "Here's your ticket."

The Swede eyed the pasteboard stupidly.

"You keep that," explained Levine, "and if Sailor Girl wins come back here and I'll give you three hundred and twenty dollars for it."

The Swede studied for a moment, his lips moving silently; then his voice rose in a mighty roar:

"Hey, fallers, look here!"

The other sailors crowded round him, exclaiming and gesticulating as they examined the figures on the ticket. The petty officer took some part in the discussion—Levine heard him remonstrating with the rank and file and urging caution—but he was soon shouldered out of the circle and bade to save his authority until afloat. Immediately the space in front of Levine's block was jammed with bareheaded sailors, all fumbling in their caps and filling the air with maudlin demands for tickets on Sailor Girl to win:

"Here, matey! Take mine!"

"Shay, who'sh crowdin' me? Lemme 'lone!"

"Port your helm, you lubber! Port your helm!"

"One at a time, gentlemen; one at a time," grinned Levine. "No hurry."

Meanwhile the other block men, scenting soft money, endeavored to attract the attention of the bluejackets:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Say, bring some of that money over here!"

"Don't spend it all in one place!"

The sailors lingered with Levine until the last man had stowed a pasteboard away in his cap, and then the sheet and ticket writers had a breathing spell while the tars held another noisy consultation. At the end of it the Swede again presented himself, smiling a loose and wheedling smile.

"Mister," said he, "we bet you once all round. But 'ic—maybe we like to bet you some more, just for luck."

"You don't see anybody holding you, do you?" asked Levine.

"Fallers, he says he don't care!" bawled the Swede.

Again Levine was mobbed by eager investors, some of whom insisted on betting three or four times. The other block men barked in vain until one of them chalked up odds of 20 to 1 on Sailor Girl, when there was a wild rush and a transfer of patronage. In the lull the sheetwriter tugged at Levine's sleeve.

"We're loaded for bear on Sailor Girl," said he. "Better quit taking their money."

"Quit? With a lot of drunken sailors playing a hunch? I wish they had a million!" And Levine promptly erased the 15 and substituted 20.

"Prices as good as the best!" he chanted. "Come get your Sailor Girl—all you want of it—twenty dollars for one!"

The majority of the bluejackets returned to him, handing up their currency as long as it lasted. The others rioted all over the betting ring, registering each new transaction with drunken whoops of triumph. Their antics brought forth gales of laughter; anxious touts hung in their wake, but the sailors would play nothing but Sailor Girl!—Sailor Girl!—Sailor Girl!

Jack ashore is notoriously easy prey, and never easier than when he meets with professional gamblers. The block men, taking in the situation at a glance, solicited business at the tops of their voices. They enjoyed the naval interlude hugely, regarding the sailors' bank rolls as bread returning from salty waters.

"They're just bettin' a drunken hunch," said the wise ones. "All they know about the mare is that they like the name. Well, a fool and his money ——"

V

AFTER the final bugle call Plunger Kennedy hoisted Johnny Dugan into the saddle, patted the mare on the neck and drifted inconspicuously out of the paddock. He skirted the far edge of the betting ring, giving no more than a glance at the prices, entered the restaurant, and rapped on the door of a private room.

Meantime Mike Kelly was telling his troubles to Milt Cusack.

"I ducked out to the paddock when the bugle blew," said he, "but I couldn't find Kennedy anywhere. Him an' his bettin' commissioners! They waited too long; an' a gang of drunken sailors beat him to it—played the mare all over the ring! They got the cream o' the price; an' if the Plunger meant to wait for post odds the stuff is off. Every book in the ring has got all the Sailor Girl it can carry!"

"Well," said Cusack, "let's hope the Plunger gets enough of it placed to break us even. Could he have left some of it to be played in the pool rooms across the bay?"

"Lord, I hope he did!" groaned Kelly. "There's nothin' left here."

Mr. Moses Levine stood on a chair at the edge of the lawn and peered through his expensive imported binoculars.

"What colors are those moving up on the outside?" he asked. "I can't make 'em out."

"Dark blue, white sleeves, white cap," said Cæsar Goldmark. "Those are Kennedy's colors, Mose."

"Sailor Girl!" ejaculated Levine. "I—I can't see her very well. How is she going? She oughtn't to last to the turn."

"Maybe not; but if she keeps up her lick she'll be in front in fifty yards."

"In front! That old cripple? I tell you she's stopping now!"

"No," said Goldmark; "it's that other blue thing you're looking at. That's Sailor Girl in front now."

Down by the fence, Mike Kelly and Cusack, taking turns at a cheap field glass, were also aware that the blue-and-white colors were setting the pace.

"Just runnin' away from 'em," said Kelly dolefully; "and we don't know whether we've got a nickel on her or not!"

"But he was so sure," argued Cusack. "He had it all planned out."

(Concluded on Page 77)

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Hand-woven and hand bleached. Black silk band. Leather sweatband. Brims can be worn up or down. All sizes.

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PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 303 Mercer St., New York City

Makes One Pair of Soles Do The Work of Two

LAST November we told you how Neolin, the new synthetic substance for the soles of shoes, was born in the Goodyear laboratories.

A little later we told you how the quick imagination of the American people leaped to meet the possibilities of this splendid new product.

And now we are proud to report—

First:—That shoes shod with Neolin soles are being sold in *thousands* of the best stores of the nation.

Second:—That thousands of pairs of old shoes are being re-soled with Neolin by *cobblers* in all parts of the country.

Third:—That more than four hundred of the best *shoe manufacturers* in America have adopted Neolin as a standard sole.

Fourth:—That the Goodyear factories are striving to meet a demand which has already mounted, at this writing, to the tremendous total of *25,000 pairs* of Neolin soles *per day*.

Fifth:—That it is being proven over and over again, that one pair of Neolin soles will last an adult as long as *two pairs* of ordinary soles.

Sixth:—That children's soles of Neolin will last *three times* as long as ordinary soles.

Seventh:—That Neolin soles are *stub-proof* as well as *noiseless;* that they *won't scratch*—floors or furniture.

Eighth:—That Neolin soles have demonstrated under all sorts of weather conditions that they are absolutely *waterproof.*

Ninth:—That shoe dealers everywhere testify that shoes soled with Neolin do not need to be "*broken in*"—that they conform to the foot with perfect comfort the first time they are put on.

Tenth:—That shoes soled with Neolin do not *lose their shape* even though the uppers have been "soaking wet."

Eleventh:—That Neolin soles are so flexible that they exercise and *strengthen the muscles* of the foot, and are a godsend to many a sensitive, tender foot.

In the face of such advantages and economies, there is nothing really wonderful in the way that Neolin soles have swept the nation.

It would be wonderful, indeed, if they did not.

No one should do without Neolin soles unless doubled shoe wear means nothing to him; unless water-proof qualities mean nothing; unless comfort means nothing; unless flexibility means nothing.

If these things count with you—go to the shoe store or the cobbler shop and add one more to the tens of thousands of Neolin families.

Every Genuine Neolin Sole
Bears the Brand Neōlin

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

The New Arrows

Ashby 2⅛ in
Lexicon 2½ in

Arrow Collars

Because the Arrow fabric is extraordinarily fine, smooth and durable, the domestic satin laundry finish is possible. The satin finish marks the difference between the ordinary and the *high quality* 2 for 25c. collar, and is the Arrow's distinguishing mark of quality.

CLUETT, PEABODY & Co. Inc., *Makers of* Arrow Shirts
Troy, N. Y.

BLUE STREAKS

GOODYEAR makes but one single tube bicycle tire—the Guaranteed Blue Streak, non-skid, which sells for $2.50 each.

It is known by the distinctive Blue Streak on each side of the tread.

Buy Goodyear Blue Streaks, non-skid, from any reliable bicycle or hardware dealer anywhere, for $2.50 each.

Blue Streaks carry the same guarantee as tires for which you must pay as high as $10 a pair.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON
Bicycle Tires

R.I.W.
REMEMBER IT'S WATERPROOF

"We are protecting this steel work RIGHT"

WE RE using the same paint in this building of yours that was used on the Pennsylvania Station, Locks of Panama Canal, the Metropolitan Tower and the Hell Gate Bridge in New York" It's different from all other steel priming coats, and they call it

TOCKOLITH
THE PATENTED CEMENT PAINT

R. I. W. Tockolith is different, and it works differently. In drying it liberates lime and in this way deposits a hard cement coating on the steel.

It even combines with incipient rust, effectively stopping any further oxidation.

R. I. W. Tockolith and a suitable finishing coat of R. I. W. Damp-Resisting Paint make a combination that protects steel work so thoroughly that it is kept in the same perfect condition it was in when it left the fabricating shop.

Write to Dept. Z for free copy of the Tockolith booklet.

TOCH BROTHERS
Established 1848
Importers and Manufacturers of R. I. W. Preservative Paints, Compounds, Enamels, etc.
320 Fifth Avenue New York City
Works, New York; London, England, and Toronto, Canada

(Concluded from Page 74)

"How could he figure that a bunch of drunken fools would beat him to it? I wonder where he went to."

Halfway round the turn Johnny Dugan looked behind him. The nearest horse was two lengths away and the field was beginning to straggle.

"It's all over," thought the jockey—"all over but the shoutin'! They're dyin' behind her now; but Kennedy said to take no chances an' send her along. I guess I'll just let out some of these wraps an' set her down a little. . . . Come on, Sailor Girl! Show 'em you're a race horse yet!"

"How is she now?" asked Levine anxiously.

"Just breezing," replied Cæsar; "and the boy ain't even called on her for anything."

"But she'll quit!" gulped Mose. "She—she's got to quit! Those lame feet will stop her. . . . Ain't she slowing up now?"

"If she is I'd hate to see her begin to run. How much of that alleged sucker money did you take?"

"Enough to put an awful crimp in the book—and me! But, with a mare as lame as she is—and a lot of drunken sailors playing a hunch ——"

Goldmark laughed harshly and slipped his binocular into the case.

"Yes," he growled; "about as drunk as that mare is lame! And you fell for it and tried to break the United States Navy on a twenty-to-one shot! . . . I wish I had a few horses as badly crippled up as Sailor Girl; then I wouldn't have to work for a fathead like you!"

"You—you think somebody knew something?" gurgled Levine.

"The sailors did," was the curt reply. "You can arrange to pay off on Sailor Girl—she wins in a romp—poor lame thing!"

"Oh, look at her come!" quavered Mike Kelly. "She wins all by her little lone! Why didn't I hold out a couple of hundred and bet it myself? Why didn't I, Cusack?"

"Because you agreed to leave that part of it to me," spoke a quiet voice.

Kelly and Cusack whirled, and there stood Plunger Kennedy, smiling slightly as he watched Sailor Girl pass under the wire a dozen lengths ahead of her field. The little gray man was as calm and serene as a June morning.

Behind him were two strangers in the uniform of the United States Navy—a dapper petty officer and a tremendous blue-jacketed Swede, the latter perfectly sober and grinning from ear to ear.

"Glory!" yelled Kelly, grabbing Kennedy by the shoulders. "And I never guessed it! Sailors for bettin' commissioners, eh?"

"Exactly," replied the Plunger. "And not so drunk as they looked. They got us the price on Sailor Girl."

The great crowd that had gathered to watch Mose Levine pay the sailors saw, instead, a small gray man in worn tweeds, who dumped a formidable stack of pasteboards on the narrow counter under the cashier's nose.

"Tell Levine I want to see him," said the Plunger.

The cashier passed the word, and Levine climbed over the railing and into the booth.

"You?" said he, swallowing hard. "You! Why, the bets ——"

"—— were made by my commissioners. I've waited a long time to get you, Levine; and now I've got you good!"

Mose realized all the bitter truth of the Plunger's remark.

"I—I don't keep any such sum of money out here at the track," said he.

"Then go and borrow it from your friends! I lost to you, and I paid. Go borrow it!"

That night the Plunger gave a banquet to his two friends while his betting commissioners explored the Barbary Coast regardless of expense.

"Only one thing I regret," said Mike Kelly, toying with the stem of a wineglass: "Johnny won too far away with the mare. He fixed it so we can't get a price on her the next time out."

"There will be no next time out," said Kennedy. "To-morrow morning I announce through the medium of the press my retirement from the turf. Sailor Girl retires with me. Her sore feet have earned a rest. The mare is my pensioner."

"Gosh!" said Milt Cusack. "Fell'rs, I feel's if I could pen—penz'h'n m' whole livery stable! Wow!"

Beards had it all their own way until 1840

Then Williams' Shaving Soap came along and a clean shave became a habit, like a clean shirt.

Today a shave is an every morning event because

Williams' Shaving Soap

has made it as easy as dressing and as refreshing as a bath.

There have been lots of shaving soaps since 1840. Anybody can make soap; any soap will make soap-suds. But the rich, creamy, softening lather of Williams' Shaving Soap is the result of specializing on shaving soap for 75 years.

Is yours a beard that fights the razor over every inch of your face? Is yours a skin so tender that you wonder how it produces so tough a beard? Then Williams' lather was made for you, for it is that combination that has made it famous.

It comes in four convenient forms—

STICK, POWDER, CREAM, LIQUID

In each is the same New England purity and honesty of purpose that your grandfather enjoyed in the original Yankee Shaving Soap.

Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., *Dept. A*, Glastonbury, Conn.

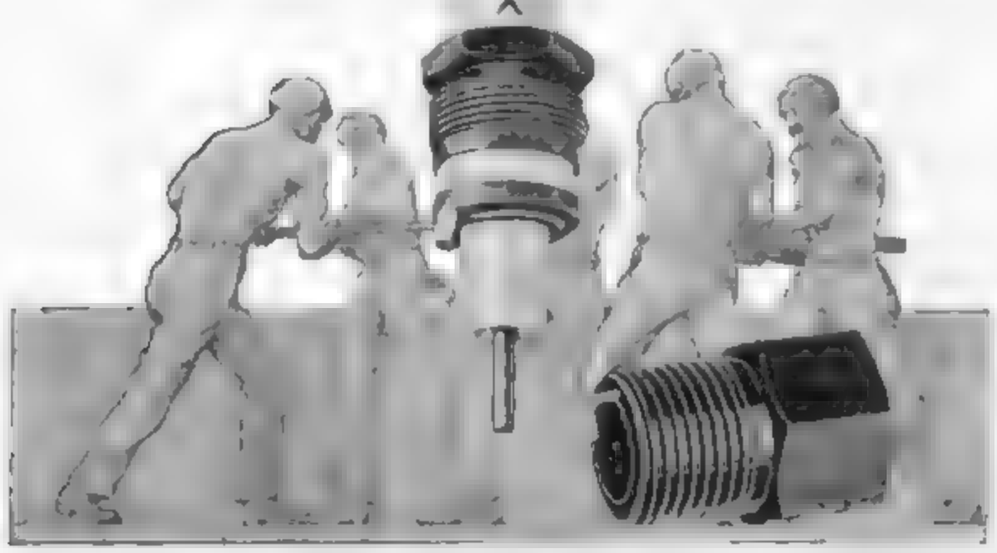
Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

Champion

"TOLEDO MADE ... THE WHOLE WORLDS TRADE"

Dependable CHAMPION Spark Plugs

X



And the Porcelain Doesn't Break

The rapid succession of explosions in your cylinders beats upon the porcelain insulators of your spark plugs like the blows of a trip hammer.

Champion "X" porcelains are double cushioned against breakage.

At both shoulders of the porcelain there is an asbestos cushioned copper gasket to ease the force of the explosions and absolutely hold the compression in your cylinders.

This is one good reason for the dependability of Champion "X" Plugs.

And because they are so reliably dependable Champion "X" Plugs are installed on all new Ford Cars and have been since 1911.

They are part and parcel of the reliability of these popular cars.

Remember to specify Champion "X" when you go to your dealer for new plugs for your Ford.

Champion Spark Plug Co., 110 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Buy the World's Best

Here is the only refrigerator awarded the Gold Medal at the Panama Pacific International Exposition. Beautiful—sanitary Enameled snowy-white inside and out. Revolving shelves. Cork-insulated walls and ceiling. Non-absorbent Opal glass provisions. Solid porcelain food trays. Rounded corners. Inside finish guaranteed not to crack, chip or peel. Cleaning-water locker at floor line.

White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

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At our direct from factory prices and easy payments you can afford. Write us for handsome free catalog.

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When is white lead not white lead?
When it's tinted green?
Wrong! It takes such a tiny portion of color to give

Dutch Boy White Lead

one of the beautiful tints that it may still be considered pure white lead.
Specify pure white lead, no matter what tint you want your paint.

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The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

and use in the Foot-Bath. Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. Nothing rests the feet so quickly and thoroughly. It takes the friction from the Shoe, the sting out of Corns and Bunions and makes walking a delight. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25 cts.

Don't accept any substitute.

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A Baseball Outfit Will Be Given To Any Boy

who will devote a few hours to selling *The Saturday Evening Post* during the next two or three weeks. Let us tell you about it.

Sales Division, Box 353 THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

LITTLE JOHNNY WANT-TO-KNOW

By James H. Collins

A BIG window-glass company was having trouble with its packing cases. Costly shipments of window glass were sent out in cases that seemed especially strong and sound. The case would reach the customer in good condition; but much of the glass was broken. Investigation indicated that damage was done by the case swaying upon itself in transit. This sway, facilitated by the heavy contents, did not hurt the case particularly, but was awfully rough on the glass.

"Well, wood is cheaper than glass—get stronger packing cases," ordered the president of the company.

This was done. Cases were built twice as heavy. But still the glass was broken. Finally the president turned the problem over to a mechanical engineer.

The engineer selected an empty packing case and had it nailed tight to the floor, and the cover boards put on, just as though it were being shipped full of glass. It was an oblong box. The top and bottom were made of heavy boards, running lengthwise, well braced. The sides were stout, narrow boards, running up and down. He attached some hooks to one of the upper ends, ran wire rope from these hooks over pulleys in such a way that weights could be applied to exert a horizontal pull, swaying the case as it was swayed in transit, and began piling on weights a hundred pounds at a time.

"What do you want to do?" asked the interested president.

"Ask this box some questions," was the reply. "I want to know where it is weak, and just how weak in pounds. I'm going to collapse it. After we get some facts, maybe we can design a stronger packing case."

"By Jove! You won't collapse that box with hundred-pound weights!" declared the executive. "It's the strongest shipping case we could buy. You need tons instead of hundreds. Rig up some way of getting your pull with levers!"

But after six hundred pounds had been piled on, the box began to sway out of line. At twelve hundred pounds it collapsed. Its short up-and-down board sides simply sagged until they let go, giving a vivid illustration of what would happen to glass inside.

"That's one thing we've found out," said the engineer. "The sides are the weak part. No amount of timber added to that kind of box would make it stronger."

Men Who Hunt for the Missing Tick

Out of the remnants he had a new packing case made, with side boards running diagonally instead of up and down, and counterwise to each other on opposite sides. When weights were applied to that it stood a pull of a ton and a half. Eventually a much lighter and cheaper case with diagonal sides was found adequate. This stood a pull of twenty-two hundred pounds, and carried glass without loss. What the engineer really did was to transform the packing case into a bridge truss. And if records of freight damage and claims against railroads are any guide, many packing cases could be improved on the same principle.

Little Johnny Want-to-Know cuts quite a figure in business nowadays.

Things are being reckoned down to such fine points in every industry that guesswork can no longer be tolerated. Business men are catching this engineer habit of asking questions when they run up against a tough problem—asking the problem to please throw some light upon itself. Whereas they used to speculate or argue about facts that called for a little ingenious measuring or weighing, now they reach for the foot rule or study where to apply the pulley weights. Whereas they once wondered why a thing stopped ticking, now they take it apart in a systematic, experimental manner to see where the tick has gone.

The engineer has his question habit drilled into him at college. Back of that habit is a great organization for conducting tests and determining standards—professional societies for testing materials and carrying out scientific researches, bureaus of standards, and the like. From this organization there is always flowing a stream of ascertained facts about the strength, properties and behavior of materials. Already enough facts have been accumulated to improve many products and processes.

But the average American business man is not getting full benefit from these valuable results as yet, because he is usually self-taught and inclined to work by rule of thumb. He needs a point of view to benefit in the greatest degree, the point of view of the engineer's question habit—the spirit of Little Johnny Want-to-Know.

Little Johnny is an everyday sort of fellow at bottom. Follow him into a big testing laboratory, and he may look quite intricate; for many of the simple questions he brings up must be answered with special apparatus in the hands of trained scientists. Yet even the complex problem started somewhere from an ordinary question, and the habit of asking a problem to explain itself is the main essential. Once the question is formulated, getting the answer may be a matter of common sense calling for little apparatus or technical knowledge.

Testing Better Than Guessing

Some years ago a huge railroad terminal was being built. Among other materials needed was an immense quantity of composition flooring. Salesmen were after that fat order early. They called on the engineers with different brands of flooring, each man claiming that his stuff was best, and producing testimonials to prove it. The engineers did not waste much time on claims or testimonials. They chalked out a long stretch of pavement, in spaces of a couple of dozen yards or so, and assigned one space to each man.

"Have your brand of flooring laid there in your own way, according to your ideas of installing to give the best results," they said.

There were a dozen brands or more, of all colors and kinds. The pavement looked like a long, variegated ribbon when it was finished. Then a fence was taken down and the main stream of travel through the emerging terminal diverted, so that for two years that pavement was tramped under foot by tens of thousands of people every day. When the engineers were ready to buy floor composition, they made a study of the way each brand had stood up under the traffic—and then devised a flooring composition of their own!

In the same terminal there was another problem—that of getting people from lower train levels to the street, for much of the building is underground. Incline walks were decided upon as better than stairs or elevators. What was the easiest grade for these inclines? Perhaps the problem might have been worked out mathematically, but the engineers took a simpler method. Wherever it was necessary to conduct people from one level to another during the construction of the building, they built an incline at some particular grade and timed the crowds as they walked up it. When they were ready to build their permanent inclines they knew exactly the grade percentage up which a crowd could walk with the least effort.

Even the specialist himself, supplied with delicate apparatus for test investigations, is frequently called upon to get results by everyday methods.

There was a textile lawsuit in court, and a fiber expert was called to testify. Quite casually, as part of his testimony, he stated that a mercerized cotton thread would sustain a weight of thirty pounds. Little Johnny Want-to-Know happened to be sitting on the bench, and this statement made an immediate impression on the judge.

"Hold on there!" said His Honor, sitting up. "What sort of thread is that?"

The expert witness exhibited the thread.

"You mean to tell me such a thread will sustain thirty pounds?" asked the judge incredulously. "I'd like to see it done."

Such tests are carried out under laboratory conditions, of course, with special apparatus. But it would not do to explain

(Continued on Page 81)

JOHNS-MANVILLE
ASBESTOS ROOFINGS
A Fire Retardant Roofing for Every Purpose

No Home is Safer than its Roof

THE roof built of inflammable materials is always the waiting victim of a stray spark from its own or a neighbor's chimney. True fire protection and real economy call for the use of

J-M Transite Asbestos Shingles
For Residences

Fire-proof and everlasting because they are made of indestructible materials—Asbestos (rock) fibre and Portland Cement (rock). These shingles actually toughen with age. Years of exposure will not rot, warp, curl or split them. They often outlast the house and take the base rate of fire insurance.

Supplied in a variety of shapes and sizes and in soft tones of Gray, Indian Red and Mottled Brown, thus affording great latitude of artistic effects in application. Laid by your carpenter, roofer or slater and backed by J M Roofing Responsibility.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

"A Customer's Idea"

Recently a committee was in session to let the Roofing and Pipe Covering contract on a large public building. Competition was keen, "cost" being the main topic under consideration, when one member said, "I do not want to place this order upon the basis of price only; I want it given to the concern with the best standing in the following respects:

First: A sound financial status.

Second: A reputation for willingness to make good its contracts.

Third: Experience enough to guard against experimentation.

Fourth: Permanence enough to insure its being in business twenty years from now.

Fifth: Known to handle goods of the highest quality at the right price."

WE SECURED THE CONTRACT.

H. Manville

This Roofing settles the Roofing Question for all time

Vanderbilt Hotel, N. Y.
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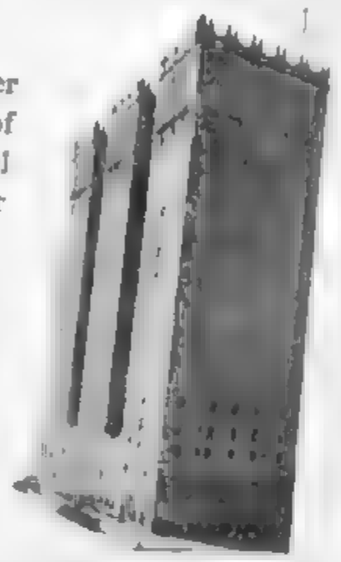

Builders are no longer limited to the use of tin, tile, tar and gravel or organic felts for roofs.

There is a roofing that is strong and permanently rust-proof and fire-resistant, that never needs painting or coating. This roofing is

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING
For Industrial Purposes

The cheapest roofing per year-of-service made. Constructed from alternate layers of Asbestos fibre and Trinidad Lake Asphalt. Because it is made in "ready" as well as "built-up" form this roofing is adapted to arches, gables, and other sloping surfaces as readily as to flat surfaces.

It is the only roofing with this range of utility which takes the base rate of fire insurance and it is backed by the broadest obligation ever offered by a commercial institution J-M Roofing Responsibility.

Johns-Manville Roofing Responsibility

is an established business principle, the value of which is evidenced by the fifty-year reputation which this company enjoys for the faithful discharge of its obligations to a purchaser after sale. Johns-Manville Roofing Responsibility is made practical through an exclusive system of J-M Roofing Registration. You can register your J-M Roofing, when laid, with us and by so doing place it under the supervision of our Roofing Service Department at the Branch nearest you.

You will find Johns-Manville Service always ready to advise with you, your architect or designer on any roofing question. Address all inquiries to Roofing Service Department of nearest J-M Branch.

J-M Asbestos Roofings are examined, approved, classified, and labelled by the Underwriters' Laboratories Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. They obtain the lowest fire insurance ratings for fire retardant roofings.

Serves More People in More Ways than Any Other Institution of Its Kind in the World

Johns-Manville Service embraces Acoustical Treatment, Building Materials, Electrical Supplies, Heat Insulation, Lighting and Power Plant Accessories and covers over 280 separate and distinct products, a few of which are listed below:

Asbestos Clothing and Textiles	Fire Extinguishers	Lighting Fixtures	Roofings	Waterproofing Materials
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Mention the line or lines you are interested in and we will send you complete literature covering same. Address the nearest J-M Branch

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THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

A Record of *Good Roads* That Every *Taxpayer* Should Read

The Old Macadam Road

In the old days before the automobile, the roadway that MacAdam invented a hundred years ago was good enough for anybody. It was hard, smooth, fairly dustless and easy to maintain at slight annual expense. Its durability varied, of course, with the traffic but it would go for some ten years or more without serious reconstruction.

The Automobile Arrives

Then came the automobile storming down MacAdam's smooth highway with a vicious abrasive thrust of its powerful rear wheels and scattering MacAdam's expensive materials to the winds.

And macadam roads promptly went out of date.

There are still some road builders who are trying to make them serve in this day of fast traffic, and find that they are either the custodians of melancholy lanes of loose stone or are engaged incessantly in expensive repair and reconstruction.

Tarvia Roads

To make the road once again stronger than the vehicle, modern engineers employ bitumens of which the best known and most used is Tarvia.

Tarvia is a tough, coal tar preparation. It is not an oil and does not track or smell. It is not a dust-layer but rather a dust-preventer. Its use also adds greatly to the life of the roadway since it cements the road into a tough, slightly plastic matrix that withstands automobile and horse-drawn traffic to an extent that is remarkable.

How long will they last?

How long the Tarvia bond would withstand traffic had not been known till recently but some of the early Tarvia roads are now ready to testify. For instance:

Newton Boulevard, Newton, Mass. Treated with "Tarvia-A" nine years ago. Still in good condition.

A nine year record

Newton Boulevard, Newton, Mass., was tarviated for five miles in 1906 and 1907. It is a great automobile thoroughfare and before that time its maintenance was difficult and costly. The original 1906 treatment has never been renewed and repairs have been too insignificant to compute. At the most an inexpensive renewal of the top coat of Tarvia will make it good for another long period.

A ten year record

Bellflower Avenue, a fine residential street in Cleveland, Ohio, was built with Tarvia in 1905. The photograph below

Bellflower Ave., Cleveland, O. Constructed with "Tarvia-X" in 1905. Note its present good condition after 10 years!

of this paving was taken in 1915 showing its fine condition after ten years' service without renewal or repairs, a record obviously impossible for plain macadam on a city street like this.

A six year record

This was on the fashionable Lake Shore Drive in the city of Chicago where plain macadam would probably not have lasted through a *single winter*.

As to the future

Such veteran Tarvia roads are the forerunners of a host that will be recorded a little later when the great mileages of Tarvia work that were built in 1909, 1910 and 1911 have reached a ripe old age.

Those early Tarvia roads were crude compared with the more scientific and more durable construction of today.

Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Reconstructed with Tarvia in 1909. Heavy traffic but still good in 1915 as above.

Different grades of Tarvia

Tarvia is made in three grades: "Tarvia-X" for new or rebuilt roads and pavements, "Tarvia-A" for surface application, and "Tarvia-B" for dust prevention and road preservation.

A word to taxpayers

You, as a taxpayer, are paying for roads. If you have dusty plain macadam, you are paying enough to secure durable, dustless Tarvia roads, for the latter, owing to the saving in maintenance expenses, cost no more in the end.

Remember that dusty roads are not signs of economy, but of wasteful and antiquated methods.

Fac-simile of label appearing on "Tarvia-X" barrels.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

Write our Service Department for illustrated booklet and further information

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston Cleveland
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis

The Barrett Company

St. Louis Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

(Continued from Page 78)

that and pass on to other matters—too much explanation might lose the suit. So the court crier gathered up about thirty pounds of law books, and the expert proceeded to suspend them by his mercerized thread. Luck was with him that day. It worked! He even swung the law books a trifle to impress the judge. But the risk made his undershirt crawl right up his spine.

Questions, doubts and mysteries are constantly arising in connection with materials, and must be cleared up by the testing expert or somebody with his point of view.

"One test is worth a thousand guesses," say the testing experts. "Complete working knowledge of the properties of materials is so rare that unsuitable stuff is constantly being used. A dingy little fact about some minor ingredient in your product may be more important to you than the law of the conservation of energy. Tests bring out the facts, stop losses and mistakes, improve processes and products, increase the purchasing power of the dollar."

Discoveries About Cutting Tools

Some questions bob up in the form of trouble, like the glass company's breakage losses, and demand investigation along a new line because they have apparently never been answered before. Maybe a little common-sense experimenting will give the answer, but often the problem must be passed along to the proper experts, who have equipment for investigating fine technical points.

In railroad maintenance work there had long been one item of expense that seemed unavoidable—the tightening of track bolts. For these bolts worked loose in service to such an extent that men had to be kept patrolling the tracks. The blame was placed on the vibration of trains, and many efforts were made to perfect a self-locking device, at a reasonable price, that would keep bolts in place. Recently engineering tests have shown quite another cause. It is now known to be due, partly at least, to the stretching of the bolts by too much tightening. Certainly a track bolt is a rugged piece of hardware and few people would think of it as elastic. Yet it has limits of elasticity, like everything else, and an extra long wrench in the hands of a zealous trackman is enough to do damage. When engineers realized this they brought a strong trackman into the laboratory, had him tighten various kinds of bolts with various lengths of wrenches, and weighed all his efforts on a testing machine. With the facts in hand they were able to prescribe standard-length wrenches, so that the average trackman, with the right wrench, can tighten the average bolt enough, but not too much.

The weighing and measuring of things that are taken for granted in business or put forward as claims, offer very rich fields for the man with the question habit. Many of these claims are not true, and the discovery of the real facts about them may bring a profitable change in methods.

For instance, a file is a simple tool. Millions of files are used in machine shops every year, and it might be thought that all the facts about them had been ascertained long ago. In machine shops one can find plenty of superintendents who believe in their instinctive knowledge of files, and pride themselves upon shrewdness in buying.

Files wear down with use, and it is customary to recut their teeth by various processes, then put them back into service. That is supposed to be an economy. In one shop the superintendent had his doubts, so he went into this matter of resharpened files with unbiased inquisitiveness. A simple device for cutting metal test pieces with various kinds of files, new and resharpened, was rigged up, and the quantity of metal removed by each file measured. Resharpened files cut only half as much metal as new ones, and though they were supposed to be very cheap, because their cost was only the charge for resharpening, they proved to be very dear when measured in the wages of mechanics. When a file is worn out in that shop now it goes on the scrap pile. In England tests with a special machine have shown that one side of a file will vary so much from the other as to do three times the work, and that a slight difference in price, such as a purchasing agent might think shrewd economy, will mean a reduction of shop efficiency by one-half or more.

The first experiments in high-speed steel-cutting tools were largely in the nature of elaborate bookkeeping by an inquisitive engineer, the late Frederick Taylor. He went into a huge machine shop where several hundred different brands of tool steel were being bought. Each foreman and superintendent had his favorite brand, and thought it superior to every other. All brands were brought together and tested. None proved to be much better than any other by actual measurement of work. But Taylor noticed that occasionally there was a tool that did wonderful work. When that tool was traced back it was found to be not a superior brand of steel, but a particular tool of almost any good, high-speed steel which had been heated higher than the standard cherry red prescribed by the steel manufacturers for tempering. From the viewpoint of the steel-maker it was a spoiled tool. Investigation showed that here was the real answer to the high-speed-steel question, and a process for tempering tools at higher heats was developed.

Common materials often hold important secrets, waiting for Little Johnny Want-to-Know to come along and quiz them. The new theory of the value of sulphur as plant food is an illustration. Two agricultural investigators found that sulphur was a factor in wool production. So they set out to ascertain how much of it was contained in crops eaten by sheep. For years and years the basis of knowledge on that point had been some old tables made by a scientist who burned plants and analyzed the sulphur in the ashes. These tables indicated that the amount contained in the crops was small. Everybody accepted this fact as final. But sulphur is volatile, and much of it would be lost by burning. The new investigators analyzed dried plants and found not merely more sulphur but so much that they began experimenting with it as a fertilizer. To-day sulphur is being used rather widely for that purpose.

A fair, common-sense test of material may prove a claim to be right, as is illustrated in the case of a hardware salesman who recommended cement-coated nails to a shipping clerk, asserting that they would hold twice as well as ordinary nails in packing cases. The shipping clerk was from Missouri and rigged up a homemade test. Fastening with ordinary nails a plank to some beams, he loaded it with weights until it pulled loose. Then the plank was fastened with the same number of cement-coated nails and held twice the weight, showing that the salesman had told the truth. The shipping clerk used those nails to make his crates stronger, and the hardware salesman got such a fine, practical selling argument that he wondered why he hadn't thought of that scheme himself.

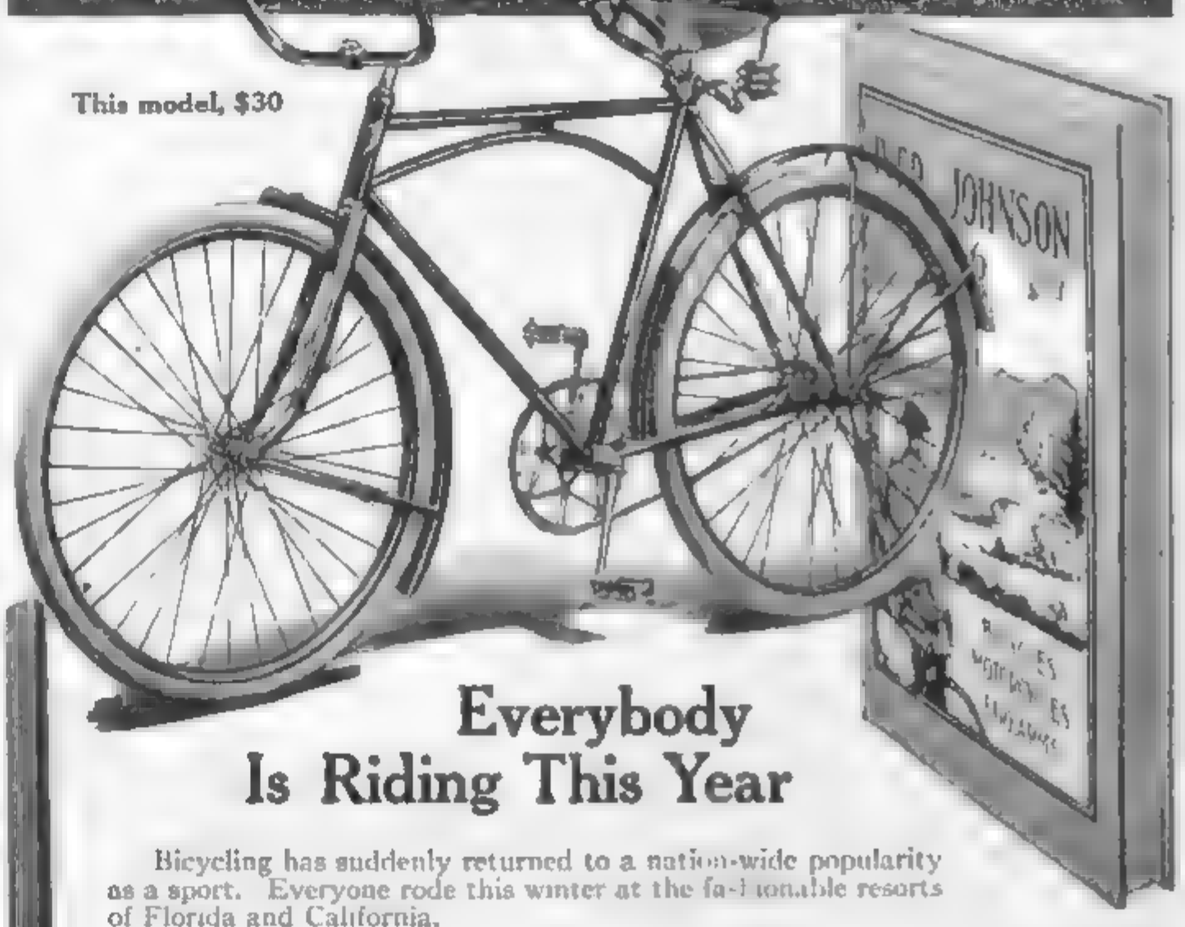
Tests for Hardness

But one point about Little Johnny Want-to-Know must be remembered—that if he is given any encouragement at all he will soon demand a place on the pay roll, with a department to himself. For this question habit leads up to investigating standards in materials and products. It is all very well, when trouble looms up, to locate the cause or to apply exact measurements to claims and beliefs that have grown up round materials; but to make a profit on Little Johnny he must be turned into a factory process—set to work in a routine way, watching everything that comes into the plant and all that goes out. Like every other department head he needs volume of turnover to demonstrate his efficiency. And so must business concerns nowadays have testing departments; much of the interest and profit in that line lie in the working out of simple, quick, low-cost methods for utilizing the discoveries of testing experts.

The hardness of metal is becoming more and more important nowadays, as special steels and alloys are developed for special purposes. Most of the metal bought for a factory must be tested for hardness, when it comes in as raw material, and also followed through the works as it is forged, annealed, heat-treated and manipulated generally.

Testing for hardness used to be almost a scientific experiment, for a piece of the metal must be polished and then scratched with other metal of known hardness. That led to pressing two pieces of metal together—one being of known hardness—and to measuring the indentation in the test specimen; and this in turn led to indenting the test specimen with a hard metal ball. Finally, some years ago, an

IVER JOHNSON



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Bicycling has suddenly returned to a nation-wide popularity as a sport. Everyone rode this winter at the fashionable resorts of Florida and California.

Fortunately, you know the bicycle to buy. For thirty years the Iver Johnson has ranked in your opinion as the best made, strongest, fastest and finest bicycle. It is made of seamless steel tubing, has finest bearings ever used in a bicycle, and is finished with four coats of baked and hand-rubbed enamel.

The model above costs $30. Other models from $20 to $55. Our big, 84-page catalog describes the line and explains the mechanical superiority of the Iver Johnson.

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means that each individual is ready to defend himself, his home and his country. Learn how to use firearms. Buy a good revolver and get used to the smell of gunpowder. A safer, harder or straighter shooting revolver cannot be made than the Iver Johnson. It is so safe that you can drop it, or hit it; throw it against a wall or Hammer the Hammer without danger of accidental discharge. The regular model costs $6. With a large grip as shown below, it costs $7. Other models cost $7 and $8.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
147 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York
717 Market St., San Francisco

Regular model with "Perfect Grip," $7.00

"Gimme a nickel, Father?
Father, gimme a nickel?"

Perhaps you don't mind this, but wouldn't it be better for your son if he learned for himself something of the value of money?

Wouldn't you be glad to know that he is acquiring the fundamentals of self-reliance, business ability, tact and perseverance that some day he must have to succeed?

We can give him all these things. We have done it for thousands of other boys.

Let us have your boy for a few hours each week this summer. With school closed, he'd explode without some outlet for his energy, and we can give him the right outlet.

But first, that you may be sure we know whereof we speak, write for our booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?"

Vocational Department, Sales Division, Box 354

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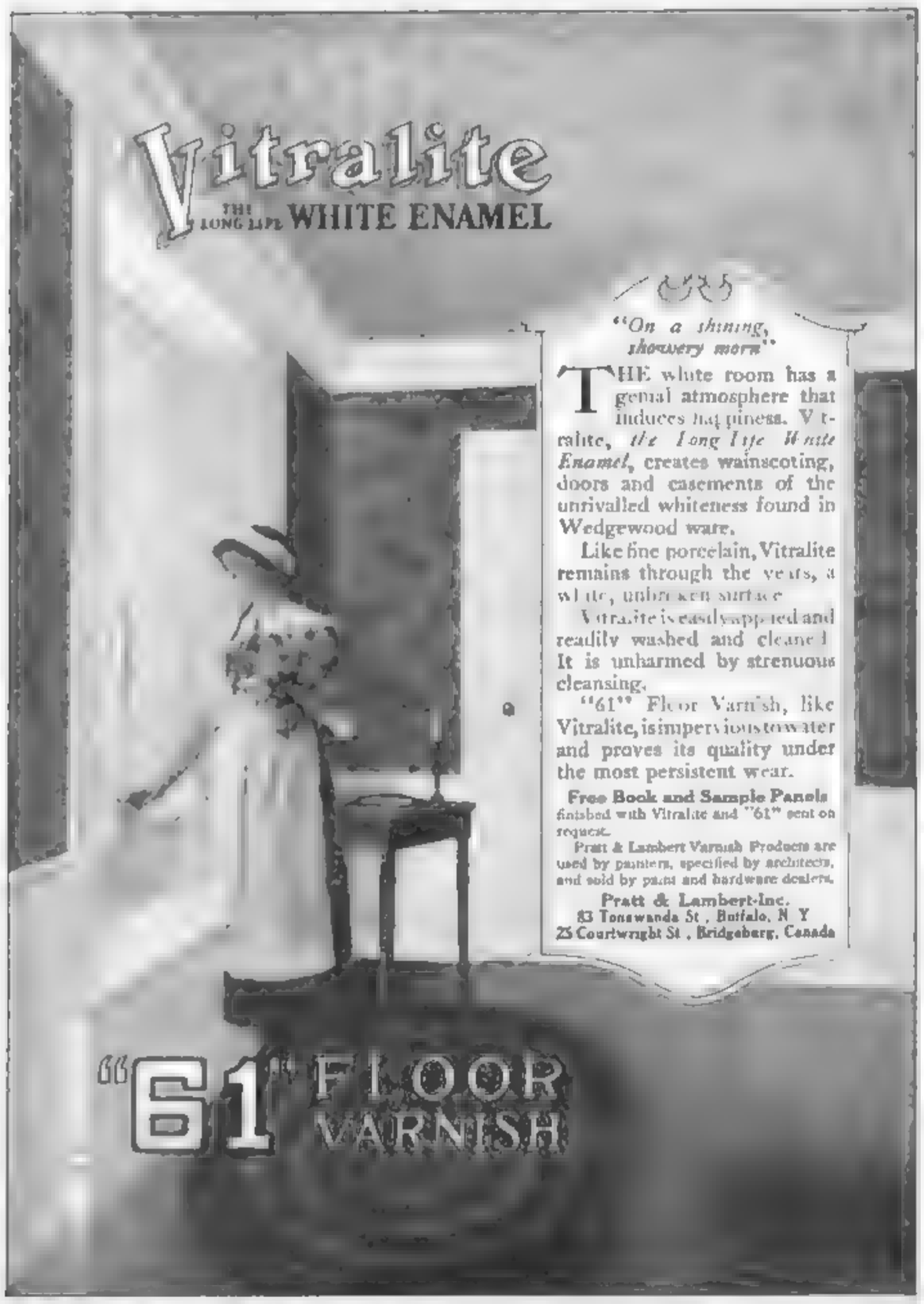
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THE LONG LIFE WHITE ENAMEL
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THE white room has a genial atmosphere that induces happiness. Vitralite, the Long Life White Enamel, creates wainscoting, doors and casements of the unrivalled whiteness found in Wedgewood ware.
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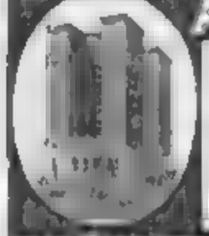

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THE ROCHESTER CANDY WORKS, 411 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

American invented the scleroscope, an instrument now in general use, which makes the hardness test simply by bouncing a steel ball on the metal to be tested, the height of rebound, measured on a glass scale something like a thermometer, giving the degree of hardness. This rebound principle has been applied to hardness testing as a factory process, so that its operation is automatic.

At one factory where thousands of steel balls for ball bearings must be tested, a device was rigged up by which several quarts of balls, dumped into a hopper, would roll one by one out of a trough, drop a foot or so onto a steel plate and rebound. If they had the required degree of hardness the bounce landed them among the accepted balls, but if too soft or too hard they fell short or jumped over.

To inspect twelve hundred million shot a day, the output of a big shot tower, would be quite a job if it had to be done by eyesight. But it is managed automatically on a similar principle, for each shot as it emerges for testing has to take a little run down an incline and then jump. If it is a perfect shot it is able to jump into the accepted class, while if it is imperfect it falls short and goes back to be remelted.

The testing of metal for composition, tensile strength and other points often requires elaborate apparatus, chemical analyses and the breaking of test specimens in big machines capable of applying hundreds of thousands of pounds of pull. But a foreman or superintendent with the question habit well developed often contrives simple tests for tools or materials.

Needles are an important item in making shoes, for instance. It takes about one needle to each three dozen pairs of welts alone, and more when there is considerable breakage of needles. The foreman of a big New England shoe factory started keeping records of needle performance. When everything was running smoothly on the welting machines, with little breakage of needles, he took several hundred of those needles and put them away for a standard. A week later, perhaps, there would be a sudden epidemic of broken needles in the welting room. Immediately he equipped every machine with the needles laid aside, and if these broke he knew that the trouble was not in needles but must be sought further. If the needles stood up, however, that was proof of poor quality in those that had broken, and he returned them to the manufacturer for replacement.

The Imitation Horse and Wagon

Routine tests have led to many ingenious devices for trying out products and materials under conditions similar to those to be met in service.

Apparatus such as an adding machine, for instance, will be shut up in a soundproof box in the testing laboratory and operated millions of times mechanically with a counter, in order to determine wear of parts and reveal weakness in design. Paint manufacturers have erected a fence at one of the great Eastern ocean resorts, built entirely of paddles covered with paints of different kinds and brands, which are exposed to weather for long periods and officially examined and reported upon each year. The same weather test is applied to elaborate series of sheet-iron specimens, to determine resistance to corrosion. For testing paving and road materials there has been invented the mechanical horse and wagon. A circular piece of pavement is built out of the bricks, blocks or composition to be tested, and subjected to days of wear by a sort of merry-go-round arrangement with two large wheels, one striking the road millions of times with steel shoes—to approximate the tread of the horse—and the other with wagon tires. Road engineers also use a "rattler" test for paving brick, the brick being banged about for hours in a revolving box and the wear measured to determine quality.

Smoking cigars to ascertain burning quality was one of the disagreeable routine duties in a big factory; now it is done by a machine that pneumatically smokes five at once at several different speeds. When the automobile was new the road test for trying out each assembled car was regarded as indispensable. But as the industry grew automobile towns became congested with test cars. Now much of the testing is done indoors, on the different units that go to make up the complete car, and in some plants the power that was formerly needed to carry the car over the roads under the old test method is now utilized to make electric current for lighting the factory.

Fine scientific test apparatus in some lines can be used to back up good judgment. The cotton buyer for a textile mill is trained to detect unripe, immature and dead fiber in the samples submitted to him for purchase. But there is a limit to his skill. He cannot determine the percentages of defective fiber, and for lack of complete knowledge may accept a lot of cotton that will later make trouble in the mill. The treasurer of an Eastern textile mill got interested in this problem, and began some experiments in microphotography in connection with the buying. Results were both practical and startling. When samples of fiber were photographed under the microscope every defect was revealed in percentages. Unripe fiber was seen to be lacking in cell walls, poor spinning staple had an imperfect twist, first pickings of the fields were inferior to later pickings. Microphotographs of fiber that give trouble in the mill show up defects in the fiber that call for special adjustment of machinery. This test proved to be so important that it is now applied to all the cotton bought by that mill, and in one case saved, in one season, many thousands of dollars by revealing in the cotton from a whole Southern section defects due to bad weather conditions, so the mill could refuse that cotton until it became normal again.

Pulling Tests for Textiles

Buildings have been constructed for the sole purpose of being burned down under test supervision, to determine what really happens, say, in a theater fire, and how to safeguard against the real danger.

On some sides of his nature Little Johnny Want-to-Know is a radical and a disturber. There are no lengths to which he will not go in seeking answers to his questions, and very often he has to make progress right against the established order of things.

As an example large purchases of textiles are being made nowadays on tests of strength. The tire manufacturer who buys fabric must have stuff that will stand pressure. He cuts test pieces from each lot of fabric submitted, and pulls them apart in a machine that registers the strength, accepting or rejecting according to standards.

This pulling test is applied to toweling, sheeting, duck and many other fabrics. Manufacturers are often afraid of it as something uncanny, and hesitate to bid in competition where goods must meet test standards. The dislike of the pulling test was especially strong in England, standing in the way of a general standardization of fabrics, until the war came along. Then the British Government had to place orders in every textile mill, and as all purchases were made on test the distrust of the system quickly disappeared.

One manufacturer had his eye on a large government order for linen toweling, but was frightened by the formidable test conditions it carried. He said that he had never made toweling to stand such an ordeal, and never would. A friendly broker got interested.

"Would you fill an order for the same strength goods you are making every day?" he asked.

"Certainly."

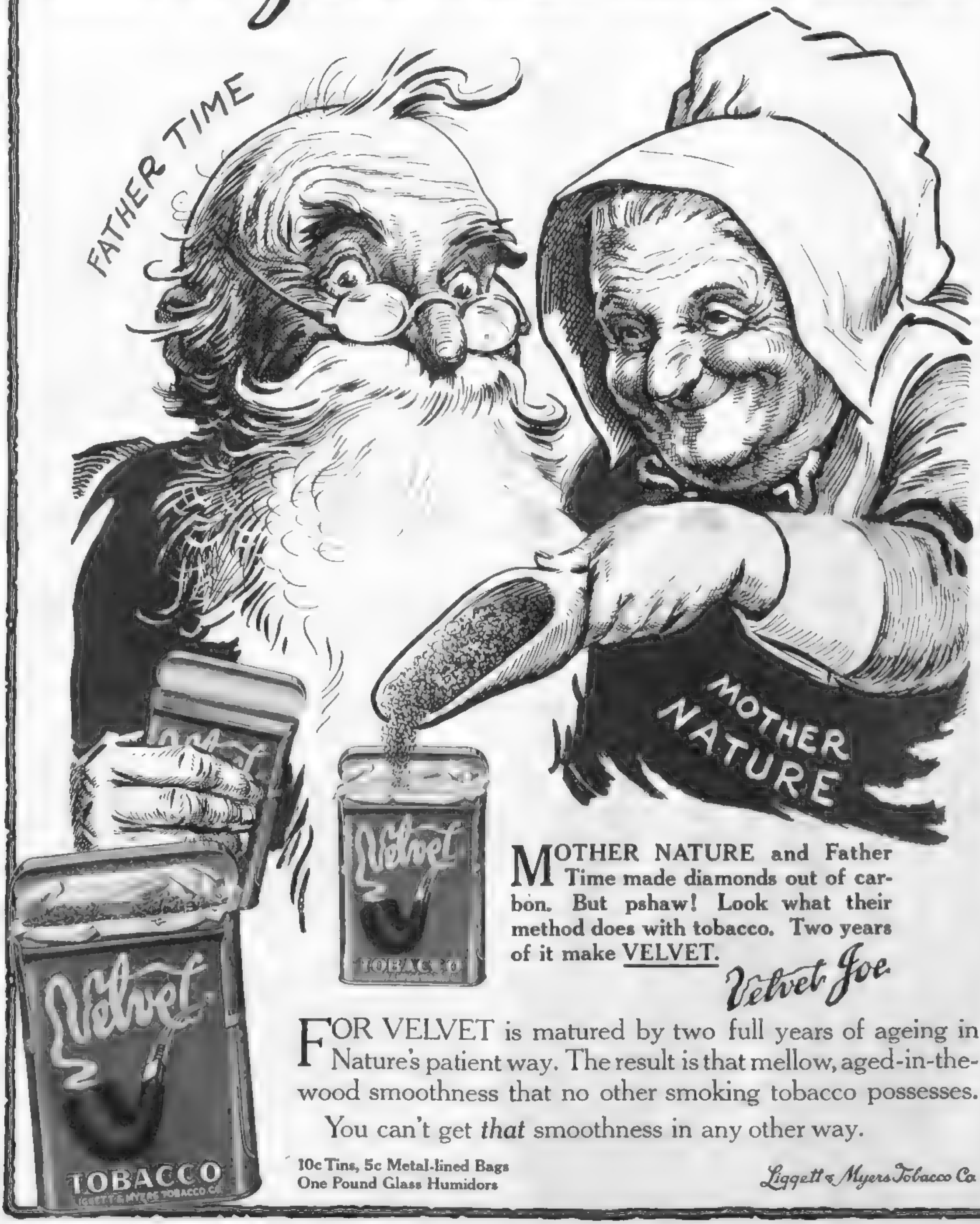
"Well, then, the specifications call for toweling of six hundred and fifty pounds strength. Do you know what you are making now? I've just had your product tested. It comes up to eight hundred pounds!"

The manufacturer took that order and has not been afraid of tests since.

Workmen often have the same distrust of Little Johnny Want-to-Know, but it disappears when they see how tests really work. An engineer in the Middle West was called in to improve the products of a tile factory. Tile was often found defective. He set up a testing machine and laid down some standards, and for a time many tiles fell short and were broken in the test. As the workmen were paid on the piece basis and lost their pay for defective tile, they were antagonistic. When the engineer took them, one by one, to see their own tiles tested, and pointed out shortcomings that could easily be remedied, they understood both the fairness of the system and the faults in workmanship. In a little while that factory was turning out nothing but perfect tile.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Collins. The second will appear in an early number.

Velvet Joe's Able Assistants-



MOTHER NATURE and Father Time made diamonds out of carbon. But pshaw! Look what their method does with tobacco. Two years of it make VELVET.

Velvet Joe.

FOR VELVET is matured by two full years of ageing in Nature's patient way. The result is that mellow, aged-in-the-wood smoothness that no other smoking tobacco possesses.

You can't get *that* smoothness in any other way.

10c Tins, 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Comfort Tires, Protected Against Blow-out

GOODYEAR Cord Tires are standard equipment on the Packard, the Locomobile, the Franklin, and the Peerless.

* * *

The No-Hook type is fortified against:—

Rim-Cutting, by our No-Rim-Cut feature.

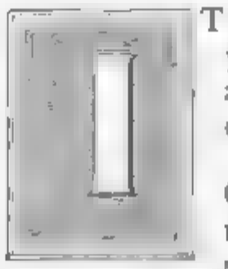
Blow-outs, by our On-Air cure.

Loose Treads, by our Rubber Rivets.

Insecurity, by our Multiple Braided Piano Wire Base.

Puncture and Skidding, by our double-thick Ribbed and All-Weather Treads

No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, for gasoline and electric cars.



IT is almost impossible for Goodyear Cord Tires to stone bruise and blow out, because of their extreme flexibility.

This comes from Goodyear Cord construction, which also makes the tire unusually lively, speedy and responsive.

Strong, pliable cords, placed loosely side by side in diagonal layers, are cushioned in strong, stretchy rubber.

They have no binding cross-weave. They are allowed great freedom of movement.

So the Goodyear Cord Tire fairly absorbs road obstructions.

It yields to impact. The cords are free to flex. The rubber gives.

This pronounced flexibility insures against stone-bruise and rupture, and the blow-outs—immediate or subsequent—which follow such injuries.

Naturally such a tire has long life, gives great mileage, and causes little delay and annoyance.

And it is extremely comfortable to ride on. It permits high speeds. It has wonderful coasting qualities. It saves power. It increases gasoline mileage.

In four trials at Hudson Hill, under the same conditions, on the same afternoon and on the same car, Goodyear Cord Tires coasted an average of 177 feet farther than ordinary cord tires.

Their maximum speed while coasting was 36 miles per hour.

Of the fifteen Franklin cars which recorded better than 40 miles per gallon of gasoline in the fuel economy test last May, ten were equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires. And these tires made the three highest marks—55 miles, 53 miles and 51.8 miles per gallon.

But Goodyear Cords have yet another important advantage over and above those just cited.

They are made greatly oversize. In the 32 x 4, 36 x 4½ and 37 x 5 inch sizes, Goodyear No-Hook Cord Tires have 23 to 35 per cent more air space than regulation Q. D. Clincher types of corresponding inch-sizes.

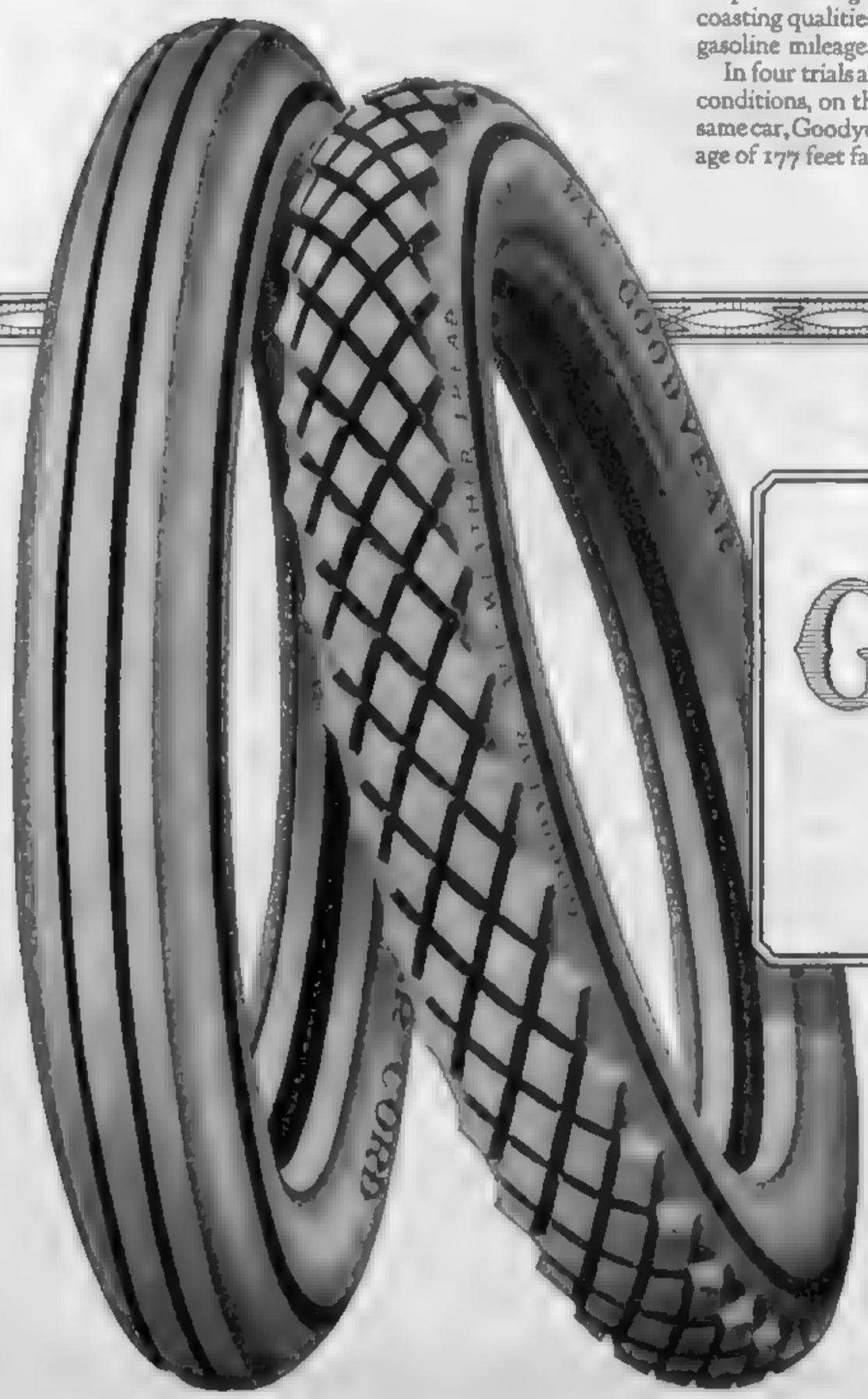
Thus the Goodyear Cord is the tire of utmost comfort, uniting the added cushion of an increased air-volume with the built-in cushion, resilience and easy-running of our cord construction.

In spite of the higher prices necessary for these tires, users seldom change to any other.

And the mounting sales of Goodyear Cords show this further fact:—

That men who gladly pay more to get the best, believe the extra value, and the extra luxury, security and durability of these tires, more than offset the difference in price.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio



GOODYEAR
AKRON
CORD
TIRES

Goodyear Cord Tires are made with the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread, for rear wheels, and the Ribbed Tread, for front wheels. The deep, sharp grips of the All-Weather Tread offer great resistance to skidding, and give great traction. The double-thick, big-size blocks give double wear. The name "Goodyear Cord" is branded on each side of the tire.

Ask the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer for Goodyear Cord Tires

Sense and Nonsense

The Schoolboy's Dream

IT WAS on Recitation Day,
And to the rostrum high
Ten schoolboys mounted, one by one,
Each with a bloodshot eye;
Each with a voice that shook with fear,
And blistered lips and dry.

That Midnight, in his troubled bed
One dreaming schoolboy lay.
Long since the village Curfew Tolled
The Knell of Parting Day,
And left the fields in darkness where
Maud Muller Raked the Hay.

The Midnight Passed; the boy Awoke;
That Bright Dream was his Last.
He waked to hear the Light Brigade
Charge, full Six Hundred, past;
His Brow was Wet with Honest Sweat
As he looked on aghast.

The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck
Whence All but Him had Fled;
The Flames that Leaped Above the Wreck
Shone Round Him o'er the Dead.
On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground
Their Silent Tents were Spread.

It was the Schooner Hesperus
That Sailed the Wintry Sea;
Near Linden, When the Sun was Low;
And, Rolling Rapidly,
Was Isar, and Untrodden Snow—
The Boy, Oh, Where was He?

He climbed far out upon the mast,
With Large and Sinewy Hand;
Far down below him he could see
The Village Smithy Stand
Beneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree,
And home and native land.

"Ho! Blacksmith!" cried the Boy aloft,
"Mark thou my crossbow well;
Hold firm the apple on thy head
Lest some disaster fell
Come to thee from this shaft I send—
For I am William Tell!"

"Shoot, if You Must, this Old Gray Head,"
The Village Blacksmith cried;
"But Spare Your Country's Flag," he said,
"For men have bled and died
Where Freedom, From Her Mountain Height,
Unfurled it, far and wide."

"The Melancholy Days Have Come,
The Saddest of the Year,"
The Boy replied in Accents Wild,
In which was little cheer;
"For Men May Come and Men May Go,
But I am prisoned here."

In the Signal Tower of the Old North Church
He saw a lantern shine;
'Twas the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere,
Hard by the foaming brine,
When he rode down From Bingen—
From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!" he cried;
"To be or not to be?"
Then high up on the mast he spied
The Boy, far out at sea—
"It is the Little Peterkin
In very truth," quoth he.

"Now Blessings on Thee, Little Man;
My Barefoot Boy," he cried,
"Art thou the Little Peterkin?"
"Nay, nay," the Boy Replied;
"Look close and see that We are Seven,
Myself and six beside.

"One is the Village Blacksmith there,
And you are Paul Revere;
And one of us is William Tell;
Another one's up here;
Three more upon this rostrum high
Will presently appear.

"So you must Give Me Liberty
Or Give Me Death!" he cried.
"Jump, Boy—Far Out, and leave that wreck
Upon the foaming tide;
And I will catch you in my arms."
So Paul Revere replied.

"Sail On, Sail On, Thou Ship of State,"
The Boy cried out, "Adieu!
The Muffled Drum's Sad Roll Shall Beat
Thy sailor's Last Tattoo."
He Leaped into the Ocean's Arms,
A Brave but Fallen Few.

Below him was the burning deck
Where flames rolled hot and red—
Great stars he saw, and then sat up
To rub his aching head
When he waked up at last—for he
Had jumped right out of bed.

James W. Foley.

Let the Actors Come Tew Town

MEBBE things er better now than in the old-time days;
I know thet lots o' people like these movin'-picter plays.
Our Op'ry House hes nothin' else, 'n' people miss their meals
Ter see The Risks o' Rosie, did in forty-seven reels.
Everything is Movies; we don't never git a troupe
Jes' "Feature Reels" o' Fightin' 'n' "Single Reels" o' Soup.
It may suit some; but, as fer me, I miss a-standin' roun'
The Deepo and the Drug Store when the Actors come tew town.

We've had Anity Stewart, 'n' Mary Pickford tew,
An' Farnum, Hart 'n' Bushman; 'n' all the movin crew.
They've visited us often 'n' put up a first-rate show;
But no one ever see 'em come 'n' no one see 'em go.
They ain't no actor livin' thet kin make much of a spread
If he travels in a tin box in the baggage coach ahead.
An', while perhaps we'll never git the stars of great renown,
I hope I live ter see a few more Actors come tew town.

Oh, give us back the good old times, the grand old days of "Rep";
A Leadin' Lady full o' sobs, a Hero full o' "Pep";
A Funny Feller full o' jokes yew may 'a' heerd before;
But every time he springs 'em yew jes' got ter up 'n' roar;
A Soubrette, cute 'n' sassy, in a dress jes' tew her knees,
With shiny shapely stockings, 'n' a style jes' like a breeze;
A Villyun with a mustache, who kin snarl 'n' sneer 'n' frown—
An' I'll be out er-waitin' ter see 'em come tew town.

I like ter hear 'em askin': "What is this lonesome Tank?"
I like ter hev 'em call me Hiram, Hen er Hank.
I like ter hear 'em talk Belasco—"Yew know my friend, Dave."
An' when they see our Op'ry House, I like ter hear 'em rave.
I like ter see 'em swell aroun' the Hotel afternoons;
I like ter hear their band a-tootin' them thar city tunes.
An' if they give a street parade, Gosh! How I chase it roun'!
I can do without the Movies; let the Actors come tew town!

Ed Payne.

Correctly Diagnosed

THERE used to be a little restaurant in Washington famed for its Southern breakfasts, where the chief waiter was an aged darky of beautiful manners and unshakable dignity.

One morning a rather severe-appearing, elderly gentleman, with a snowy mustache and a keen eye, entered the establishment. He was a stranger; but the venerable waiter, after a quick survey of the new patron, felt no doubt. He approached, with a napkin over his arm, and bowed low and politely.

"Good mornin', Gin'ral," he said tentatively, in greeting.

"I am not a general," snapped back the customer.

"'Scuse me, Admiral," cried the old negro. "Whut kin I bring you, suh?"

"I am not an admiral, either."

"Well, suh, I knowed you wuz up amongst de face cyards somewhars. Kin I have de pleasure of orderin' you some ham and waffles—Bishop?"

Proper Punishment

THE story is told by Augustus Thomas regarding a public man in England, now deceased, who had a remarkably gifted but remarkably homely wife who took part with him in his campaigns.

One evening, so Thomas says, the lady was addressing a rather cold audience. She appealed to the women present to stand

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Swift and powerful, silent and flexible in action, luxurious in finish, graceful in lines—it meets every possible demand of the most discriminating buyer.

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See our dealer in your city. He will gladly give you a demonstration.

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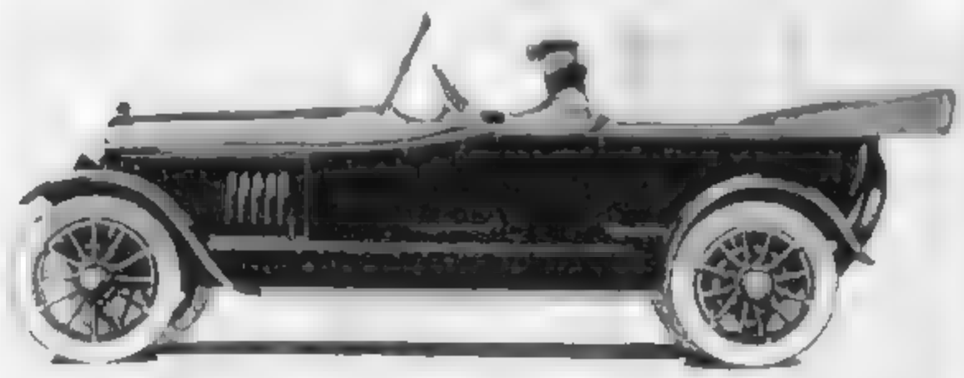

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It WEARS

Cheney Cravats

A MAN who wears Cheney Cravats can feel comfortable about that part of his attire. They reflect an air of worth which gives him standing with the people he wishes to impress. So diverse in pattern that he can limit his neckwear to Cheney Cravats and still have as varied a collection as he may want. So unvarying in quality that he will find every one will look well on its last appearance.

CHENEY SILKS

Let this mark on the neckband be your guide in selecting your ties.

CHENEY BROTHERS, *Silk Manufacturers*
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

behind their men in the campaign for the right—as the speaker saw it.

"Why," she said, "I am with my husband heart and soul in this great fight! When he comes in, worn out after a hard night on the hustings, no matter what the hour may be, I get up and go to meet him; and I throw my arms about his neck and kiss him."

From the back of the hall floated up a voice:

"Serves 'im bloomin' well right!"

The Off Season

PERCY AMES, who is just back from the warring side of the world, says a mustering officer—a sergeant—met on the street of an English coast village a strapping upstanding youngster of twenty-one years or thereabouts. The noncom hailed him:

"See 'ere, me lad," he said; "are you in good 'ealth?"

"I are," stated the youth.

"Are you married?"

"I aren't."

"'Ave you anyone dependent on you?"

"I 'ave not."

"Then your King and Country need you. Why don't you enlist?"

The youth stared at the sergeant, round-eyed.

"Wot?" he said. "With this bloomin' war goin' on? You must think I'm a silly fool!"

The Fair Exchange

MACLYN ARBUCKLE says that down in Texas, where he was raised, and where he ran once for justice of the peace and got licked, and then went on the stage, there used to be an old negro preacher who, on a mule, undertook to ford a river on his way to a back-district meetinghouse to hold a service for the faithful.

There had been a freshet in the stream and presently the mule was swimming for the far shore and the parson, with his legs drawn up on the saddle out of the water, was trying to maintain his balance on a most precarious perch.

Suddenly the mule gave a great lurch to starboard. As the old man grabbed for the saddle horn and glanced down he saw that his steed, in shoving forward, had caught one of her small hind hoofs in the big dangling wooden stirrup.

"Mule," stated the old man, "listen to me! If youse aimin' to git up an' ride I aims to git down an' walk."

The Easiest Way

AL JOLSON, who does stunts in blackface, says two negroes of his acquaintance met on the street.

"Nigger," said one, "does you know whut?"

"Well, whut?"

"Well, when dis yere war over yonder in Europe is done finished up, dem Germans is gwine come over yere to dis country and dey gwine shoot up ever'body whut ain't on dere side."

"Dat's all right!" said his friend. "When dat day come I gwine be a neutral."

"You is a fool!" said the first speaker. "Ise gwine be a German!"

The Fatal Defect

THE two Davises—Bob and Owen—recently wrote a play called Any House. It was put on in the city of New York and it was not a success.

It ran one week.

A friend of the authors was discussing the fate of the piece with Bob Davis.

"Say, Bob," he asked, "just what was the trouble with Any House?"

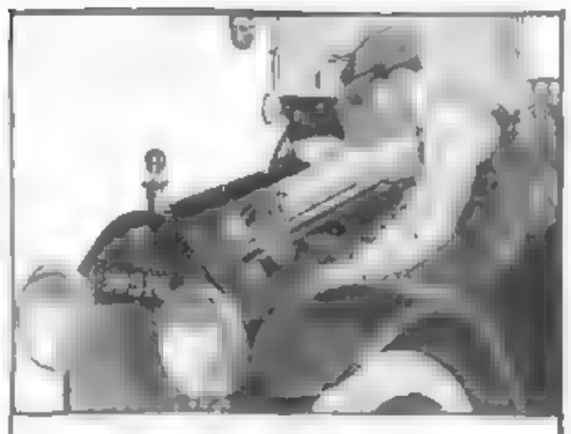
"The trouble with Any House," said Davis, "was that after the first night there wasn't any."

A Glorious Trinity

IN AN Ohio town is a colored man whose last name is Washington. Heaven has blessed him with three sons.

When the first son arrived the father named him George Washington. In due season the second son came. Naturally he was christened Booker Washington. When the third manchild was born his parent was at a loss, at first, for a name for him. Finally, though, he hit on a suitable selection.

The third son, if he lives, will go through life as Spokane Washington.



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If so, clean and polish it first with Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—it will sell quicker and you can get $50.00 to $100.00 more for it.

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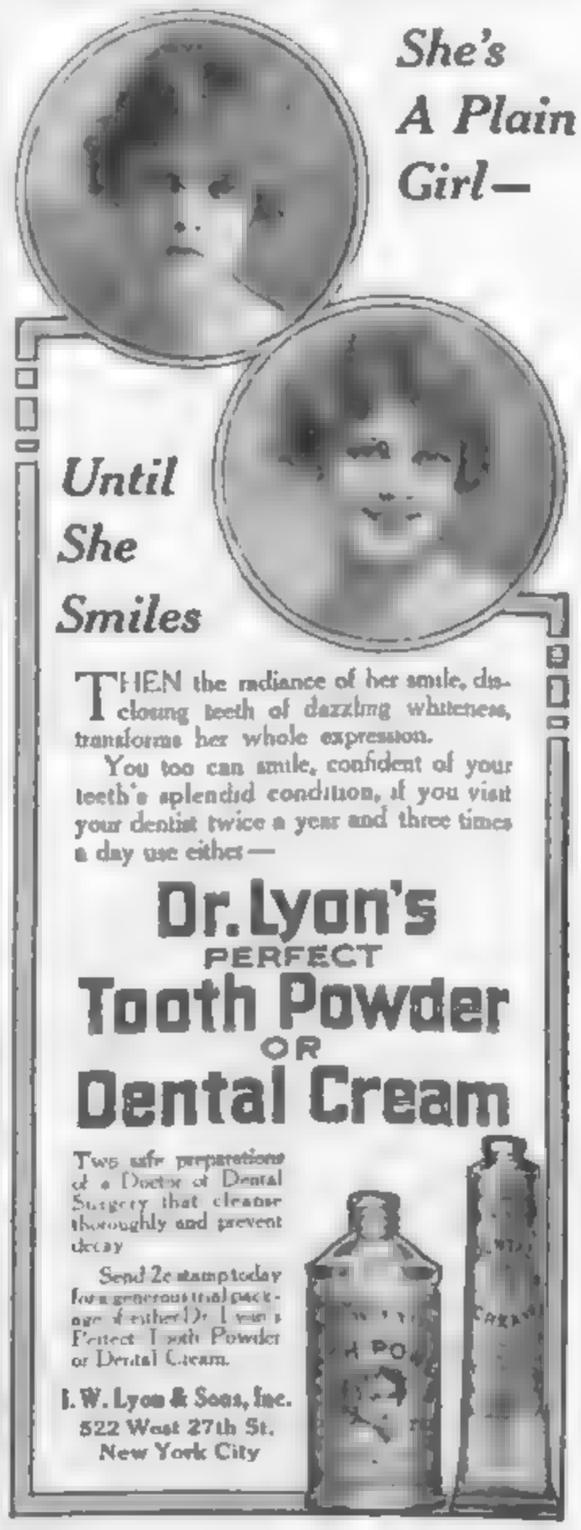

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11th Year

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The Answer to the Milk Question

MILK is one of the most *important foods* you buy. There is every reason why you should get milk that is *sure* to be safe.

You cannot afford to take *risks* —and there is no reason why you *should.*

• • •

CARNATION MILK solves the whole problem for you. It puts an end to your doubts.

It protects you from all the *dangers* which lurk in milk that is not handled properly.

Remember that Carnation Milk is not "doctored" in any way. It is just the *pure* milk as Nature provides, with nothing put in to sweeten or to preserve it.

• • •

ALL MILK, as you know, contains a large percentage of water. Part of the water is *evaporated* from the clean, sweet, pure fresh milk which is thus reduced to the consistency of cream. Nothing else is taken out—*nothing whatever* is added. After the rich, clean Carnation Milk is put into the cans and sealed airtight it is *sterilized,* and you get it in that condition —clean, sweet, pure and *absolutely safe.*

Isn't it worth while to be *sure* about the milk you buy?

Isn't it important to you to *know* that the milk you serve on your table, the milk you give your children to drink, is *free* from anything that may be dangerous or harmful?

• • •

PERHAPS you have supposed Carnation Milk was to be used only for a few special purposes. If so, you have been mistaken.

Carnation Milk—properly diluted —is to be used just as you use any other milk—for the table, for cooking and for baking.

Put it in your coffee and enjoy the splendid flavor it imparts; pour it, diluted or undiluted, over fruits, berries and cereals, make ice cream and candy with it.

CARNATION MILK *whips* —and that fact is a forceful evidence of its high quality.

Get rid of the milk problem forever by using Carnation Milk. It is always handy when you want it, because you can keep a supply in the house and be sure that it isn't going to spoil.

You will find that it supplies every milk need of your home. Add pure water to it and you "bring it back" to the *original* milk — with the *betterment* of purity and safety.

Just try it. Find out for yourself how *good* Carnation Milk is, and how simply it solves the milk and cream problem.

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ASK your grocer today to send you a supply of Carnation Milk. He can furnish it by the can or by the case—daily or weekly—as you wish.

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